MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

ISSUE #221

OCT. 2001 $3.00

THE NIGHTMARE CONTINUES...

...tales from the G-8 protests in Genova.

TOTALITÄR·SIN DIOS·RITCHIE WHITES·THE WONTONS·TRUE NORTH
REMAINS OF THE DAY·BOTTLES AND SKULLS·SOOPHIE NUN SQUAD

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)
•US: $3 each. 6 issue sub for $18. If you're in California, send $19.49 (tax).
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•Everywhere else: $8 each (air) or $5.50 (surface). 6 issue sub for $48 (air) or $33 (surface).

Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues #143, 146, 148, 150-153, 155-163, 165-181, 184-220 are as stated above in subscription info. See page after next for details.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–NO LATER!!!
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

★★ NEW **AD** SIZES!! ★★
1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5") $25
1/3 page long: (2 3/8" x 10") $70
1/3 page square: (5" x 4 7/8") $80
1/2 page: (7 1/4" x 5") $125

AD CRITERIA:
We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands. Send ads properly sized on paper.

CLASSIFIEDS: NEW PRICE! $2 for a maximum of 40 words. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

COVER: Mike Thorn

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within the US, we'll sell them to you at $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Contact us for non-US orders. Must order five or more of the same issue.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at tel (916) 641-8900 or fax (916) 641-8889. Also available from: Dutch East, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, See Hear, Cargo, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon, and Marginal.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760
Phone (415) 923-9814
maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so...) lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS

- DS 13-Killed By The Kids-LP
- Tear It Up-all releases and live
- V/A-Deadly Sins-4xEP
- BLACK FLAG-'83 Demos-LP
- FILTH-Live the Chaos-EP
- WILBUR COBB/HE WHO CORRUPTS-split EP
- BLATZ-Cheaper Than the Beer-EP
- DON AUSTIN-Rust Belt Blues-EP
- SEVERED HEAD OF STATE-Black Blood World-EP
- INTENSITY-The Ruins of Our Future-LP

JEFF HEERMANN

- VON BONDIES-Lack Of Communication-LP
- DEADLY SNAKES-I'm Not Your Soldier-LP
- THE BLOW UP-True Noise-CD
- INTIMATE FAGS-LP
- RADIO BIRDMAN-Burn My Eyes -EP
- MUD CITY MANGLERS-Tired of Losing-45
- CHOSEN FEW-Really Gonna Punch You-LP
- LOS HUEVOS-Stick Em Up-EP
- V/A-Pretty Ugly-LP
- V/A-A Collection Of Great Dance Tunes-EP

DONNA POOLE

- LOS HUEVOS-Stick 'Em Up-EP
- DEATHCHARGE-Plastic Smiles-EP
- V/A-Deadly Sins-4xEP
- MUD CITY MANGLERS-Tired Of Losing EP
- MUSTANG-Full Moon Crazy-EP
- RICKSHAW-Tender Songs Of Love-LP
- FLAMING SIDEBURNS-Street Survivor-EP
- ZEKE-Evil Woman-EP
- YOUR MOTHER-Golfland-EP
- PUPPY VS. DYSLEXIA-Let's Foam-CD

CAROLYN KEDDY

- LOS HUEVOS-Stick 'Em UP-EP
- VON BONDIES-Lack of Communication-LP
- DEADLY SNAKES-I'm Not Your Soldier-LP
- DEAD MOON-Trash & Burn-LP
- STRONG COME ONS-Trailor Sessions-EP
- INTIMATE FAGS-LP/BLACK FLAG-'83 Demos-LP
- MUD CITY MANGLERS-Tired Of Losing-EP
- HOT ROD HONEYS-Kill Me Now-LP
- POKERS-Ignite-EP/THE SCIENTISTS-LP
- LOS MONSTROUS-Jerk, Jerk, Jerk-10"

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

- NOW TIME DELEGATION-live
- DEADLY SNAKES-I'm Not Your Soldier-LP
- CHOSEN FEW-Really Gonna Punch You-LP
- INTIMATE FAGS-LP/STRONG COME ONS-EP
- HOT ROD HONEYS-Kill Me Now-LP
- MUD CITY MANGLERS-Tired of Losing-EP
- VON BONDIES-Lack of Communication-LP
- BRAINEATERS/SBGM-split EP
- DEAD MOON-Trash & Burn-LP
- THE SCIENTISTS-LP/LOS MONSTRUOS-10"

RAY LUJAN

- SOMMERSET-Fast Cars-CD
- HISSYFITS-Letters-CD
- THREE YEARS DOWN-Snakes Bite-LP
- STRIKE ANYWHERE-Change Is A Sound-CD
- TEENAGE FRAMES-Kingsize-EP
- ULTA BIMBOOS-Jukka-EP
- TOYS THAT KILL-LP/INQUISITION-LP
- PARTISANS-So Neato-EP
- ACTION-16 Slices-LP
- REAL MCKENZIES-Loch'd-CD

TIM/JHEN MARK

- DS 13-Killed By The Kids-LP
- BLACK FLAG-'83 Demos-LP
- V/A-Deadly Sins-4xEP
- KILLED IN ACTION/CRUCIAL UNIT-split EP
- SEEIN RED-EP/ETAE-Rotten To The-CD
- WILBUR COBB/HE WHO CORRUPTS-split EP
- SUBHUMANS-Unfinished Business EP
- BRAIN EATERS/SBGM-split EP
- ROTTON SOUND/UNHOLY GRAVE-split CD
- BURST-Conquest: Writhe-CD

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

- 101ERS-Elgin Ave Breakdown-LP
- BLACK FLAG-'83 Demos-LP
- BURST-Conquest/Writhe-LP/CITIZEN FISH-live
- CHROMATICS-Beach Of Infants-EP
- CONFLICT-Now You've Put Your Foot In It-EP
- SEEIN RED-Live Ammunition-LP
- SOCIETY'S ILLS-Skins, Brains, & Guts-EP
- SUBHUMANS-Unfinished Business-EP
- TEAR IT UP-Zero To Suicidal-EP
- YOUR HALO IS RADAR-10"/RAW POWER-live

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes.

ARWEN CURRY

FROM ASHES RISE-Silence-LP	TEAR IT UP/FAST TIMES-split EP
SEEIN RED-Live Ammuntion-EP	DS 13-LP/Australian reissue LPs
COUNTER-ATTACK-Master & Jester-LP	ABRASIVE RELATIONS-Massacre-EP
SUBHUMANS-Unfinished Business-EP	FALLAS DEL SISTEMA-Mercenarios-EP
LOS HUEVOS-Stick 'Em Up-EP	NULA/EMS-split LP/BLATZ-EP/FILTH-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

LIMECELL-If We Can't Rock It's War-CD	THE COCKNEY REJECTS-Favorite Tunes-EP
LIMECELL-To Evil-CD/MUSTANG-EP	THE UNSEEN-The Anger And The Truth-LP
REDUCERS SF-Crappy Clubs & Smelly Pubs-LP	RIOT 99-Destroy 45/DOSE BRUTAL-Vadia-EP
MUD CITY MANGLERS-Tired Of Losing-EP	WEDNESDAY NIGHT HEROES-Hated-CD
GIFT & GALLE-Schall & Rauch-EP	VARUKERS-The Retch Files-CD/DS 13-LP

TOM HOPKINS

VOLUME 11-LP/DS 13-LP/INTENSITY-LP	DEATHCHARGE-Plastic Smiles-EP
SHIVERING/FUNERAL DINER-LP/FILTH-EP	NIGEL PEPPERCOCK-EP/VOORHEES-LP
BLATZ-EP/DON AUSTIN-EP/HOLDING ON-LP	YOUR HALO IS A RADAR-10"
DEADLY SNAKES-LP/MUSTANG-EP/BURST-LP	TEAR IT UP/DOWN IN FLAMES-split EP
BASTARD-Controled In The Frame-EP	FROM ASHES RISE-Silence-LP

MIKE THORN

SEVERED HEAD OF STATE-EP/DS 13-LP	COMPLICITE CANDIDE-LP/TEAR IT UP-EP
DEATHCHARGE-EP/SEEIN RED-EP	KILLED IN ACTION/CRUCIAL UNIT-split EP
FROM ASHES RISE-LP/INTENSITY-LP	V/A-Deadly Sins-4xEP/COUNTER-ATTACK-LP
ATROCIOUS MADNESS-EP/DON AUSTIN-EP	SUBMISSION HOLD-LP/FILTH-EP/BLATZ-EP
E-150/LIFES HALT/BANANAS/KTMWQ-live	BASTARD-EP/RUN FOR YOUR FUCKING LIFE-CD

MAX WARD

E-150/KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS-live	SEEIN RED-Live Ammuntion-EP
DS 13-Killed By The Kids-LP	KUNG FU RICK-EP/HOLDING ON-LP
TEAR IT UP/DOWN IN FLAMES-split EP	INTENSITY-The Ruins Of Our Future-LP
ATROCIOUS MADNESS-Nuclear-EP	TEAR IT UP/FAST TIMES-split EP
WILBUR COBB/HE WHO CORRUPTS-split EP	MUSTANG-Full Moon Crazy-EP

RYAN WELLS

LOS HUEVOS-Stick'em UP-EP	INTIMATE FAGS-LP/ABRASIVE RELATIONS-EP
MUD CITY MANGLERS-Tired Of Losing-EP	DEADLY SNAKES-I'm Not Your Soldier Anymore-LP
CHOSEN FEW-Really Gonna Punch You Out-LP	BLACK FLAG-'83 Demos-LP
POKERS-Ignite-EP	VON BONDIES-Lack Of Communication-LP
LOS MONSTROUS-Jerk, Jerk, Jerk-10"	DEAD MOON-Trash And Burn-LP

KENNY KAOS/REMA YOUNG

MUD CITY MANGLERS-Tired Of Losing-EP	NEW CHRISTS-On Top Of Me-45
LIMECELL-If We Can't Rock It's War-CD	MUSTANG-Full Moon Crazy-EP
RADIO BIRDMAN-Burn My Eyes-EP	TEENAGE FRAMES-Kingsize Sessions-EP
DEADLY SNAKES-I'm Not Your Soldier-LP	HIGH SCHOOL DROPOUTS-Final Exam-EP
HOT ROD HONEYS-Kill Me Now-LP	INTIMATE FAGS-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

Spare Change #10	Some Hope & Some Despair #3
Baffler #14	Alarm #9
Razorcake #3	Green Anarchy #6
Undumb #2	Ripped & Clipped #2
Sideshows #1	Abort #4

ZINE SHITWORKERS

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Mikel Delgado	Jonathan Floyd
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#143/Apr '95. Vindictives, Stinkerbell, Jesus Christ Superfly, New Day, Registrators, Youth Brigade, Pit.

#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scared Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#152/Jan '96. Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottom Feeders, Turbonegro, Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records, Com-Fract, Dead End Kids.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#155/Apr '96. Hockey Teeth, Turnips, Pussy Crush, Cro-Mags, High Plains Drifters, Slight Slappers, Third Degree, Anti-Flag.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab.

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#165/Feb '96. Blanks '77, Emily's Sassy Lime, Real Mckenzies, Millionaires, Dropkick Murphys, Other People's Music, No-Talents, Hives, Sea Monster, He's Dead Jim, Defiance, Bou Sou Nezumi, Freeze.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#167/Apr '97. Grand Theft Audio, No Fraud, Gauze, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, Danko Jones, Viceroys, Forgotten.

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit.

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile, Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knucklcheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#176/Jan '97. Scared of Chaka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squid Boy, Izgoy, Beltones, Sky Grain, 1,4,5s, Ducky Boys, JCCCamp.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Mauraudes, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special, Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion.

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, 1 Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone..

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#211/Dec '00. Fly & Seth Tobocman, Anti/Dogmatikss, Hissyfits, Aus Rotten, Media Blitz, Rocks, Hospital Food, Falsies, White Stripes, 9 Shocks Terror, Tijuana Bibles.

#212/Jan '00. Avail, Born Dead Icons, From Ashes Rise, the Voids, the Guilty Pleasures, xLimpwristx, Chachi on Acid.

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexarecnos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep '01. "All Latin American Issue." Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No!, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta Y Bulla, N.T.N., Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum Pit, Kim Bae Photo Essay.

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buy 3, the 4th is free!

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¡ACHTUNG!

INTERNATIONAL MRR READERS

¿THE POST OFFICE HAS DONE IT AGAIN?

YEP THAT'S RIGHT, THE PRICE OF INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE HAS NEARLY DOUBLED. PLEASE SPECIFY AIR OR SURFACE WHEN ORDERING!

Sorry this is so expensive, we're not happy about it either (however, zines shipped by surface should still arrive before it hits newstands). You can also save money by selling MRR at shows, bulk rate boxes of 20 are available. We are investigating cheaper methods of shipping so stay tuned!

NEW MAILORDER RATES

Location	one magazine (u.s. dollars) (3-5 days) Air/Surface (4-6 wks)	two zines Air	three zines Air	four zines Air	five zines Air	subscription rates (six months) (3-5 days) Air/Surface (4-6 wks)
Canada	4.00/3.00	8.00	12.00	14.00	15.00	24.00/18.00
Mexico	4.50/5.00	8.00	12.00	14.00	15.00	27.00/30.00
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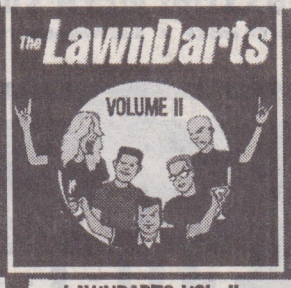

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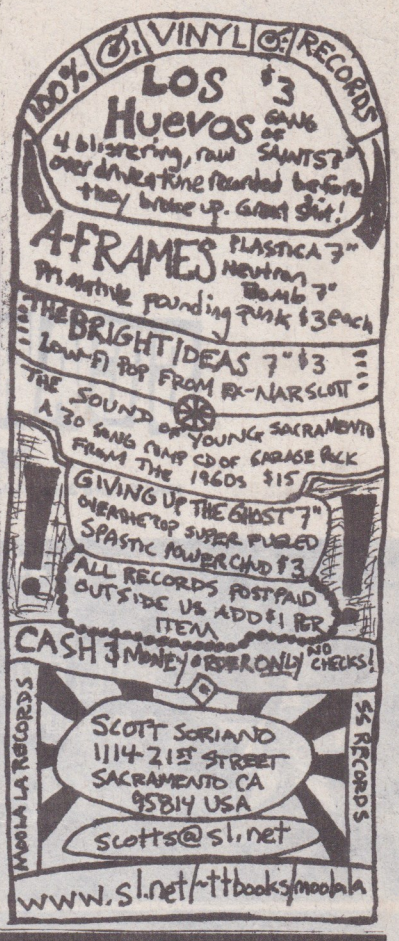

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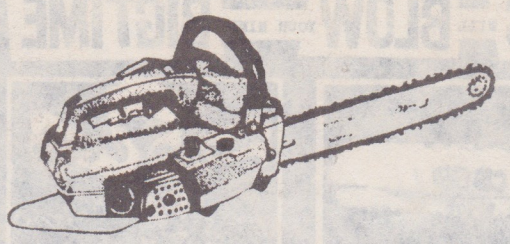

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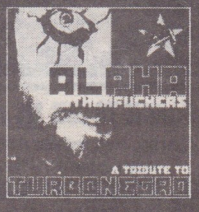

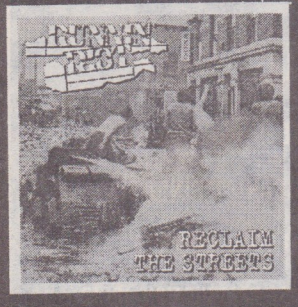

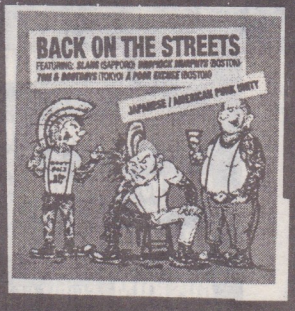

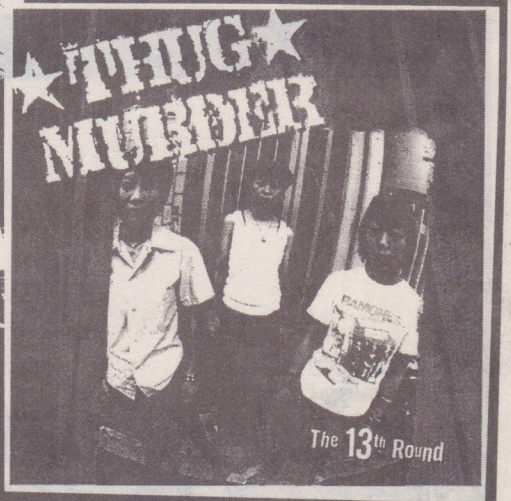

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LETTERS

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Dear MRR,

Why is everyone moving to Portland? Portland is stealing our punx. I think it's time we get them back! Are you with me?!
Love, Lauren & Sean/ 924 Gilman Berkeley, CA

Dearest MRR—

Reading issue number 219, specifically Giovanni's letter regarding Dulcinea Loudmouth's derogatory use of the word "gay," I was more than a little fucking repulsed by Dulcinea's dismissive and reactionary response to Giovanni's complaint. That a second *MRR* staffer (Jeff M.), who was not linked in any way to Giovanni's complaint, was allowed to inject his mocking, irrelevant, and totally fucking unnecessary voice just makes the situation all the more ridiculous.

Maybe if Dulcinea were less busy making insulting and pointless comments to show just how fucking hip and un-pc she is then perhaps she would have realized that in a zine which ostensibly seeks to exclude the "sexist, racist, and fascist" attitudes of the world at large, it only makes sense to extend this same attitude of tolerance (and respect) to gays. And while most people will probably claim that they do, because few people, especially in punk rock/hardcore, are willing to believe that they are bigoted, the fact remains that despite what anyone may want to believe about themselves, if they continue to use "gay," "fag," "queer," and whatever else in a derogatory way they are guilty of—at best—thoughtless complacency in creating an atmosphere where intolerance and cruelty towards gays is subtly (if not openly) accepted.

You may not think this is true, after all, just like that progressive youth culture pop icon Eminem, you probably think, "I'm not talking about gay people when I say 'gay' or 'faggot' in a derogatory and insulting way, so that means I'm not homophobic, or even doing any harm to gays." But who gives a shit if the things you do help to perpetuate an atmosphere that's conducive to assault, discrimination, and general abuse of gays for no fucking reason? After all, as your comment in that review reinforces so well, they're not human beings, just a bunch of fucking gay faggots.
Tim Molinari/ 8 Greenwood Lane/ Simsbury CT 06070/ nailthatstick-sup@hotmail.com

Tim— The "anti-PC" backlash demonstrated by Dulcinea's response to Giovanni's letter has permeated punk to the point that hateful language can be passed off as funny or ironic. It's saddening and an embarrassment to me and other shit workers here at Maximum *to be connected to this sort of crap. At the same time not everyone here shares the same feelings, politics, and communication style and to a certain extent the tension between apolitical garage rockers and PC vegans is what drives this magazine. There is no singular voice of* Maximum. *The best we can do is to challenge that which we find offensive and offer up a voice of protest as Giovanni and you have done.*
Casey R.

Big kids of MRR—

Hola! This is Neil of *Weiner Society* zine. Got some bad news that I would appreciate you relaying for me. You guys have been a huge help to me over the past two years, helping me get my story out through the prisoner column, which put me in interaction with a bunch of the real people of action and helped me get a zine together and distributed. It's a tough ordeal from a prison cell when the cops don't appreciate the words against their uncouth system, so I must rely on a counterpart on the "free" side to do the shitwork. #1 did great, through determination and money problems, (I'm just a convict trying to do my thing and the kid helping me was in high school! Not huge resources!) and you guys helped out with a positive review a bunch of issues back , and lots of copies flew out. I was excited and got a lot of feedback, I knew the issues I was talking about were being received by kids dealing with the problems of sexual abuse, drug addiction, following crowds and feeling all around fucked about big failures. I got to cranking out columns, got good contributions, and sent it all out for the next issue. The kid helping me seemed excited. He was filling the loads of orders from the *MRR* review after school. I sent him more money which was for my hygiene products, (this zine is top priority, I'll stink a little to get my words out), to do a batch of #2. That was many months ago. Around February/ March of this year. Somewhere between then and now he stopped writing me. somewhere he stopped filling orders which didn't fade the zine. I got picked up by four distros but it fucks kids ordering from the review. I don't know what happened—now I find out he's moved. Gone with my zine, tons of other people's words and art, my small amount of money, and other people's orders! That's something you just don't do.

I've written countless letters asking him to just write me to work shit out or send the shit to a PO box of a friend. Nothing. I've actually had people talk to him and he's assured them, "it's almost finished, any day." That's been the story for five months. Fucked up. This zine is my life, I live to write and connect through it. It's my freedom from this cell. He stole it, along with the family pictures, sentimental columns, and unreplaceable shit, months of my life invested. That's wrong. To anyone who has ordered *Weiner Society* from him because of the review in *MRR*, and hasn't gotten one, I apologize. Write to Hooligan House Distro / PO Box 180983 / Utica, MI 48318-0983 for a copy. We'll fill it as soon as possible. Anyone else it's a buck. I apologize to the few who contributed who I haven't already contacted, and to Open My Eyes, the hardcore band from Switzerland. Your interview was lost. I

will recontact you through your label to do another.

I feel so fucked over. It's just something we don't do as punks. That's not respected, or even condoned. *Weiner Society* #2 is being completed, Todd from *Hooligan House* zine has stepped up to help me. A good thing won't be stopped by bad situations.

Thanks for your time.

In Solidarity,

Neil Edgar K61832 / A4-114 PO Box 409000 / Ione, CA 95640

Bruce / MRR—

What's up bro? Shit here. I'm an anti-racist skinhead in prison in Indiana and having problems finding skinhead zines. Could you help me out and send me the names and addresses of any anti-racist or traditional skin zines or papers? I would greatly appreciate it.

You guys at MRR are doing a great job. I look forward to your shit each month.

Thanks a bunch and keep on fighting.

Late,

Anthony S Hailey #971908 / IDOC. PCF / 1946 W. US Hwy 40 / Greencastle, IN 46135

MRR—

Just to let everyone know, (if they didn't already) about the sad passing of John Walters on July 30th 2001. He was the producer for the John Peel Show, In the early days of punk—he was the first one to get the Damned in the studio to do a John Peel Session, and get something on vinyl. Various others followed: Siouxsie and the Banshees, Lurkers, etc. If it wasn't for Walter's going to night clubs in the height of punk in the late '70s, we might not be where we are today.

Cheers,

Stevé Kingett

Hello—

I read the review of the zine I do with my friend Shyla Ann, called *Girl/ Boy.* I'm writing because I want to talk about the reviewer's statements about the drawings on my side of the zine, specifically a picture of a man with a galaxy of stars flowing like semen out of his penis. The reviewer, Mimi Nguyen , called this and the other images of dicks, "seriously gross." This kind of sexism coming from someone who has apparently studied feminism and is active in some punk scene is disturbing. What if someone saw a woman's cunt and then said, "Ew, yuck! Seriously gross," a lot of people might say those statements would be sexist, misogynistic, woman hating. If that's true, then we have to hold people up to the same standard when they denigrate men, otherwise it's bullshit.

It's people like Mimi who call themselves feminists, and then rip on men, who give feminism a bad name. Feminism is an amazing and awesome thing in my life and I've learned so much from the wise women who have taught me, it just makes me sad to think that some people who could benefit from learning about feminism, and who could help to create a world freer from sexism and all oppressions, will be scared away by the juvenile penis hate talk that comes out the mouths of people who should know better.

Robnoxious

therobnoxious@hotmail.com / PO Box 743 / Mankato, MN 56002

Hold on a second, are you actually trying to defend a drawing of a dick with stars coming out of it? I don't think that Mimi's criticism has anything to do with being a "penis- hater," but rather with something that is demonstrably lacking in both your zine and your letter: taste. And just so that you can stop worrying about a double standard, I think I would be pretty disturbed if some dude like you were to draw a picture of a "cunt" with stars coming out of it.

—Casey R.

MRR—

I am writing in to let people know about a situation that happened here in Plattsburgh, NY with the bands Fields of Fire and In Control from California. On July 27th a show had been organized in our house for Countdown to Putsch, Madeline Fergusen and Give Us Barabbas. Not very long before the show a friend had called us and asked us to put these two bands on the show—their prior show had fallen through. We agreed and fliered for the show. When the bands showed up they seemed friendly enough and everything was looking fine. While their set was going on one of the house mates here noticed that Zach from In Control was wearing a One Life Crew shirt. We have a policy of not allowing sexism, racism and homophobia into our house as much as we can control it. Our belief is that these prejudices provide an atmosphere which makes shows and social situations very uncomfortable for people and we like to provide as much of a comfortable situation as possible.

So during the show the house mate who noticed the shirt approached Zach about it. Zach was asked how he felt about OLC's well known racist, sexist and homophobic views and lyrics. His response was something along the lines of, "I'm from California, I know what they were singing about, I work with Illegals." At this point the house mate approached other house mates and explained how uneasy he felt about this person. Our decision was to approach the band about this person's feelings and discuss whether or not they were going to be paid for the show, or have a place to stay. This may sound somewhat extreme, but we felt that one of the best parts of punk and hardcore is that we have direct control over who we support and don't support. If a person in a band is willing to advertise for racist, sexist and homophobic bands and then turns out to share those views we do not wish to give them money and help them along their way.

The situation was discussed with Give us Barabbas and Countdown to Putsch and they agreed that a discussion seemed fair. At the end of the show we got everyone together in a room. The house mate who had talked to Zach explained how he felt and we explained that we did not think they were getting paid or getting a place to sleep. Zach from In Control's response, and Graham (who was drumming for both bands) from Fields of Fire's response was absolutely out of hand. Had Zach had a defense to any of the claims made about him something could possibly have been worked out. Instead both Zach and Graham's response was to scream about what "bitches" we were, in our living room for 25 minutes. Rich and Chris from Countdown to Putsch attempted to ease the situation and try to explain to both bands where we were coming from. This resulted in Rich being told to "shut the fuck up" because he was a "bitch" and Chris having his voice mocked in some attempt to negatively link him to being homosexual.

Eventually we told them to leave. Zach and Graham stormed out of the living room getting in people's faces and screaming "fuck you" while trying to get people to fight them. They threw our garbage can and hit our walls on their way out. Outside they continued to call us "sissies" and get in people's faces. Eventually they left. They drove away screaming "fuck you" as many times as they could. It was found out the next day that they had done some other fucked up shit as well. While attempting to hit on some of the females at the show they also grabbed one woman's breast, and attempted to grab another's breast and harassed them for quite sometime.

We have been doing shows at this house for over a year, and in Plattsburgh for over five. We have provided a place to stay and play for dozens and dozens of bands. Zach and Graham's response to our confronting them proved our point much more then we could have on our own—their sexism and homophobia became quite evident, as well as the fact that the only thing they could do to defend themselves was call names and attempt to intimidate. Their sexual assault towards one woman, and attempt at sexual assault towards another is incredibly disgusting (not to mention Graham's attempts at trying to get them to go in the van with him because "it gets lonely on tour" and both of their constant hitting on various women at the show, which made many feel very uncomfortable).

Although all members of both bands didn't agree with their band mates (and some in fact seemed distraught and divided regarding their band mates views and reactions), they made the choice to go on the road—their band mates represented their band and consequently we made the choices not to pay or give them a place to stay. This letter is being written in hopes that people consider this event when supporting either of these bands in the future.

Thanks a lot—

Jay, Jenn, Craig, Laura, Jay and Matt—the residents of 946 Mason St./ Third Eye Cooperative/ 946 Mason St./ Morrisonville, NY12962 mason946 @hotmail.com

PS. If any bands are interested in shows in Plattsburgh, NY (about one hour from Montreal) please get in touch. Obviously, as talked about above, no sexist/ racist/ homophobic crap.

MRR—

I'm writing this letter for a number of reasons, but all of them fit into two categories: 1) me bitching, and 2) me asking for advice. I am a 15 year old kid from VA and I am one of the only ones here into punk. I mean, my town is not a small town really and it has punks, but I've always been told that I'm ahead of my age. This is not a good thing for me, as I have no one to talk to about politics (everyone's real dumb about that here) and music. My friend James and I are the only ones here that are interested in this stuff, and since we both have a profound love for music and the message we wish to carry, we have started a band. We practice our asses off, and we recently hooked up with a drummer who is also a friend of ours. Our band, Reagans Alzheimers (I'm so proud of the name) is making it along actually, and we are all very devoted musicians who happen to be extremely and unfortunately weighed down by our ages, and the slow years passing. This is probably the only time in my life that I will ever actually wish to be older, but I kinda do. Anyway, we have no idea about how to proceed with things. I think we have all equipment we need and soon we will be dying to play a show, but being a naive teenager I don't know how I go about it. I know, we're stupid asses, but oh well I love my band and would probably give up one of my limbs for it, so I felt I should ask for some good DIY advice. Anyway, we're hoping to get a demo tape made soon, and we will definitely send it out to people free of charge if anyone wants it. We need advice, so anyone that knows anything should please email me at samisevil@punkmusic.com Thanks a lot, Sam!

PS. Please don't steal my fucking name! I'm very proud of it! Viva la Reagans Alzheimers!!

Well, Sam, you seem to be on the right track so far...make a demo and send it to bands in towns where you wanna play, trade shows, and start doing shows in your own town. It takes a little bit of effort, but if you network enough with other punks in other towns you should be able to get something going. Check out Book Your Own Fucking Life for listings of folx in your area that do shows...and for Cthulu's sake, somebody help this kid!
Mike T.

Hello Maximum,

I'm a long time addicted reader to the great magazine. I just read the review for the new Limpwrist 7", and also read Felix's description in his column. It seems these guys are blowing up due to lots of hype. These guys are all over the pages of your magazine, and everywhere else. Limpwrist will undoubtably sell thousands of records due to the fact that they are ex-members of Los Crudos, and the first "gay straightedge" hardcore band. I'm beginning to get mighty sick of the scene politics within hardcore nowadays, as it seem worse then ever. It seems it's all about who's in what band, and who knows who. It's very discouraging for most of us in the scene that are trying to be productive. I saw these guys on tour with another "supergroup," the Oath, a few months back, and was kind of shocked to find out from talking with members of both bands that the drummer is not gay, and the bass player drinks. I have no problems with either of the issues, it's just funny that they are calling themselves, and being called a gay straightedged band, when in reality they are not. More labels, to put on bands, to better sell records, and hype bands that really don't need any hype at all. I really like the record, do not get me wrong, but I am wondering in the review how the reviewer thinks that "this could be the band to save hardcore"? I mean, I really think that these guys are preaching to the converted. For real change they should play some shows with bands and to kids that might not be so "safe." This to me would bring about real change, and prove some sincerity. Thanks for listening, and keep up the good job on the magazine.
Rick Telfian/ rickcore666@hotmail.com

Rick,

Preaching to the converted? Now that's quite an overused and abused phrase. Have you been to a punk show lately? To say that the hardcore punk scene has got that whole homophobia thing licked and bands like Limp Wrist (or any other that strives to challenge their audience) are just playing it safe, is just simply naive.
Michael Thorn

Dear Krishna Rau,

Who do you think you are, Greil Marcus? The fact that you cited him in your

essay really prevented me from taking what you wrote very seriously, and I'm sure that many readers who actually know sarcasm when they see it (unlike you) and know dick about punk rock would agree. Greil Marcus is just a fucking rock critic who doesn't usually know what he's talking about.

Although Brian GTA already wrote a reply to your essay (I agree with him, by the way—there are a lot of people to whom you owe an enormous apology), I felt compelled to do the same. Because about 90% of what you wrote is unfounded, untrue, or of questionable accuracy, I'll make a list of corrections:

1) Yes, Christian Death did put a big swastika surrounded by Stars of David within a Sacred Heart on the cover of the album *All the Love and All the Hate*. What you didn't mention, however, is that they also put a disclaimer on the cover saying that they were not trying to promote Nazism, and that the artwork was a representation of all the hate in the world.

2) The Sex Pistols performed "No Fun" at their last show in SF, not "Belsen Was a Gas." Not that this inaccurate statement was very significant, but again, it makes it a little difficult to take your article seriously.

3) You mentioned that David Bowie, Mick Jagger, and Eric Clapton (I'm giving their first names because you forgot to—naughty Krishna!) published "well-publicized racist sentiments." Just out of curiosity, what were they? It would have helped if you had told us what they were—if your accusations are even true (yeah right).

4) Johnny Thunders' statement was obviously sarcastic, because the NY Dolls' rhythm guitarist, Sylvain Sylvain, is a Syrian Jew.

5) If Nico really did say what you said she did about African-Americans, then yes, she is a racist. However, "Deutschland ueber Alles," despite popular belief, is not a racist or imperialistic song. The title of the song, which is still the German national anthem today, means "Germany is the most important thing to me." Not only that, but it was written at a time when "Germany" was a giant cluster of small kingdoms, principalities and duchies.

6) Yes, Nietzsche was anti-Semitic, but it is a mistake to associate Nietzschean philosophy with Nazi ideology. The Nazis perverted Nietzsche's philosophy (like they did with the swastika, among other things) so that they could use it in their propaganda. If you've never read *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, then don't try to act like you have.

I actually support "political correctness" (that term was invented by Rush Limbaugh, by the way). However, I live in a town in which it practically doesn't exist; guys drive around in their Chevy Compensator P-NIS pick-up trucks with Confederate flag stickers festooned to the windows, and they liberally spout out racist, sexist, and homophobic bullshit in public and don't even care about who they might be hurting. Being a "fucking faggot" myself (aren't those rednecks so articulate?), that kind of stuff really does hurt. So to all of the pampered kids out there living in cool ivory tower cities like Eugene, San Francisco, Seattle, etc. who might think that "PC" is a violation of free speech, believe me, you're only making things worse. Try living in a place where you really can get away with saying the "n" word and see who'll want to be friends with you (hint: he [and it will be a "he"] will be driving a big pick-up truck with Confederate flag stickers and a gun rack in the back window). I don't know what that had to do with this letter, but just consider it my two cents.

Mr. Rau and people of his ilk, on the other hand, don't need to be laying the "PC" thing on so thickly. Not all sarcasm is immediately obvious, OK? Try using some primary sources next time, too. Sincerely (according to Greil Marcus' book),
Eric DeArment
dearment@hotmail.com

Eric,

Just a couple of things I ought to point out, since you've got a thing about accuracy. There is no consensus about the origin of the term "political correctness," but it certainly was in use long before little Rush babbled out his first hate speech. According to Fred Shapiro in the June 12, 2000 issue of the Nation, *it was used as early as 1793, and "has been documented in a Communist context as early as 1955, in Czeslaw Milosz's* The Captive Mind.

Also, "Deutschland Uber Alles" means, literally, "Germany over all." Certainly, that can be understood as a statement of love for the homeland, but in any modern political context, it easily carries other, nastier, connotations as well.
—Arwen

Dear MRR,
Shawn Abnoxious here from the *Neus Subjex*...

First off, I would like to thank you for all your kind words and support you have given the *Neus Subjex*. I just got issue #219 today and was totally florred (sic) by such positivity... even if you did spell the damn zine name wrong... again!!! Hahahaha! Slug & Lettuce gets it right.... It's cool though, no big deal. It's hard to convey in e-mail but I really do get a kick out of it.... I'm used to it now. I, and the ever growing *NS* staff really appreciate all you have done for us and will continue to do so.

Secondly, the zine is looking great. I will have to admit, I had my doubts there for a while but I have been reading since issue #96 and with the latest issue i would like to applaud your kick ass layout and subject matter. I'm impressed.

Lastly, I noticed you are show casing pictures of bands in certain pages now. Thanks to Mark Murrman's *Action* and *Sob Story* I went out and got the best camera I could afford and have been amassing photos of local and touring bands in Cincinnati and surrounding cities. I would like to think that I'm "getting there" in consideration of the sources that inspired me... If you think you would like to see some of my pictures then just tell me what I would have to do to send them and hopefully be able to get them back when/if you use them. I will share this with you; go to my zines home page and click on "Crimson Sweet" under "galleries." These are photos that I have manipulated in photo editing software but it's a rough image of some of my pictures.

Let me know if I could be of service.... Oh yeah, before I go. Kent, Ohio's Kill The Hippies will be on their way out there soon. They like cheap 12 packs and two band members are vegan. I say that because after you hear them you will be so impressed you will want to shower them with gifts. Don't miss them.
Take care and thanks again,
Shawn Abnoxious
http:// neussubjex.net/

Shawn, take a few of the your best photos and send us copies with an s.a.e. We would appreciate it. The Neus Subjex *is kicking ass so keep it up.*
Jeff M.

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Positive, political and fast youth crew from Minneapolis. Their last record.

DEAD END – Debut EP
Ex-OUTLAST kick down some superb fast youth crew with enough melody to keep it catchy. Reminds me of the GORILLA BISCUITS Ep

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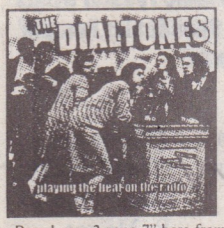

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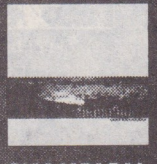

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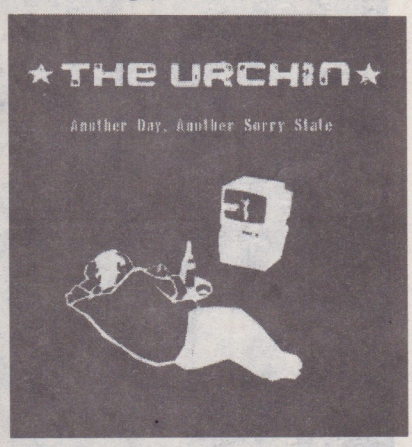

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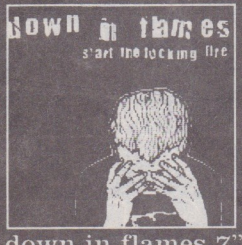

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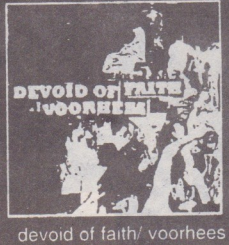

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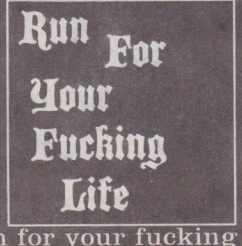

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COLUMNS

"Get your hand out of your pants!" Wendy yells at me for like the umpteenth time that day. I remove it, grab the clicker, and change the channel. I'd already seen that episode of *Law & Order* about a zillion times, and was interested in testing my brain power with *Jeopardy*. As Alex Trebec starts the first round of questions, I start to slowly move my hand down the inside front of my sweatpants. To my crotch.

"George!" Wendy suddenly yells, "don't ignore me!"

I remove my hand again, and try to explain to her that I have jock itch, as usual, and it's, well, itchy.

"Then scratch over your pants," she says as she glares at me.

I tell her I don't want to "scratch over my pants" because then it will make me look like some homeboy on the street who is always adjusting his wangdoodle for optimum viewing by chicks.

"Well, it's better then having your hand down your pants!" she exclaims.

"No it's not," I tell her. I explain that real men, like Al Bundy on *Married With Children*, like to watch television with their hands down their pants. That it's normal. And what isn't normal is her *reaction*.

"I bet my friend Laurel's husband doesn't put his hands down his pants when he's watching television," Wendy shoots back at me.

"Yeah," I say, "he puts them down other people's pants!"

"That's not funny," Wendy snaps at me.

"And neither is this fucking jock itch," I tell her. And it wasn't. I was so damn itchy it was driving me nuts. I figured it was from just working out and sweating too much. When I had asked my doctor what to do for jock itch, he told me to, well, powder my balls. So that's what I did. With talcum powder. And if it was really bad, I'd use that Cruex stuff.

But for some reason, none of that was working.

So I scratched.

And scratched.

And scratched some more.

"What if we have children, and they see you with your hand down your pants?" Wendy asks me.

"I'll tell them I have jock itch," I tell her.

"No you won't, because you won't put your hand down your pants in front of our children," she tells me.

I look at her. Her face is visibly upset. Her eyes are on the brink of shedding tears.

"Okay, okay," I give in and say, "I won't do it in front of our kids!"

Wendy sighs with relief as I start to scratch again.

As I do, I feel little bumps around the ends of my pubic hair. The end nearest the skin.

"I think I have pimples on my crotch," I tell Wendy.

"Let's see," she says, and I show her.

There are indeed pimples, but unlike the ones on my face, these are black.

"Looks like black-heads," Wendy says, examining me like my urologist.

"They itch like hell," I say, "I wonder if I could just pop them like zits!"

"Let's go into the bathroom where there's more light Wendy says, and drags me in by my Oscar Meyer.

Once we are under the bright lights, Wendy examines the "pimples" more closely.

"Hmmm," she says as she looks at all of them near the ends of my now graying pubic hair.

"Hmmm, what?" I say to her.

"They don't look like pimples," she says.

"They are itchy," I tell her, "I'm gonna pop one!"

"NO!" Wendy exclaims, "You are not!"

"Why?" I ask.

"Because they don't look like pimples!"

And with that, she took out a pair of tweezers and pinched one of the "blackheads."

It came off real easy and she then put it on the sink counter to examine.

"Hmmm," she said as she looked at it.

"Hmmm, what?" I asked her again.

She was about to answer me when suddenly the pimple got up on a bunch of teeny-tiny legs, and crawled away.

Instead of answering me, she just screamed.

*

I guess it all had started about two months earlier. When we were vacationing in Cancun. Mexico.

We had been there a few times before, and really liked it. The water was crystal clear, the sand, white, and the food, great. If it didn't make you sick. And best of all, it was cheap! I mean, like almost free by New York standards.

Anyway, we got this vacation deal where they'd fly us in, and give us a choice of any hotel we wanted, as long as it was on their "program."

We had stayed at the "El Presidente" before, and wanted to stay there again, but we'd heard that it went down hill with the new owners. Plus, their beach had washed away with the last hurricane. We considered the "Calinda," but it was too much of a party hotel. And we were there as a couple.

So we chose the Sheraton. We'd seen it from the main strip many times, and it looked swell. It had a great view of both the coral reef AND the lagoon.

The lagoon in Cancun is awesome. They have restaurants where you can sit next to the water and feed tortillas to the fish. If you get enough fish eating that Mexican bread, you can sometimes attract an alligator. And then the fun starts.

Anyway, so we get to the hotel and check in. We go up to the tenth floor, where our room is, and enter the highly air-conditioned room. The cool air against our hot skin felt so good, the first thing we decided to do was *not* to go swimming, but to take a nap. As Wendy turned down the sheets we saw something that I should have thought about more.

A bug.

A teeny-tiny bug.

It crawled around pretty quickly, and upon closer examination, it looked like a piece of sand with legs.
And claws.

"A sand lobster," I thought to myself, as I told Wendy not to worry, that it was nothing.

And that's the last I thought of it.

Then we climbed into bed and took a nap.

I wonder if there is even such thing as a "sand lobster."

A few days later, after swimming around in the beautiful Cancun ocean, I developed a rash on my chest that itched like hell. And also hurt. Because, well, I was as sunburned as any white man from New York could ever be.

"My chest is itchy," I told Wendy late one afternoon, as we changed into our clothes from our bathing suits, and prepared to visit the Flamingo Mall, our favorite hang-out spot.

"Let's see," she said, and looked at the rash of hives I'd developed all over my upper torso.

"What do you think?" I asked her.

"You need to go to a doctor," Wendy sternly told me.

"We ain't wasting no money on some damn Mexican doctor," I told her, "we came to Mexico because it was cheap! I'm not spending the money!"

"Okay Nick," Wendy said to me. She'd called me my stepdad's name because he was probably the only human being on Earth cheaper than myself. Except for the money he gives us.

"We'll go to the pharmacy at the mall," I tell Wendy, "they'll know what to do!"

"Like give you more valium or codeine like on our last trip?" Wendy says.

I just smile.

After a really bad Big Mac in the Flamingo food court, we make our way to my favorite local drug dealers, and try to explain what's going on.

"My chest is itchy," I tell the little local fellow behind the counter.

"Shest?" he asks.

"Chest," I say.

"Oh, what is shest?" he asks me.

Instead of explaining it to him, I lift up the front of my white Ramones shirt, and show him the hives.

"No good," he says.

"I know," I tell him, "it is no good. It itches and hurts!"

"Ra-moan-aays" he says back to me.

"Excuse me?" I say.

"Ra-moan-aays," he says again as he points to my chest.

"No," I say, "my chest hurts. It itches. Help!"

"Ra-moan-aays" he says again.

Just as I was about to yell at the moustached little man, Wendy said, "I think he's talking about your t-shirt!"

"Ramones!" I say!

"Yes," he says, "Ra-moan-aays"

"Punk Rock!" I exclaim.

The guy smiles and I smile back.

I begin to like him.

We, I mean, me, talk a bit about how great the four superdudes from Queens are, and finally we move onto the topic of my chest.

"The O-cin deed thees to you," the little guy says.

I nod my head as he hands me a tube of cream.

"Thees ees for shest," the guy tells me.

"Yeah, Yeah", I tell him, then thank him and pay him for it.

As we leave the store Wendy explains to me that it's an anti-bacterial cream of some sort.

I put it on back at the hotel, and finally the hives and itching go away.

The sunburn does as well. Two weeks later.

*

Back in New York, my balls start to itch. As usual. At first I think it's jock itch, but it won't go away no matter *what* kind of powder I use.

So I try the anti-bacterial cream that had worked so well in Mexico.

And it did stop the skin from itching.

Because it took it all off.

I ended up with third degree burns all over my testicles, and my doctor, when seeing what looked like raw hamburger meat, told me I was lucky to still have everything intact. Then he told me some really bad news.

That I had to wear shorts for a month.

But that's another story.

Anyway, after that whole disaster was over, I started itching again, and that's how I ended up in the bathroom with Wendy.

And the crawling black-head.

"It's moving," Wendy screamed, as my pimple sprouted legs and crawled right past the sink, and made it's way toward the toilet.

I, usually the squeamish one, crushed the little bastard with my thumb.

"What the hell is that?" Wendy asked, totally freaked out.

"I have no clue," I told her.

And I didn't.

"Let's call Nick!" we both then said at the same time.

I dialed Nick's number and explained to him the situation.

He started laughing.

"What's so fucking funny?" I asked him as I started to scratch myself harder and harder.

"You have crabs!" he told me.

"Impossible," I told him.

"I got them back in college," he explained, then went on to tell me this whole story about some girl.

"I don't care about any girl right now," I screamed at Nick, "and I don't wanna hear anything except how to get rid of these things!"

Nick explained to me that I had to go to the drug store and get some cream. He even knew the name of it.

"Same stuff I had to use way back when," he told me.

"Great," I mumbled.

After a quick good-bye, I hung up the phone, ran to the drugstore, which was, thank God, still open, and got the stuff. As I applied it to my crotch and surrounding area, I read about how the crabs will come back in about a week because they'll lay eggs on the pubic hair, and the cream can't kill those.

The very thought of bug eggs on my body freaked me out so much I grabbed Wendy's Lady Bic, and, well, that was about the end of that.

But for the next month, every time I went to take a leak, I felt like I was molesting a twelve year old. With a really big dick.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. fourteeninchesofstillmanhood@georgetabb.com
2. Got lots of cool records this summer…love the USA Wasted, Worse, Charm School, and The Meatdepressed albums!
3. Okay, heard this really great one: What did Cinderella say when she got to the ball? "Mfffmfmfmfmfmrrrmmf!"
4. Punk Rock!

Because Mike was so busy last month sewing DISCHARGE patches on his pants and trying to charge his hair, my column didn't make it in the last issue. Here is part of my column from last month along with fresh, new material. Starting this month, this column will again appear monthly.

*****

Sitting in the pew-like seats at the Red Vic movie theater on Haight St., Mimi, Floyd, and I grabbed handfuls of popcorn out of the large bowl on my lap. The three of us kept turning our heads toward the door at the back of the small theater, looking for Tobia. Just seconds before the lights dimmed, she ran in, sitting next to Mike and Arwen.

We were all anxious and had at least semi-positive expectations for *Rage: 20 Years of West Coast Punk*. The shaky camera and jagged lettering opening credits kicked on. Thus began one of the most disappointing punk movies in recent memory.

You know you're in trouble, as Tobia pointed out, when *Spin* puts together a better documentary about punk than punks themselves. Not only is the title thoroughly misleading, at the end, we all left with a feeling of, "So, exactly what was the point of that?"

Throughout the entire movie, the filmmakers interviewed only six people: Don Bolles (GERMS, VOX POP, 45 GRAVE), Jack Grisham (TSOL), Duane Peters, (US BOMBS), Keith Morris (CIRCLE JERKS), Jello Biafra (DEAD KENNEDYS) and Gitane Demone (CHRISTIAN DEATH). For a movie claiming to be a 20-year retrospective of West Coast punk, they did a shitty job of interviewing *any* bands out side of California. Hell, with the exception of Jello, the filmmakers barely left their own backyard. And of all the hundreds (if not thousands) of punk bands from the West Coast, California, or even just LA, you can't help but question their decision to interview Demone. Maybe in a weird, warped Los Angeles way Christian Death were punk, but I bet that you, reading this now, could think of ten better, more representative people/bands off the top of your head.

Rage comes off like a fan interviewing all his favorite punk stars (and doing a poor job of it), offering his own narrow interpretation of punk (told by his heroes) as the rule of the land. Nothing could be further from the truth.

It was interesting to hear Grisham, Morris, and Demone talk about was is and isn't punk and about selling out. While they

scoff at bands like GREEN DAY, NO DOUBT, and BLINK 182, they obviously forgot that the LA bands of the '80s (their own bands included) were the ones who paved the way for the later bands who broke into the mainstream. As the Circle Jerks, TSOL, Christian Death, the US Bombs—all the bands—climbed their way out of "shit hole clubs" into bigger venues, as they've reformed in the past ten years, they toned their own music and attitudes down, helping make punk accessible enough to the point of being included in major studio movies (anyone remember *Repo Man*? Or how 'bout *Suburbia*?). Not only that, both TSOL and the US Bombs have headlined the Warped Tour. Their criticisms of today's mainstream punk comes off sounding like petty jealousy. TSOL, Circle Jerks and the other bands certainly weren't huge for the lack of trying.

It's too bad people will watch this movie and take these people's word as the gospel punk. When Jack Grisham laughs about getting a gun pulled on him for spouting racial slurs and scoffing when Jello once asked him what his political motivations were, when Gitane Demone talks about first getting fist fucked backstage at an X show, when Keith Morris does his entire interview wearing Chinaman glasses, people pick up on that shit and run with it. They think they're being funny, silly, wacky. Really they just come off like idiots. That's too bad, because these people are smart and, from what I hear, really nice people. Only Jello and Don Bolles come out sounding like they're not SoCal surf frat boys (because they're not—those two are the only non-native California's interviewed).

What's more, press materials for the movie mention about how the punk movement parallels the birth of blues and jazz, as well as avant-grade. The filmmakers obviously don't know their music history very well.

I'm being harsh not only because the movie had serious flaws, but because I had such high expectations. While advertising "20 Years of West Coast Punk," the movie instead delivered a very narrow, LA-centric view of a portion of early-80s punk.

In all, the movie turned out to be a striking indictment of some of the worse aspects of Los Angeles punk. Too bad so many people will walk away with Grisham's words in their head, "Hey, I was fucking five girls a day, getting drunk and getting paid for it! That's punk!" If that's not a bullshit rockstar attitude, what is?

But hey, there was at least some cool (though brief) footage of the SCREAMERS, FLIPPER, the DEAD KENNEDYS and the GERMS.

*****

On to the music...

The No. 1 record on my turntable for the past two months has been the new DETROIT COBRAS LP (Sympathy). HOLY FUCK, what a great record! Add me to the pool of people gushing over Rachel Nagy's voice. This is a record with character, that just opens its jaws and swallows you whole. Sure, the album is all cover songs, but they're great covers of amazing R&B and Soul songs, most of which you've probably never heard anyway. Every listen, this album sends chills down my spine. It's that good.

The GREENHORNES have been getting a fair amount of press lately (as have most Detroit/Ohio area bands). Their first album (Telstar) proves they've got their hands wrapped firmly around laid-back bluesy garage, geared towards a sit down crowd. The songs have a tempered, almost somber feel, rather than going from the standing on the table, shaking your ass quality that drives little boys like me wild.

I had no idea the YUM YUMS have released so many records! Their new CD on Screaming Apple (Dütemichstr. 14/50939 Köln/Germany/screaming-apple-records.de) collects 26 previously released song, culled from their many 7"s, comp tracks and CDEPs. These Scandinavians easily win the crown for best current power pop band around. They're melodic, not to sugary, catchy and just amazing. The CD even features a cover of "Let's Go" with Paul Collins (of the BEAT) singing. Also, if you check MP3.com for Paul Collins you'll find a brand new song he's written, with the Yum Yums backing him. And speaking of Paul Collins, the NERVES have a 10" due out soon that collects the entirety of their recorded output. Penniman Records in Spain is making sure it gets done right, complete with liner notes and the whole deal.

Praise is due to In the Red (118 W. Magnolia Blvd./PO Box 208/Burbank, CA 91506/www.intheredrecords.com) for putting out some truly great records lately. The new DIRTBOMBS LP *Ultraglide In Black* and the new SCREWS LP *Shake Your Monkey* both come to you care of In the Red. Both bands feature Mick Collins and both albums are near essential listening.

The DIRTBOMBS album took a while longer to stick than usual. Whereas their first full length jumped all over the place (thick, fuzzed out numbers backed against thinner, faster songs), this album finds a middle ground and sticks to it – for better or worse. I dig it. Maybe it's because all the songs (save for one) are covers, but this album has a less frantic feel, but man, they still lay the on the rhythm section hard. Though it's more controlled, with songs like "Ode to a Black Man," this album proves Mick and the boys are still on top of the game.

When the first SCREWS album came out a few years ago, it was the first album I bought upon moving back to the Bay Area. The rest of my records were in boxes still, but I played the shit outta that one album. It was enough to keep me satisfied until I could get to the rest of my records. The Screws lay on the blues thick like swampy July afternoon in Lake Charles, Louisiana. The guitars create a churning, humid sound that's so dense, so haunting, the drums just kinda melt into the mix, pushing everything like a tugboat with a load of black coal working its way down the Mighty Mississippi. Impressive as hell. Like the first Screws album, this one's gonna get lotsa airtime.

As if those two albums weren't enough, the brand new KING BROTHERS album is finally out, care of, you guessed it, In the Red. Fuck, this record is HOT!!! I've always managed to miss the King Brothers when they come through. From the stories I hear, my life isn't complete until I catch these Japanese boys in the flesh. Until that day, this album will have to suffice. If you're worried about the album not catching the fever of the Brothers'live show, your fears are unfounded. It's loud, fucked up, noisy, blaring and thoroughly untamed.

Norton Records, continuing their quest for excellence, combed the Sun Records archives and have released a series of solidly smokin'jukebox split 45s, 14 in total. While you get your filling of the greats, such as CARL PERKINS, BILLY LEE RILEY and ROY ORBISON, these thankfully are just more of the same old Sun stars you've come to know and love. You're treated to lots of forgotten country gents who knew how to bang the devil out of their guitars. Also be sure to get the truly great JERRY LEE LEWIS 45 on Norton, *Wild One*.

The SCAT RAG BOOSTERS offer a new sweaty, stompin'single this month, plus they make an appearance on one-half a split 7". The *I'm Coming On* single (Yakisakana/57, rue Renaudel/76 700 Rouen/France/yakisakana.rec@wanadoo.fr) sounds like it's straight off the assembly line up in Detroit, or maybe from the sweaty BBQ pits of Memphis. This is the real deal—beautifully scratchy guitars laying out roughshod broken blues licks. Think along the lines of the OBLIVIANS, the SOLEDAD BROTHERS, the IMMORTAL LEE COUNTY KILLERS. But from France. A really great record.

The Scat Rag Boosters'two songs on the split with the DIXIE BUZZARDS (Goodbye Boozy/via Villa Pompoetti/147-64020 S. Nicolo/(TE) ITALY/goodbyeboozy@tin.it) swagger more than stomp and have the help of a mean, howlin'harmonica. The Dixie Brothers come off sounding more like they've been listening to the GORIES a lot. That's never a bad thing. My only complaint is they don't sound like they're really teetering on the edge of falling apart, which is a big part of what really makes this kind of music cook. It's a natural intensity, like getting swallowed up into the music, that just can't be faked.

Since their very first 7" of truly furious rock 'n'roll, I've been a big fan of the BASEBALL FURIES. Their new 7" on Estrus ,*I Hate Your Secret Club* gives you a taste of what to expect when they release their first album in a few months. While they're still loud as a shotgun blast to the head, the Furies have added a more melodic element to their songs. Rather than storming your ears with a tidal wave of guitarsbassdrums, these new songs have more texture, they're more catchy. And goddamn, they're great. I can't fucking wait for the album!

Jim from the Baseball Furies recently sent me a 7" of a new band he's also playing with, the TYRADES (Big Neck/PO Box 8144/Reston, VA 20195). Don't go into this expecting anything like the Furies. It's like comparing apples and oranges. The Tyrades have a thin, tinny sound that perfectly fits the hollow/echoey female vocals and guitars that alternate between

starkness and blaring, bordering on (and sometimes spilling over into) fucked up noise. Four songs (one is a cover of the DICKS "Lifetime Problems") that would be classics had they come out in 1979.

And hot damn! The FLAKES already have a new record out. These two songs, "Bad Girl/Hang Up" appear on the *Wanna'Meet the Flakes?* 7" (Lipstick Records). Recorded the same time as the songs from their first single, they have a bit more kick. "Bad Girl" starts of sounding a lot like the DOLLS song of the same name but quickly jumps into a ferociously rocking'song of the Flakes own doing. Their live shows are still generally better than these records would lead you to believe (as is often the case). Let's hope it doesn't take 'em another two years to put out the next few records.

Hideo at Nice & Neat (PO Box 14177/Mnpls., NM 55414) has another good release under his belt with the awesome SWEET J.A.P./REDS split. This happens to be the last records by the Reds, so you better get it just for that! Sweet J.A.P. aren't just filler though. As they proved on their previous split with DAS BOOT, they do a more than adequate job holding their own with guitars that buzz like a swarm of bees inside your brain and a choppy rhythm that's hard to shake. They sound like no other band...maybe a little like the REGISTRATORS, but not quite. That alone makes them worth your while.

Scott from the WRISTROCKETS sent me a copy of their new CD, *Her Dad Hates Me!* (Brucemonkey/c/o Jenn Sexton Attn: Eric/PO Box 2743/Salem, OR 97308). Though he warned me that it may not fall into the scope of what I'm into, the Wristrockets are actually right up my alley. They play ripping fast pop punk, but in a way similar to MORAL CRUX, the MUSHUGANAS or even the BANANAS a little. While it seems so many poppy punk bands have fallen into a dead-on-arrival, play-by-numbers rut, the Wristrockets manage to keep the blood pumping through their fun, energetic songs.

The artwork on the DION BLADE side of the Dion Blade/ROCKET 69 split 7" is fucking horrible. A giant woman lifting her dress over a city with bombs falling out of her vagina, onto the city. This split represents the some of the best in heavy metal-influenced punk. Unfortunately, I've never liked metal and have grown tired of blistering hotlicks over a chugging rhythm and Lemmy-like vocals. Motorhead = Metal. That said, both of these bands do that stuff incredibly well. They're tight as fuck, loud and hell and, if you're into it, will probably blow you away.

Me, I was more impressed by the two singles by SUPERHELICOPTERS Ltd. *Twisted Baby* and *Rejected #6* were both released on High School Reject (Berlageweg 12/9731 LN Groningen/Netherlands/ktvs@yahoo.com) a few months ago. *Rejected #6* is a hunk of twist plastic, with guitars running headlong into the drums, mangling the distorted vocals in the wreck. It's loud and fucked up in a way that when you see the guy on the cover wearing the REATARDS shirt everything makes sense. And while the *Twisted Baby* single has the same overall feel, the recording isn't nearly as dense. Going from one record to the other offers a vivid example of how much a difference a recording can make. *Twisted Baby* is thin and blistering, whereas *Rejected #6* totally drowns you in burnyourass guitar noise. Charlie from Wrench Records recently mentioned he's doing a 10" with these boys. According to him, it *smokes* anything else they've done to date.

Thank you to the SPITZZ for keeping the short, blasting punk song alive on their *I'm Not Alive* 45 (Tario/PO Box 501/Cambridge, MA 02238). They use DEAD KENNEDYS-like surf riffs in the title song and as I listen through the record, I can't help but think how amazing this band is...and how, if they'd been around in the late-70s, this record would be in thousands of punk kids'collections (or booted on KBD). I mean that in the best way possible. For all you jaded fucks whining about "no more good bands...no bands like their *used* to be..." check out this record. Everything really clicks in a way you just don't hear enough anymore. Great, catchy, punchy songs that don't fuck around and are recorded really well. Such a rarity these days.

I was surprise to find the new DEAD MOON CD, *Trash & Burn* (Empty) in my mailbox. Unlike almost everybody else in the world, I own exactly ZERO Dead Moon records. Some bands, when I listen to them for the first two, three, four, five times, it just doesn't click. Yet I hold onto the record. I know someday, somewhere along the line, it'll finally sink in. Dead Moon is such a band. After having listening to this CD repeatedly, trying to soak in the stark, weathered songs, I realize it's not gonna happen today. One day I'm sure to have an epiphany. Someone will put on a Dead Moon record and it'll sideswipe me. Then I'll be playing catch up, like always.

The same thing plagues the almighty GYOGUN RENDS. Though they're one of the most amazing bands I've seen, their records still fail to match their live fire. *Red Socks!! Let's Rock!!* (Sounds of Subterrania/PO Box 103662/34062 Kassel/Germany) comes close—if you turn the fucker WAY up, so loud that you have to squint, 'cause it almost hurts your ears. It helps that these guys got Tim Kerr to record them. These three Japanese boys turn their songs into a tornado of fire, sweeping up, charring everything in their path. Though all 7 songs on this 10" stand way above your average garage/punk song, their version of "Green Onions" is truly impressive.

Also from Japan, Rip Off spits out the INTIMATE FAGS LP. I haven't gotten a chance to listen to it yet, but word on the street is that it sounds a lot like the REGISTRATORS (more like early Registrators than later). 500 copies come with a poster.

After waiting six fucking years, the rumored YAH MOS LP is *finally* out (Gern Blandsten). I don't know if any of you ever got to see these crazy Sacto boys, but fuck, they put on a great show. Their two 7"s, released around 1994 are still killer, manic, foaming at the mouth punk that spills into jagged hardcore. This album is a bit more tame, still good, but it would have had a considerably strong impact in 1996.

A more recently recorded Sacto release, Dragnet Records (3519 SW Elmgrove/Seattle, WA 98126) put out what may be the last LOS HUEVOS 7". Four songs, four nails in their coffin. Los Huevos were/are one of the more under-appreciated bands of the last few years. Seething, spitting, fast and great. Do yourself a favor, get this and just about anything else by these guys you can find.

Who are the DEL-GATORS and why do you care they have a 7" on Sympathy? How's this for hot-HOT-H-O-T? Featuring members of the SPACESHITS, LES SEXAREENOS, the DAYLIGHT LOVERS an d the SCAT RAG BOOSTERS, you're guaranteed for a good time when you put this hot number on your record player!

In the "let's hear it for idealism" department, I got a split 7" from Burn Brandon Records (no address, but you can find out more about them from Sound Idea [PO Box 3204/Brandon, FL 33509] or from xnegativeyouthx@hotmail.com). Here's the deal: Burn Brandon is a community-run label. They have shows to raise money to put out the records. The records are FREE (if you need a record mailed to you, be sure to send postage, you cheapskate). On this one, HANK EARL CARR AND THE EXPLODING STATE TROOPERS rip through four savage songs. Among other things, HECATEST call for the destruction of raves and techno clubs (yea!) and champion skating for fun, not for bullshit competition. Actually, the song "Skate or Fucking Die" is a killer skatepunk song in the tradition of old thrashing skatecore. Pure early '80s hardcore. On the other side, the STIFFS start off sounding like they've spent the better part of the past two or three years devouring the MISFITS, which is only reinforced by the skull and spooky lettering on the label. By the second song, they start falling into a generic three chord pounding that gets repetitive and predictable by the third. Still, the price is right, and it's a good label to support.

On the reissue/bootleg front, we get the chance to own a copy of the highly sought after first MISFITS single, *Cough Cool/She*. Sound quality is good; the cover is an exact repo of the original, the labels are plain black. Then the GERMS, one of the other most collectible punk bands, see more of their songs bootlegged. This one is a single called *What God Means To Me*. It's got two smokin'songs, "No God" and "Lion's Share." Chances are, you know these songs, probably have them on a few other bootlegs. But you'll get this anyway...if you can find it. Also from LA, the PLUGZ first 7", *Move* has reissued/bootlegged in its entirety.

Detour Records, leaders in the UK power pop/mod call to arms, just released the CHORDS'BBC recordings. Eight songs recorded between July 1979 and March 1980, by one of the more underrated Mod bands of the late '70s. And the FAST CARS ("Kids Just Wanna Dance") have released a brand new single called "Everyday I Make Another Mistake," also on Detour.

Back in the heyday of KBD and Bloodstains, I always wondered why no one put out a *Bloodstains Across Japan*. It woulda made sense. It woulda been a great record. Well, the bootleggers out there are making up for lost time by cranking out a number of compilations featuring material from early Japanese punk bands. The latest is called *Great Punk Hits*. It's a killer collection from: GISM, LAUGHIN NOSE, the EXECUTE, G-ZET, the CLAY and ABURADAKO. Word on the street is two new editions of *Killed By Hardcore* are being cooked up as you read this.

Metrojets, Volume 1 (Red Rubber Ball/globorecords@jazzfiesta.com) is a great collection of power pop from the U.S. and U.K. Many of the songs haven't been comped and though not all of them are the ultra-rare, they're all good, if not great. 14 songs from bands such as: the FANS, BO & the GENERALS, the BOYS (Nebraska), DA BIZ (featuring Ronnie Mayor of the TOURS) and ADVERTISING. Includes liner notes and color reproductions of the original covers (though they're teeny).

Powerpearls Vol. 8 & 9 have hit the distros. While there are a few good tracks, most of the stand out tracks are hardly rare (some even charted when they were originally released), making these less than mandatory listening.

Pretty Ugly, Volume 1 & 2 (Get Lost!) compile "100% Wild Australian Beat & Punk from 1964 – 1967" and do a knock-out job of it. While you're picking up these albums, be sure to grab the double LP reissue of the EASYBEATS, *Gonna Have A Good Time* (Retroactive/14 West 23rd St./NYC, NY 10010). This 22 track collection compiles all the US and UK singles by this Australian beat group, one of Australia's most popular exports of the '60s.

Both the CLASH and GENERATION X have new live bootlegs. The Clash album, *Take It Or LeaveIt*, with its crappy sound of all the songs you know by heart, should be avoided. The sound on the GenX LP, *Shakin'All Over Osaka!Live In Japan 1979* is considerably better and has a good selection of songs. Still, it's not essential unless you're a big fan. Oh, and there's a new RAMONES live bootleg out, called *Eaten Alive, Vol. 1*. Recorded in 1977 in New York.

Hate Records (circ.ne gianicolense 112/00152 Roma/Italy/haters@tiscalinet.it) has done a bang-up job on offering vinyl versions of all the great Gulcher stuff coming out. This month they give us a new GIZMOS LP, *Rockabilly Yobs*, and a PANICS LP. Hopefully they'll be kicking out the vinyl version of *Red Snerts*, which Gulcher just reissued on CD. So now I've gotta ask, when is the DOW JONES AND THE INDUSTRIALS retrospective coming out and who is gonna do it? Anyone? Please?

In addtion, the kind, kind people at Hate released a monster 2xLP, *Really Gonna Punch You Out!* by Australia's CHOSEN FEW! It collects *everything* in a nice double LP, packaged in a big gatefold jacket. It's got the Few's classic (and pricey!) single, the songs from the EV release of a few years ago, all the shit from the Au-Go-Go CD released a while back. If you've missed those reissues, don't hesitate to throw down the $20 or so this is going for. If you don't do it now, you'll regret it later.

Fans of the VELVET UNDERGROUND will probably jump all over the new bootleg *Something Different*. I know I did. It's an LP of early demos, six of which feature just Lou Reed, Sterling Morrison and John Cale, five feature the entire band. Just for good measure, this also includes two live tracks.

And finally, as part of the Dionysus empire, Bacchus Records has given you the chance to own your very own copy of the DOGS' *Slash Your Face* single. Reissued in all 7"s of its original glory.

This Months Picks:

BASEBALL FURIES *I Hate Your Secret Club* 7" (Estrus); DETROIT COBRAS *Life Love Living* LP (Sympathy); LOS HUEVOS *Stick 'Em Up* 7" (Dragnet); SCAT RAG BOOSTERS *I'm Coming On* 7" (Yakisakana); SPITZZ *I'm Not Alive* 7" (Tario); YUM YUMS *Singles 'n'Stuff* (Screaming Apple).

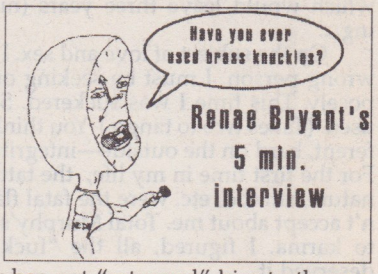
*****

The rumors are true. X is not coming to the U.S. They're not playing the Shakedown nor any other show in the U.S. Believe me, I'm as heartbroken as you.

*****

There's a really good chance that, by the time you're reading this, I will have been shit-canned from my job. Add my name to the list of dotcom casualties. My job is/was boring and tedious. The only really bad thing about getting laid off is I won't have money to put out records anymore. So, there's a really good chance Rocknroll Blitzkrieg will come to a grinding halt. The CUTS LP and PIRHANAS 7" will be out by the time you read this. Anything planned past those two records will probably be scrapped. Such is life in the big city.

PO Box 11906/Berkeley, CA 94712 • icki@mindspring.com



I unintentionally took a hiatus from my column, but now I am back. For those that need it, please accept my humble apology. Anyway. I'll start this column with an update regarding a certain foster care child that was in my class, during the 2000-2001 school year. I am happy to report that the foster mother has not "returned" him to the system, as she threatened. Interestingly enough, I now have his third grade brother in my Success For All reading class in the morning. The foster mother told his homeroom teacher that "he is a pathological liar and do not believe a word that he says." This mother is unbelievable. With all the horror stories currently appearing in the media regarding foster care, it is hard for me to keep hope that this foster mother is an exception to the rule.

Anyway. I started my fifth year of full-time teaching in July. That makes it my eighth year in education....scary. Time fucking flies. I have a full class of 34 students. Sixteen of these students come from non-English speaking homes and the majority of my students are of a low SES. I'm part of the Family Support Team at my campus. I regularly meet with staff and parents to set goals for students that are having difficulties with attendance, academics, behavior, and the like.

Just this week I made two home visits. One of the home visits was for one of my own students who was not turning in his homework. There is nothing like walking into an apartment that is filled with the stench of dog urine. As is usually the scenario, the family was more than accommodating and took the visit very seriously. Most parents want their children to succeed and are just looking for advice on how to help, especially when they do not speak English. I left the house feeling accomplishment, like I made a difference. Then I went to the second home visit. This one for excessive absences. I walked up to a dilapidated apartment building, to a cramped two-bedroom apartment that housed a family of six. This is Corona's immigrant barrio, surely better than some housing in Mexico and other Latin American countries, but not conducive to studying, health, or perfect school attendance. Once again, like so many times before, I am struck by the awesome challenge that these children face daily. I can have nothing but respect and praise for what these children accomplish in the face of such poverty. All at once I am enraged by my school and school district. Beautiful elementary in the midst of an affluent neighborhood, bussing in low SES students from surrounding neighborhoods, segregating them onto two tracks.

We have two affluent tracks and two poverty stricken tracks, with the majority of English Language Learners on the latter. So you see, I'm pissed already because I am an advocate for under represented children and their families. I decided to become the teacher representative for the PTA. My rage and antipathy for elitist, Christian white trash only grows stronger.

As I sat in the PTA meeting discussing the need for greater inclusion of "all parents" in the PTA and the importance for our school to reach out to non-English speaking parents, the ex-president of the PTA (heavily involved for ten years) pipes up that she is of the opinion that, "if they come to this country, they need to learn to speak English..." Oh, my! I didn't realize that I was in English-only Jesus hell. So I calmly give her the "how would you feel if you *had* to move to Latin America to make a better life for your family and the school had the ability to speak to you in English, but chose to speak only in Spanish to you...?" She stops and thinks for a moment, and comes to this conclusion, "Well, we're lucky that all the poor kids are bussed into this school because we get the Title 1 funds and we have a beautiful new computer lab because of it." Oh, my. This coming from one of the many Jesus freaks that make up my school's whitewashed PTA. My goal is to get as many "minority" parents involved as possi-

ble in my school so the PTA bitches can't turn around without being reminded of the diversity of our school community. I suppose this is just one small example of what can happen when a punk rocker becomes a teacher.

On a similar subject, it turns out that I can count the two years of my Master of Arts degree in education toward my PhD, which would leave three years (nine quarters) left. It's tempting....

On the subject of love and sex. I fell in love yet again with the wrong person. I must be seeking out men with fatal flaws purposely. This time I was suckered. Straight allowed myself to be used. (Takes two to tango.) You think hardcore punk guys are different, hard on the outside—integrity on the inside... you'd think. For the first time in my life, the tattoos, the assertive/aggressive nature, sm/bd, etc. were the fatal flaws that someone else couldn't accept about me. Total Murphy's Law. I decided to chalk it up to karma. I figured, all the "fuck and running" I've done, I deserved it.

Like always, I'm behind in all of my projects and continually brainstorming new ones. The new lineup of All or Nothing HC is solid. We recorded a new full length and I am extremely proud of the music, vocals and lyrics. It is a truly worthy representation of what we do live. I had a couple of bands stay with me as of late. One was Avalauncher from Oregon; amazing band, nice guys. Twig from the Diseptikons is in a new band, Red Tape. It's a three piece but it works because the music is that good. I suppose that is enough rambling for one column.

The highlighted activist for this column is a zinester from Canada, Tara, who puts out the lovely cut and paste *Poseur Grrrl*. This is a woman trying to build solidarity and strengthen the scene for women through her many endeavors. You can reach Tara at 154 Hiscock Blvd., Toronto, ONT Canada M1G-1T7. As always you can reach me at webmistress@onthe rag.net/PO Box 251 Norco CA 92860-0251, www.ontherag.net.

This month's lesson...HELVENTR sent in a cd, and he sent it to Maximum...by the time the cd made it to Portland, there was no envelope, and there was no contact address inside his cd. Sadly, his demo can't be reviewed because we can't get the kids all excited about something and then not give them a way to get it, right? Right! So now HELVENTR hates me, but you don't have to hate me, just put contact information on your demo...but I shouldn't really have to say that.

BLASTONECROSIS have a driving rhythm section to get their thrash pace going...not blazing but solid fast. Hardcore with sore throat but high pitched vocals, and the singer has a great scream. (16 song CD, lyric sheet. 1625 Grant ST. Salem, OR 97303.)

COLD CRANK have some songs that are like THE CRAVATS, and some that sound like FUGAZI.... I guess that's what happens when you make an outtake CD that covers three years. They do a BERLIN cover and a MAMA'S AND THE PAPA'S cover. ($6 ppd. 9 song CD, no lyric sheet. 210 N. Washington #2, Ypsilanti, MI 48197.)

DRONGOS FOR EUROPE play the punk rock style of HOT WATER MUSIC. You know, they've got clean production, up front singing vocals that have a guttural edge to them. The pace is mid to fast tempo. (4 song CD, no lyric sheet. 50 Hever Ave., Kingstanding, Birmingham, B44 0PP, England.)

HIGH STEPPIN NICKLE KIDS sound like PROPAGHANDI, but only if the lyrics were about girls, and love...same polish, same production, same wo-wo-wo's. (15 song CD, lyrics for 4 songs. P.O. Box 440055, Someriville, MA 02144.)

You might remember THE: IN: SECURITY: CAMERA from about a year ago and their live demo that I really liked. Did you miss it the first time around? Well, they broke up, but also they just sent in a posthumous demo which includes the old demo, chock full of samples from your favorite classic punk movies, with CRUCIFUCKS style spazzy vocals. The other recordings have more of a quick blast over before you know it quality to the songs, and are more the kind of mess that FLIPPER used to make, but of course these guys play faster. I think there are 3 versions of Toilet Acid on the tape. ($5 ppd. 21 song cassette, lyric sheet. 12780 E. 2200th Street, Atkinson IL 61235.)

KNOCKOUT is the kind of pop punk that GREEN DAY made famous, the melodies are a little more bubble gum, though. One of these songs is faster than I ever heard GREEN DAY play. (4 song, no lyric sheet. 1512 Columbia Ct. Elk Grove Village, IL 60007.)

KONTRAKLASSE play awesome energetic thrashy hardcore with the blazing guitar and the pick slides, the basic driving beat and pissed off shouty vocals of your favorite Profane Existence or Tribal War band. ($3 ppd.4 song cassette, lyric sheet. 724 Elm Ave., Long Beach, CA 90813.)

PINK CHIHUAHUA musically is midtempo and sounding pretty cool, with the first two songs having drums and one other instrument. It's hard to describe, though, because it's lost under the vocals. They're super up front, and clear, and really they seem like the point of this band. It's a lot like BRAINDROPS but way more polished. The third song was more balanced in a traditional way. (3 song CD, no lyric sheet. 2310 N. 58th Street, Seattle, WA 98103.)

THE PISTON HURRICANES play midtempo powerchord pop songs, really catchy, good singy back up vocals that match the somewhat singy but really clear lead vocals. Of course as soon as I write that there's a couple of thrashy songs with spit/shout vocals. Split personality band, I guess. The last song is a live recording where all you can hear is vocals, but it's a cover. You've heard the music before. (5 songs, no lyric sheet. 2617 bn Pierce St - backhouse, Milwaukee, WI 53212.)

PURE SPUN EVIL is pretty slow, basic rock style with the vocals sort of growly. It's like a real tame DIESEL QUEENS. ($8 ppd. They only take money orders, and they should be made out to J. P. Ribner. 5 song CD, lyric sheet. 4087 N. Jennings Rd., Flint, MI 48504.)

Split CD! SKYSCRAPERS musically is a lot like MOSS ICON, the slow fast, the passion in the vocals, etc, but we're thinkin that maybe S is more pissed off in general than MI. REVENGE SYNDICATE have lots more parts to their songs, some are pretty straightforward hardcore with the pissed off vocals, and on some the vocals are more drawn out, with a moany kind of anger. The other songs are more in a NEUROSIS vein.(16 song CD, 6 by S, and 10 by RS, Lyric sheet. P.O. Box 251170, Little Rock, AR 72225.)

A few months ago I got a tape from X INTOXICATED YOUTH X. This month, they sent in a CD of the same recording. Let's revisit the old review..."X INTOXICATED YOUTH X play the new school ragin hardcore, a la CHARLES BRONSON, with the break it down loping parts. I can't tell if there are three singers or two singers in a wind tunnel...cool! " Also the same guy that does OJ Killed Elvis zine is in this band. Now here's the updated information...($2ppd. 7 song CD, lyric sheet. 252 Grand Ave Apt. #1, Johnson City, NY 13790.)

It's a short column this month because my ears are still ringing from the awesome HARUM SCARUM. Please take good care of them Europe, and return them home soon.

Well what a month it's been. I ate at Arby's a lot last month. I get the three for $5 beef n cheddar sandwiches. They're delicious. Speaking of fast food, I've been eating at Mc Donald's every day so I can play the Monopoly game that's going on there. The downside to it is I'm probably going to get very, very FAT. You can laugh at my fat ass all you want but when I win that jet ski and I ride by and splash a titanic tidal wave over you that shit eating grin will drop off your face.

OK so I went to some movies. The first movie I saw was *Planet of Apes*. Now I'm a big fan of monkey movies but this was crappy. I prefer the monkey movies where a ragtag group of kids find a monkey in their backyard then put it on their little league team. But noooo, this movie had to be about big dumb monkeys

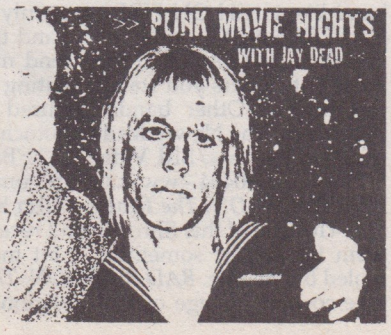
that act like people. There was not one scene with a monkey masturbating and throwing feces. There also weren't any scenes where a fat kid falls into a lake. Then at the end of the movie Marky Mark (who I heard gouged some guy's eye out when he was sixteen) crashes into the Lincoln memorial and instead of Lincoln it's a big monkey statue. Now why the shit didn't they have a sign underneath that said "Ape Lincoln"? They even fucked up with a good opportunity for a bad pun.

But I digress. The next movie I saw was *Jurassic Park III*. WHAT A ROLLER COASTER RIDE OF A MOVIE! I like dinosaur movies so I liked *Jurassic Park III*. The only thing I didn't like was the concept of the dinosaur. I mean to people really believe these things existed? Yeah right, big monsters ruled the earth. If you believe that shit you might as well start believing in Santa Claus or Jesus. But seriously, you can dig up all the goddamn fossils you want but until I see flesh and blood before me I'll never believe that dinosaurs existed. However I do believe in ghosts. I just moved to a new apartment and I think it's haunted. It's right next to a big field where a hospital burned down. Also I live on the same street where the Manson family came and did the La Bianca murders. I'm bound to get my ass bit by a ghost one of these days.

Next movie! *Baby Boy* starred Snoop Dog and that one black model guy. It wasn't a very good movie. I couldn't relate to it. I can only relate to monkey movies. I really don't like movies that try to teach me a lesson and this one tried. But fuck that. I will live and die by the gun. I think I rented some movies this month too. This has been a busy month for me. I moved and went to a wedding and a bachelor party. With all these things going on I barely had time to drink, which really upsets me. Oh and according to Sylvia Villarreal from Dallas Texas, *America's Sweethearts* is a "pleasant" movie. Also according to Sylvia Villarreal they don't make Mexican food in Los Angeles like they do in Texas. In fact, according to her they don't do anything here like they do it in Texas. Well except McDonald's. That's why I take her there all the time.

I guess I'll talk about music now. I went to a few shows this week. Sunday night I saw the Fatal Flying Guilloteens play at Jumbo's Clown Room, a strip club where Courtney Love used to strip back in the days when she was a not-famous jackass. This band the Flash Express played then let the Guilloteens borrow their equipment. My friend took an amazing picture of a stripper strangling the singer of the Guilloteens with her bra. After 1 1/2 songs the Guilloteens' singer got in a fight with the Flash Express singer and tried to hit him over the head with his own guitar. Then a giant brawl broke out and I kept yelling "Modesto!" which is something I tend to do a lot when I drink. Then some girl who thought the band was from Modesto grabs the mike and starts yelling "Fuck Modesto!". I didn't like that at all. Then I went and saw them play last night at Koos Café with the One Man Show Live. It was One Man Show Live's last show ever. They didn't go out with a bang at all. The crowd was filled with stinky, zitty, fat nerds who stunk up the place. Thank god I had a pitcher of margaritas in the car. The show was OK I guess. I don't really like going to shows. I prefer having sex. Hmm, what else have I been up to? Oh I've been watching a lot of episodes of the *Chris Isaak Show*. I like that show a lot. I would like to end this column by saying I will miss my friends David Touhy and Simon Chung who are moving away and I won't see them for a long time. From now on I shall pour beer out for my homies Simon and David who aren't here. Peace Out. Oh and please send me something in the mail. My new address is 2743 Waverly Dr #9, Los Angeles, Ca 90039. Ringhoff@gurlmail.com

***IOWA* • a film by Dave Underhill**



I wasn't sure what to expect when I found this video in my box. It was a plain looking video with a minimum of packaging, and the label had on it only one word: *IOWA*. Well thankfully, this wasn't some chamber of commerce documentary made for the enticement of would-be tourists to the many picturesque dairy farms of Iowa, but a skate documentary made with the intention of exposing Iowa's thriving skate scene to the rest of the skate world. *IOWA* is very well done piece of d.i.y. filmmaking, and the editing is especially seamless and impressive. It could be argued that the editing is so seamless that it interferes with the overall honesty of the film on a documentary level, but I'm pretty sure that this film was a subjective undertaking from it's inception, and therefore no less successful because of it. *IOWA* begins with footage of an Iowa skater giving instruction on how to properly milk a cow using modern technology, while at the same time discussing some of the early drawbacks he encountered in terms of being a street skater in rural Iowa. If that weren't tough enough, his real ambition was to skate vert, but in order to do that he would have to travel distances that weren't even economically feasible, and hence not worth considering. The solution? He built his own ramp of course, and it is impressive.

"If you build it, they will come." *IOWA* takes the viewer on a state wide tour of, most likely, every major skate scene, and with every scene we get to quickly meet the local skate heroes. Most of the skaters in *IOWA* are street skaters, although you do get an occasional glimpse of a vert skater or two, and they can hold their own without a doubt. The music in *IOWA* is pretty terrible after getting off to such a good start with some old school BLACK FLAG, but oh well. Nobody is going to buy this video for the music. If you are into skating even a little, then *IOWA* is definitely worth checking out.
(Cut and Paste Skateboarding, PO BOX 964, Iowa City, IA 52244-0964 - www.cutandpastefilmfest.org)

***PUNK ROCK/HEAVY METAL KARAOKE* • a film by Sonny JL Aronson**

PUNK ROCK/HEAVY METAL KARAOKE is so much more entertaining and informative than any film that begins with a concept as lame as punk rock karaoke deserves to be. The concept itself began in Los Angeles when a handful of uninspired old school punkers decided that it would be fun to get together and play some of their favorite punk classics while members of the audience took turns on lead vocals. Greg Hetson waxes nostalgic about the early days of punk rock karaoke in one scene from Sonny JL Aronson's film by stating something to the effect that punk rock karaoke gives everyone (even the band) a chance to know what it might have felt like to play in some of the classic punk bands they grew up listening to. What a truly bizarre explanation. Greg Hetson was in, just to name a few bands, the CIRCLE JERKS, BAD RELIGION, and RED KROSS. I think he has a pretty good idea about how it feels like to be in a legendary punk band, and when you consider that his karaoke band consists of members and ex-members of NOFX and SOCIAL DISTORTION, the explanation becomes even more absurd, but he really seems to be sincere about what he's saying. Greg Hetson does make another statement that seems to hold a bit more water, and that is that punk rock karaoke reinforces the idea that anyone can do it themselves, which is the reason he initially got involved in punk rock. That makes a lot more sense, and based on that explanation of punk rock karaoke I was willing to give the idea of *PUNK ROCK/HEAVY METAL KARAOKE* a chance.

The film *PUNK ROCK/HEAVY METAL KARAOKE* is a documentary about the punk rock karaoke scene in New York City, which was directly inspired by the the LA scene begun by Greg Hetson and friends. As a documentary you'd have a hard time finding any fault with this film, and it comes as no surprise to me that it has been getting a lot of recognition from a handful of film festivals and national publications. It is a deserving piece of filmmaking, even if its participants and the scene they are a part of are terribly pathetic, shamelessly trendy, and willing players in one of the most dishonest spectacles you may ever bear witness to. It is more than a little irritating to watch as one Vivienne Westwood punk after another jumps on stage and delivers lame renditions of punk classics by the SEX PISTOLS and the RAMONES while struggling to read the words to songs such as "Anarchy in the UK" and "Sheena is a Punk Rocker" from lyric sheets. What the fuk?!? You could at least know the choruses to these classics, and others, before dressing up like some desperate scenester from Portabello Road circa 1977. It gets worse however because in addition to the clueless trendys you'll also get a chance to witness SLC punks who work as lawyers, bankers, or probably even cops by day and then put on their old punk costumes at night where

they become mini-celebrities in the punk rock karaoke scene. I'll give them credit, sort of, because these SLC punks really do know the lyrics to songs by GUNS 'N' POSERS and TWISTED SISTER, at least as far as I can tell. This *PUNK ROCK/HEAVY METAL KARAOKE* stuff is all the rage in NYC, but don't laugh too loud, because your scene could be next.

Sonny JL Aronson hasn't missed capturing anything here, and he examines this craze from every angle possible while maintaining an admirable level of objectivity. PUNK ROCK/HEAVY METAL KARAOKE is good fun, and pleasantly infuriating.
(Creative Arson, 223 First Ave., #1, NYC 10003 - www.creativearson.com)

***DEAD KENNEDYS: The Early Years Live* • a Target Video/DVD**

The title tells you all you really need to know, but just quickly I'll explain that this is footage that originally appeared in video format and was produced by the folks at Target Video. Now it is being made available in DVD format, which you can order from a distributor in Oaks, PA. Oh, but you need to read a little bit more about the *DEAD KENNEDYS: The Early Years Live* before you can decide on whether or not to part with your hard earned money. Is that how it is? Okay then, let's start by stating straight up that any DKs fanatic or completist should and probably will immediately run out and purchase a copy of this DVD. It's early, raw footage of the DKs with their original second guitarist, their original drummer Ted, and more importantly it's early footage of Jello Biafra being spontaneous, sweaty, and sporting semi-spiked hair (In the earliest footage).

By the end of the DVD, Jello is doing the full-on mime routine that many of you younger readers may recall seeing in the video of the DKs' performance shot at the On Broadway, which is pretty easily available at any record store with a music video section. It's also in the later footage where you'll get some footage of the DKs second, and best, drummer ,D.H. Peligro, pounding the skins. Unfortunately it is also when you'll wonder why this DVD wasn't called *DEAD KENNEDYS: The Best Years Live*. The DKs were completely dependent on Jello from a live standpoint, and when Jello abandons the unbridled, unrehearsed spastic movements found in the earliest footage for theatrical contrivances and blocky looking choreography, the DKs become, to me, a more effective band on record than on stage. It is interesting as a way of noting the changing times and how bands came to be after the DKs, to their detriment, self consciously aware of the media, and more pointedly the video camera. Of course there is no denying the energy exhibited by Jello, and I think that it's ridiculous to suggest or believe for a moment that what you'll watch on this DVD was not the vision and creation of Jello Biafra in every way, shape, and form. No offense to the members of JUMBO SHRIMP.

DEAD KENNEDYS: The Early Years Live also contains some footage of Jello Biafra's first attempt at running for mayor of San Francisco. It is intelligent, radical, and hilarious, and would seem even more genius if only Jello had put an end to the joke after the first campaign. The most intriguing footage is of the Dead Kennedy's at Berkeley's Sproul Plaza in 1978 doing "Viva Las Vegas," but unfortunately it is cut away from too often for the sake of displaying end credits. It's a shame that the legacy of the DKs and Alternative Tentacles was determined by a court decision and not by the merits of the band and the label itself. The DKs, like OPIV, had more posthumous meaning and relevance than anyone involved could have imagined, and maybe nothing can change that, but as individuals the DK's integrity will be forever obscured by the greed and the shameless attitudes exhibited in more recent years. At least here on *DEAD KENNEDYS: The Early Years Live* we can look back at a great band before they had the money and power to make us all painfully aware of the hypocrisy that probably always lurked just underneath the surface.
(MVD, PO Box 280, Oaks, PA 19456 - 1-800-888-0486)

***BADSVILLE* • a film by P.J. Wolf**

Artists can find inspiration in the strangest of places, and in this case P.J. Wolf has found enough inspiration for an entire documentary film in the mediocrity that is the Los Angeles rock scene. *BADSVILLE*, which seems to aspire to be something akin to *THE DECLINE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION* for thirty somethings, turns the camera on nearly a dozen bands that are chasing the age old dream of signing a deal with a major record label. Only in the case of *BADSVILLE*, most of the bands here are trying to turn heads even after their youth, by Los Angeles standards, is but a blurring memory if the rear view mirror. The fact that many of these bands and musicians have actually had their shots at a major label or two just goes to show how silly mainstream rocknroll has become in the last couple of decades, and even more silly are the band's versions of why they were eventually dropped by those major labels.

P.J. Wolf seems to believe that the bands in *BADSVILLE* are worthy of those major label deals they are chasing, and that by perhaps showcasing their talents in this film he will allow others to see just how underrated and deserving these hardworking L.A. bands are. That wasn't the affect *BADSVILLE* had on me, which isn't at all an accurate measure of how the general public, and/or a major label would view this film and the bands it champions. Through the eyes of this *MRR* columnist, and underground music enthusiast, *BADSVILLE* looks as if MTV and major record labels have wrapped their deadly tentacles around the once beating heart of the underground rock scene in Los Angeles, and what's left are these tired, barely living, barely rocking, starry eyed fashion victims who go into the rock equivalent of a death roll when they know that P.J. Wolf's cameras are pointed at them.

Desperate used to mean something different once in the Los Angeles underground music scene, but even those that defined it first eventually ended up on major labels, and maybe that is the point that is overlooked the most in BADSVILLE. To have once been desperate, and an outcast, and a freak or punk who wanted nothing more than to be in a band with fellow freaks and punks is a tradition that has been the catalyst for creating great bands that we recognize today as being great, and bands that never received the recognition that they perhaps deserved. It is also the formula that has made for some great music scenes over the years, many of which were eventually exploited and made irrelevant by the media and major labels, but that were nonetheless great scenes musically and culturally before being lost in the eye of the storm of opportunistic capitalists that descended upon them.

In *BADSVILLE* desperate means yearning to be swept up in the tail end any storm they (the bands) can cross paths with, and in this way *BADSVILLE* most resembles *THE DECLINE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION* 2, particularly in the parallel that can be drawn between the metal band Odin and and almost every band featured in *BADSVILLE*. Bands that concentrate more on their look and stage persona than their music, and still manage to get even the most superficial aspects of their band's image wrong. There are decent unsigned bands from Southern California that actually do all of that stage persona, fashion-centric, image type of shit quite well, and P.J. Wolf would have been well advised to document a few of them over any of those he chose for *BADSVILLE*. This film would have been infinitely better had he dedicated 20 minutes, at least, to a band like the Stitches instead of the Street Walkin' Cheetahs. Texas Terri & The Stiff Ones, who are one of the better bands in BADSVILLE, could learn a thing or two about rocknroll by watching a greater, more in your face, get naked at a drop of the hat band like Oakland's Fleshies before selling their empty souls to the first person who comes along claiming to be affiliated with Sony or Warner Brothers, because if there is one lesson to be learned from BADSVILLE it's that regardless of how a band chooses to put their spin on it, getting dropped by a major is getting dropped, and even though most of these bands would be better off never saying, "Yes," they will anyway.

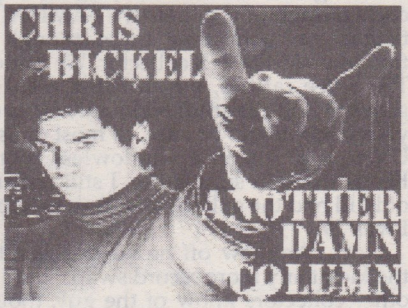
The over the top stage performances displayed by most of the bands in BADSVILLE are see through and contrived, and they lack so little real emotion and intensity that my only recommendation can be to the bands themselves. Check out a slaying live band like HIGH ON FIRE, or a truly energetic band like WHAT HAPPENS NEXT, and even a band that has both of those qualities such as TRAGEDY, then send me the annotated version of those hate letters you started writing me about half way through this review. Other bands featured on BADSVILLE are: The Superbees, The Newlydeads, Motochrist, Bubble, The Hangmen.
(Acetate Records/BRI Video, 2020 Broadway, 2nd Floor, Sanata Monica, CA 90404 - www.acetate.com)

***BAD RELIGION: The Riot* • a film by Richard White**

The title of this film, which I received in DVD format, would seem to suggest something a bit more dramatic, but don't be fooled by the title. *BAD RELIGION: The Riot* is basically some vintage concert footage of Bad Religion's Suffer Tour shot in 1988.

The riot angle is deceptive in that you'll only get after the fact footage of what happened in 1990 after a Bad Religion show was shutdown by the fire marshall, just before Bad Religion was supposed to play, and we later learn that they did in fact make up the canceled show. So, all sensationalism aside, *BAD RELIGION: The Riot* does contain a killer performance by Bad Religion that is bursting with energy, and I don't just mean as compared to Bad Religion shows from the last ten years, but as compared to a band like the Circle Jerks who I have footage of from the year before this show was shot. I'm not even a Bad Religion fan, and it's still fairly easy for me to recommend that you check out this DVD should the opportunity ever arise.
(MVD, PO BOX 280, Oaks, PA 19456 - 1-800-888-0486)

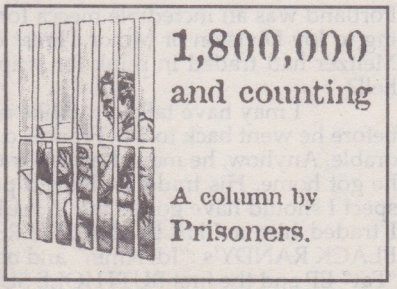
Well that's all for this month's Punk Movie Night, but keep 'em coming to: Jay, PMB 419, 1442A Walnut Street, Berkeley, CA 94709. You can also check out some of my older columns at www.wethepunx.com - or by ordering back issues from Mike Thorn and Arwen via the MRR HQ. Lastly, Punk Movie Night is happening on September 15th at Gilman in Berkeley, CA. There will be a bunch of underground films and videos, not to mention fire blowing and musical sets by TRAGEDY, RUN FOR YOUR FUCKING LIFE and FUNERAL See you all there!



Endless Blockades for the Fussy Pooter

Punk Rock has developed as an insulated culture unto itself. Most die-hard scenekeeteers rely on the loose Punk Rock code of ethics to define their values, because within the walls of the culture there exists a loud voice of confirmation that would not be heard if they solely relied on their own choice of values. By conforming to the norms of a culture, we gain recognition and confirmation of our value as individuals. The more we conform, the greater the confirmation. This is the highest form of egoboo. "Social Acceptance," followed by "Self Actualization" sit at the top of Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs. Since these needs must be fulfilled, many within the punk scene use the culture as a ready-made path to that end. It is far easier to allow culture to guide you to self actualization than to cut your own path.

When the culture of Punkdom defines the shape of our pyramid of needs, then it becomes our fortress. There is safety within the culture, and danger outside of it. The defense of the culture (and its tenets) becomes the defense of our very selves. When an outside value system is introduced into the culture, it is inevitable that those who hold so dearly to the culture are forced to attack... trying to defend their very foundation of values. Rather than have the walls of the pyramid cave in, letting concepts and ideas in that could pollute the environment, violence is resorted to in order to neutralize the threat. Of course, violence leads to violence. This is how wars happen. Many *MRR* readers are veterans of wars within the world of Punk Rock. It's no big thing really... human history is a history of war.
Q. What's furry and sounds like a parrot? A. A ferret.



"The most absurd apology for authority and law is that they serve to diminish crime. Aside from the fact that the state itself is the greatest criminal, breaking every written and natural law, stealing in the form of taxes, killing in the form of war and capital punishment, it has come to an absolute standstill in coping with crime. It has failed utterly to destroy or even minimize the horrible scourge of its own creation. Crime is naught but misdirected energy. So as long as every institution of today, economic, political, social and moral conspires to misdirect human energy into wrong channels; so long as most people are out of place doing the things they hate to do, living a life they loathe to live; crime will be inevitable, and all the laws on the statutes can only increase, but never do away with crime and degradation."

I thought about elaborating on the above quote by Emma Goldman, but instead decided it best to leave it alone. She says more in those few lines than I could in several pages of related dialogue. Though, I will say, that I've always figured a valid part of punk rock is about fuckin' shit up, and if laws are broken in the process than so be it. No apologies!

Punk fuckin' rock - everybody's got their own idea of what punk is and what it isn't. some of which is on base, and some totally absurd. This definition of what punk is, has become somewhat of an ongoing debate in some circles. Or at least comes up enough overall that one could call it an ongoing debate. I'm not going to, at least at this juncture, construe my definition of what punk is. Anyway, chances are that if you're holding this rag in the first place, than you've got a pretty good idea. All I can do is draw from my personal experiences in the scene, which span through a couple of decades.

That isn't to say I know anymore about what's what than someone who's been in the scene for five or ten years. I won't claim that. There's a song by RUDIMENTARY PENI called "Defined by Age" that pretty much sums all that up. All I know is, what I know, so I'll go with that. I paroled a few years ago and was hesitant to dye my hair due to being afraid of looking like some old burn out wanna be young and cool schmuck. It had something to do with punk becoming a household name, bands like GREEN DAY and the OFFSPRING getting radio play, and "punky colors" (now Clairol even has blue and red hair dye) being sold in every mall from here to Kansas. The shit I used to go through because of some of my fucked up haircuts was out of line. Now I hesitate looking like a conformist due to the gentrification of punk rock.

Same thing with Docs. I've been sporting Doctor Martins since a down punk motherfucker like myself had to fight just to keep them on his feet. Skins used to be notorious for taxing Docs. I went through this shit because that's what I was down for. I was fucking representing - PUNK ROCK - IN YOUR FACE!!! Now I go through this same shit because I'm sleeved out and slung down with tattoos. In ten or twenty years heavy coverage will probably be acceptable, tattoos are already mainstream. Does that mean I should get my ink lazered off? Should I quit dying my hair and stop wearing Docs? The answer is hell fucking no! After all, I've gone through to sport the style I'm comfortable with, mainstream culture wants to dictate that what wasn't acceptable fifteen years ago is now a commodity, that makes me angry. this is my culture and I ain't changin shit, this is me and fashion has nothing to do with it. UP THE FUCKING PUNX!!

I recently saw a BLACK FLAG t-shirt in G.Q. magazine (don't ask me what I was doing looking at G.Q., has something to do with prison boredom), that was by some "vintage" designer and had a price tag of $140.00 or some shit. Is nothing sacred?! I sure as fuck ain't trashin the Police Story shirt I have in storage, but I ain't buyin the "vintage" designer BLACK FLAG shirt either. Where do you draw the line? I think it's about sincerity. You can tell the pre-fab mall punk from the real thing. Just because Spin magazine recently had an article titled "20 Years of Punk" in which they featured an article about the GERMS (speaking of tattoos...), doesn't mean we need to stop listening to them or like them any less. this is our culture and it's up to us to keep what's real real and to keep it strong. I'll tell you one thing I know about punks, and that is, that it has nothing to do with what you look like, but rather is something that comes from inside. But if you feel uncomfortable changing your hair or shaving it, or dying it or whatever, than handle that shit!

I was stoked to see an interview with THE CASUALTIES in the August issue of Max-Rock. They've been doing this a long time and deserve recognition and support. They fuckin rock and personally I love the style of punk they play! It's great to see bands like this, keeping this type of spirit alive. They recently released another record which I have yet to hear, though I'd wager a bet that it's as good as the ones it proceeds. I've heard everything up to "Stay Out of Order" (which has been blaring

through my speakers a lot lately) and it's all on hit. I can't recall whether I first heard THE CASUALTIES on the "Squat or Rot" or "Benefit for Beer" comp, or both, but they both come out in about '89 or '90 and they rocked back then too. THE CASUALTIES definitely have got the punk style going, but as far as anyone accusing them of doing what they do to be fashionable, I'd say that accusation is out of line. This sort of punk style originated to outwardly antagonize mainstream culture, and for punx to set themselves aside as punx, and it screams - PUNK FUCKING ROCK!

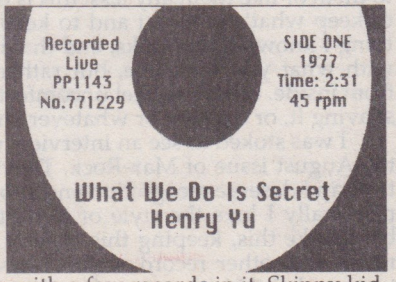
Personally, I'm down with that. Especially when we're talking about these East Coast boys. Listen to their records and read their lyrics, take into account the length of time they've been doing this and their dedication to the scene and you know they're for real. the divisions within the punk scene are rather disturbing and serve no point. We've got bigger things to worry about besides who has or doesn't have spikey hair, or who's emo or sounds too metal. My purpose in talking about THE CASUALTIES isn't so much to defend them, as it is to discuss the bigger picture that is; squabbling amongst ourselves gets us nowhere. Can't we all just get along? I mean really! If you consider yourself punk, should you really be worrying about if someone else punk chooses to drink a lot and squat, as opposed to someone punk who chooses to rarely drink, lives in a house and showers everyday? Of course, these are just examples and maybe poor ones, but the fact is that this sort of bickering exists. As long as someone isn't hurting someone else as a result of their actions, they should be allowed their free agency to do as they please. And shouldn't be judged or looked down upon in the process.

Personally, I don't care for pop punk. If I'm reading a record review and pop punk is mentioned, automatically I skip to the next review, just cuz it's not my thing. But I'm no better (or worse) than a pop punker. Some pop punk bands have valuable messages and a lot of the fans are coming from a good place. And that's what matters, it's all about where someone is coming from. We've all got our faults, nobody is perfect, though it is reasonable that some have it together more than others. the thing is, we all have some common ground. We all hate cops for instance (if you like cops, you're in the wrong scene buddy), let's concentrate on our common ground and build on that. It would do us a world of good to focus on strengthening unity in the punk movement. Because whether you're politically minded or not, it's still us against them ("this they that you speak so freely about") as my partner, Shorty, would say!

The corporate record industry will try to buy us out, water down any substance, and bleed as much validity out of our music as we let them. The media will continue to paint us as thugs or teenagers going through a phase, until we prove them different. The cops will continue to break up our gigs, tear down our squats and concert halls, and they'll continue to beat us down at protests and actions as long as we let them. The government will continue to legislate a horrendous amount of new laws each year, lock us up for breaking them (or frame us if we're not), and take away our rights as long as we stand for their abuse. Anyone who doesn't believe unity matters in our scene needs to brush up on old school punk rock and hardcore. There's strength in numbers and that's a fact. Punk rock is about community and without a network of friends we'll get nowhere fast!

If anyone wants to write, I'd be stoked to hear from you. Solidarity, Adam Bruce #25024, PO Box 250, Draper, UT 84020

Punk Collectors Profile #1: Mike Losh



I first met Mike Losh at a Gilman record swap, probably 1990 or so. These swaps were by then already a bit dried up, so I was ok just hanging back and peddling some wares. Devereux and I were sharing a table and the kid walks up with a canvas bag with a few records in it. Skinny kid, average height. Same build as me pretty much. Some freckles, dark brown hair. Probably got the shit kicked out of him wherever he went. He was one of us. Completely nondescript except for a hint of a fevered look about him. Typical collector look. Not unlike the look of Jimmy, the protagonist in the film version of Quadrophenia in his wide-eyed sped up state.

After picking through my records, he pulled out the "Skateboards to Hell" 45, a post WEIRDOS outing from Dix Denney. It wasn't all that good, save the WEIRDOS connection. I think I had found it for $2 at my last trip to Armond Schoebroecks' House of Guitars in Rochester, NY. That place was pretty wacked out. Stacks of records everywhere, no order at all. You'd just have to block out a half day and get on your hands and knees. I remember finding the stray MARS EP, HUMAN SWITCHBOARD Live Fan Club LP, the AFRIKA KORPS LP, and some of the weaker power pop 45's that Bomp used to distribute like THE NAMES "Why Can't It Be." Toss in an occasional CHESTERFIELD KING working the register and you had your complete time warp of a record store.

I forgot what else Mike pulled out, but as I suspected, the canvas bag contained his trade fodder. After all, this was a record swap, but usually it was a buy/sell sort of thing. The Gilman's being as punk as they were often had a lot more swapping. I remember once one guy traded a stack of REALLY RED's Teaching You The Fear LP to me. Mike pulled out a colored vinyl copy of each of the first two SAMHAIN records. I was not particularly excited about these, though I could picture frothing from some MISFITS collector. We traded. He asked if I had any Tesco Vee rarities, which I did not. Hmmm. Friendly enough guy, not quite as studiously reticent as some of us collectors. But young looking to be sure, as most of us seemed to be. Not much UV to soak up in a windowless room and stacks of records. Keeps the skin supple tho. I still remember when some 19 year old kid had the gall to call me an enterprising young 17 year old. I was 29.

Anyhow off he went. I don't really remember seeing the kid at any more record swaps, but I must've. Seemed like the other collectors know of the guy, though I'd hardly've characterized him as an important collector. He seemed to flit by and pick up things that struck his fancy that day. He certainly didn't seem to have a want list or anything quite that organized. Maybe that skinny bangs look struck a nerve with all of us. Or maybe we thought he was the second coming of SKAFISH.

Perhaps a year certainly not as much as two years later, I had moved out of the Bay Area to Portland, OR, where, in the early 90's seemed sort of dead. I stumbled across an ICE-9 at 2nd Avenue Records, where it was priced at $9 and hyped as having had a member later of the MIRACLE WORKERS. I used a Chuck Warner catalog to inform me that it was a pretty fucking great punk record. After about 6 months there, I noted a record swap over on the east side of town. I went. Saw one of the POISON IDEA guys with his gal at a table. Hmmm, this could be cool. Bought a NEO BOYS from him. Things went downhill from there. Other than a pretty cool DOGS (LA) button ("The Dogs in Heat – Live at the Mabuhay Gardens 1978" it said, next to some really menacing canine tooth marks), I didn't find a damn thing. However, a rather chipper skinny guy approached me. It was Mike.

"Hey man, what the hell are you doing here?" I asked. He explained that his sister lived in Portland and that he was crashing with her for a while. He went on to say that he had found a STYPHNOYDS 45 at a local shop. We traded numbers. I had sort of traded record collecting for strip clubs at the time. Portland was an incredible mecca for the stuff. And girls dancing to Joy Division or Minor Threat didn't hurt either. Richard Meltzer had traded in punk for strip clubs and Jazz, what the hell?

I may have talked to Mike on the phone once or twice before he went back to San Francisco. If we did, it wasn't memorable. Anyhow, he mailed me his trade list and want list when he got home. His trade list looked pretty meager, tho in retrospect I should have gotten the REALTORS "Buy or Beware" 45. I traded him a CHILD MOLESTERS "Diary of Madness" for BLACK RANDY's :"Idi Amin" and bought the DESCENDENTS "Fat" EP and the first BUTTHOLE SURFERS 12." Nothing exciting really. It was through some written correspondence that I discovered that he was one of those collectors who just wanted to hold a record, play it a couple of times, cuddle it, suck the soul

out of it, then sell or trade it away. Kind of like butterfly collecting. Most did it because they didn't have the money to build a collection, so they used what little they had to pick of a few items, then cycle thru to some other items. There was a NYC guy just like that, Nick was his name. He got sick of his VOMIT PIGS in 1996 and brought it to one of the FMU swaps. I snagged it in a three-way trade with Devereux, coughing up a superclean (to use Bastarache lingo) "Slash Your Face" on my end. Beats any trade I made with Ryan "Burnt Bread" Richardson.

Christmas holidays apparently brought Mike back to Portland. He gave me a call after New Years. We went to see the GG Allin movie, which had just come out. It was playing at the Cinema 21 downtown. Definitely a strange way to start the New Year. It was full of shit, literally, brutal, scary, farcical. I remember how Tom Timony of Ralph had raved about the Lisa Suckdog show in a similar way. It was like real life to the extreme, morphing into an event. Like when my neighbor Rolando who torched his truck for insurance money in the scuzziest San Jose neighborhood. Like when Re/Search did their show underneath Highway 80 in San Francisco late 80's, with heavy metal machinery spewing off dog parts and blood into the audience.

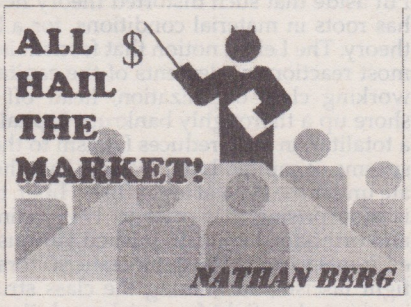
The next day, Mike went back to San Francisco. If it weren't for the movie, the time I spent with him would not have been memorable. I mean, he was an OK kid and all, but he was pasty and didn't cut much of a swath. Frankly I couldn't see why the other Bay Area collectors could even recall him. If his persona ever made it to TV, he'd be a cousin, tops. Like Oliver in Eight is Enough, or Leonardo Di Caprio's character in Growing Pains, sans the charisma.

A week later, Devereux called me up. He said Mike had committed suicide by jumping off the Bay Bridge. Kid was only the fuck 22. Kid washed dishes in a seedy restaurant. Kid wasn't so bright but he was one of us. Bless his soul and fuck the others. He wasn't one of those aggressive wheeling and dealing collector schmoozer types who are too two well adjusted for their own good. He wasn't some drunk fuck or a stoner dude. Or a frat boy with too much testosterone for Top 40. Just a nice skinny kid who couldn't deal. A true punk. I should've cried but I didn't.

Post Partum: tried to call Mike's sister, no luck. No one seems to know the facts surrounding this case, but what the fuck, the Kid's disappeared anyhow.

Email to terasearch@yahoo.com (note new email address). Blessings to Helen of ME FIRST who are touring with AGENT ORANGE this fall, prob as we speak. See BULLY, good flick.

Greenwashing



In 1946, an idealistic couple bought some land in rural Pennsylvania, started a small organic farm, and called it "Walnut Acres." They began selling products made from food grown on their land under that name in just a few years and became one of the first organic farms to thrive since chemicals had taken over the agricultural field earlier in the century. They remained a success story and a pioneer in the organic food industry for nearly 50 years. In 1999, the company, now run by descendants of the original couple, was in a bit of financial trouble, despite being enormously popular in organic circles. For a bit of help, they turned to investor David Cole. The organic food industry has not been the same since.

David Cole is probably best known for being a top-ranking official at AOL. In 1995, standing on a huge pile of money, Cole left the computer giant to "get back to nature," and purchased Sunnyside Farm, a 425-acre plot near Washington, Virginia. The farm had been devastated by typical industry practices (monocropping, pesticide use, etc) over the years, but Cole spent wads of cash rehabilitating the farm, and gained certified organic status in just three years, the minimum amount of transition time required. Soon, he had more varieties of fruits and vegetables growing on his land than most people know exist and was also raising free-range cattle and pigs.

His farm's produce was being sold in the local village and at the massive farmer's market in Washington DC, but he was interested in taking his farm further. He wanted to get into the pre-packaged organic foods market, a small but rapidly growing industry, by making products from the goodies in his fields. This is what led him to Walnut Acres. Hearing that they were in a bit of a financial pinch, he bought a majority interest in the company. A year later, he bought out the remainder of the company and shut down its production factory, putting about 100 people out of work in a tiny Pennsylvanian town. He then started a new company, Acirca Inc., which acquired the brand name rights to Walnut Acres and began developing a corporate strategy for it.

Just this year, the "new" Walnut Acres products were released. First off the conveyor belt was a new line of "Certified 100% Organic Soups," packaged in slick, 15oz, resealable jars. Then came the salsas. Recently, Acirca bought out Millina's Finest and Fruitti di Bosco, two well-known pasta sauce lines, from Spectrum Organics, which places them end in the organic pasta market (22% of the market share).

Acirca may be the new face of organics. While millions of people have begun to realize that there is something wrong with the manner in which their food is grown and processed, leading to what some might call a food revolution, corporations have begun to notice that there's still a few places where they could be raking in cash that they aren't. In a decade's time, David Cole and Acirca will probably seem like small beans. The race is on for multi-nationals to get their foot in the door of the organic foods market, and previously independent companies are being snatched up left and right. Kraft, a subsidiary of Philip Morris and one of the most well respected leaders in environmental care and concern (hee hee), has recently purchased Ben & Jerry's ice cream, Boca Burgers, and a few other organic (or *natural*) foods producers. Dole, the company who pioneered the idea of spraying DDT on banana plantation workers who were trying to organize for better working conditions, recently began offering its own line of organic bananas. Many other multi-nationals are poising themselves to jump into the organic field as soon as someone shows that there are big profits to be made. And that's where Acirca comes in.

I've written about food in one form or another plenty of times in this column space. Usually, it's in regards to some massive, vile corporation doing some seriously dastardly deeds. In almost every case, I've tried to list some alternatives to their products, which typically meant that I'd go off on a small rant about how grocery co-ops and organic products were the way to go. What now?

In some (very) small way, the fact that organic agriculture is proving itself to be profitable is a good thing. Even if they still cause huge rifts between the rich and the poor, exploit workers worldwide and harbor much more political muscle than needed for a healthy society, it'd still be nice to see major food companies adhering to the principles of organics. With newly established guidelines for "organic" defined by the USDA, corporations have a law that they can live just within the bounds of, which is typical for them in any scenario. But this one would actually bring about a healthier environment, so how can that be bad?

It's bad because they're not paying their dues. Many of these organic companies that are being snatched up by large corporations started their businesses because they had a genuine concern about the environment and the corporate world offered no alternatives to chemical-laden, unnatural products they had successfully branded. They've also operated with relative success as small companies. Go into any larger natural foods store and there will be a greater number of companies represented on their shelves than the biggest of big grocery store chains. And, perhaps worst of all, the natural foods market has long prided the idea of localism, eating food that was grown or packaged locally. With corporations moving in, one can expect to see that trend move to the wayside. Corporations will do massive consumer studies, then create brand names to sell on a national level. They will turn natural foods against itself, pre-packaging everything and reversing the trend of raw produce and bulk

foods.

Realistically, corporations will probably focus on how to sell organic foods to the millions of consumers that have never eaten it, by way of new brand names that'll line the shelves of the major grocery stores that most of these people shop at. Instead of being turned on to the ideas of a healthier environment, community support and revolution through diet, they'll be sold another pre-packaged brand that they'll merely have to heat up in the microwave.

However, this is just the beginning of corporations moving into the organic field. Much can be done to stop their influence. If you shop at a grocery co-op, pester them to keep Philip Morris' (and all other crappy multinationals') products off of their shelves. Talk to friends and family members about organic food and why the whole concept is lost if it's being sold next to Lucky Charms and Rold Gold's. Support the farmers and companies that keep things on a small scale, remembering that this is the only true way for regionalism to be successful. Perhaps the most important of all, keep yourself up to date on who's doing what in the natural foods business; it's not as clear cut as it once was.

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Questions and comments can be directed to my public relations department at Rainbow Bookstore Cooperative c/o Nathan Berg, Madison, WI 53703.

Tens of thousands of black clad, black masked demonstrators face off against rows of police in full riot gear. A battle rages between the two sides; the cops firing tear gas, using their truncheons and employing other sophisticated crowd control weapons, and the demonstrators hurling back the tear gas and whatever else they can get their hands on, overturning and burning cars, and pushing hard against the police lines. The insurgent demonstrators break through the police defenses in a surprise maneuver and run riot; breaking windows, trashing buildings, throwing burning molotovs into city hall...

Seattle, USA? Quebec, Canada? Gothenburg, Sweden? Genoa, Italy?

No, it's a scene from my book, *End Time: Notes on the Apocalypse*, first published in 1994 by AK Press. Conrad Editora, a Brazilian publisher, brought out a Portuguese edition in mid-July of this year and a cultural journalist at the literary section of the Brazilian newspaper, Folha de S. Paulo, interviewed me via email.

"Do you see yourself as a 'prophet' of the anti-globalization activists having written [the book] before its first big action, in Seattle?" she asked. "Do the activists see you as a 'prophet' of the anti-globalization movement?"

"I don't consider myself a 'prophet' either of the changes around the world that have occurred or of the anti-globalization movement that has emerged since 1994." I responded, taken aback by the prospect of being considered a prophet of any sort by anyone. "I hope nobody else considers me a 'prophet' either. I am pleasantly surprised how prescient the book is with regard to these changes and developments. Anybody who studies history and pays close attention to current events should be able to make similar, accurate predictions however."

After the interview, I mulled over just how predictive my book has been. The most impressive forecast is the uprising of peasants and guerrillas calling themselves Zapatistas in southern Mexico. Written and rewritten from 1991 through 1993, *End Time* was printed and shipped to me during the first two weeks of January 1994, just after the EZLN launched its armed uprising in Chiapas against neo-liberal capitalist globalization in the form of NAFTA. I foresaw increased civil unrest and civil war in the Balkans and those countries of the former Soviet Union, as well as across the Indonesian archipelago. I anticipated a resurgence of Leftist activism in the US and around the world, characterized by mass demonstrations, civil disobedience and creative direct action. And then there's the black bloc on steroids.

There were a dozen or so minor hits as well, though what you have to realize is that I nailed few of them squarely on the head. The Leftist revival and the pumped up black bloc were part of an anti-war movement resisting US intervention in southern Mexico, not aspects of a much more diffuse international movement against capitalist globalization. My Zapatistas were anarchists, and southern Mexico was a successful 1936-39 Spanish Revolution with libertarian guerrilla armies *a la* the Ukrainian Makhnovichina holding territory from Oaxaca to Cancun. The real world Zapatistas are an odd amalgam of social democracy and Leninism, confined successfully to Chiapas by a limbo war of attrition with the Mexican state. Still, I'm happy to be in so many ball parks with one book.

Arm the Spirit approached AK Press right after the book was published to do a German edition of *End Time*, and while I signed off on the project I don't think it ever materialized. Michael Edstrom is translating the book in Swedish. If you haven't figured it out by now, this has been an extended pitch for my first book, in a column I said last issue would be dedicated to how capitalism is our main enemy. How can I talk about the evils of capitalism at the same time I'm marketing the hell out of my book, you ask? Isn't that a bit contradictory? Not at all. Doing my best to promote and sell my fiction as a writer, and needing to work our economic system to do so; that's by no means an endorsement of capitalism. My day job has always been 9-to-5 wage slavery, and it makes about as much sense to insist I approve of capitalism because I'm a worker and by definition participate in the capitalist system in order to earn a living.

That said, the next objection to arise is that it's not capitalism that's our main enemy, but rather resurgent fascism. As if the latter could happen without the collaboration of the former. You can see why liberals would push such a line, not being against capitalism and wishing to deflect anti-capitalist movements whenever and wherever they arise. That a sizeable part of the Left would also concur that fascism is a more formidable and more immediate danger than capitalism is a complex issue however. Armadeo Bordiga once remarked that "the Left is the left-wing of capital." Objectively, the Left-in-power, that is social democracy or Leninism invariably rescue monopoly capitalism or reconstitute it in the form of state capitalism. This is done under a sincere, ideological anti-capitalism which claims the mantle of past and present working class struggles for legitimacy. Socialism in theory yet capitalism in practice puts into question the theory's socialism. Thus, the Left's trumping of anti-capitalism with anti-fascism is not some sinister scheme to extend capital's life so much as it is a contortion of Marxist analysis or a consequence of Leninist logic. Put aside that such distorted theory necessarily and dialectically has roots in material conditions, for a brief consideration of the theory. The Leftist notion that fascism is the brutal attempt by the most reactionary elements of the capitalist ruling class to smash working class organization, head off socialist revolution and shore up a thoroughly bankrupt capitalist system with the aid of a totalitarian state reduces fascism to the dumb tool, or the dying spasms of capital. Little wonder that the German CP could operate under the cynical logic "first Hitler, then us" in the 1930's. Nor is it surprising that prior to 1945 mainstream social democracy and orthodox Leninism pushed various bogus popular and united fronts to unify the democratic sectors of all classes in society to fight fascism, subsuming the class struggle and liquidating the working class fight for social revolution in the process.

Karl Korsch answered this blind Leftist anti-fascism during the 1930's with his brilliant essay *The Workers' Fight against Fascism*:

The workers cannot participate in "democracy's fight against fascism" for the simple reason that there is no such fight. To fight against fascism means for the workers in the hitherto democratic countries to fight first of all against the democratic branch of fascism within their own countries. [...] *There is very little difference between that economic "co-ordination" that is achieved, and sometimes not achieved, by the political decrees of victorious nazism, fascism, and bolshevism, and this new "corporate community" that has been created by a slow but relentless process in this country through the system of "interlocking directories," through the activities of the major financial institutions, through particular interest groups, through firms rendering legal, accounting, and similar services to the larger corporations, through "intercorporate*

stockholdings," and a number of other devices. [...] *There is, however, a difference. The corporate community of the US represents as yet only the "economic basis" of a full fledged totalitarian system, and not its political and ideological superstructure. On the other hand, one might say that in backward countries like* (fascist) *Italy and Spain there exists as yet only the totalitarian superstructure, without a fully developed economic basis.*

Thus, fascism can have democratic or totalitarian faces according to Korsch. Now, if America ever gets a full fledged totalitarian superstructure on top of its present advanced fascist economic base, you can bet it'll make Nazi Germany look like a Boy Scout jamboree. The American working class's fight against the democratic fascism of US corporate capitalism remains paramount.

Many folks who honestly and vigorously oppose the American corporate state still insist on one caveat; that whereas big, corporate capitalism is definitely evil, small scale, individualist capitalism really isn't so bad and might actually be good. In Marxist terms, small capitalists are in a different social class from large capitalists. The latter are ruling class proper while the former are merely petty *bourgeois*. Their respective class interests are far closer however then are the interests of small capitalists and workers. To understand this clearly, we'll first need to delve into what constitutes a social class.

Marx defined a social class in terms of its relationship to the means of production. The capitalist class (*bourgeoisie*) owns the means of production. The working class (*proletariat*) owns nothing except its labor, which it sells to the capitalist class for a wage. The class between them, hence the middle class (*petit bourgeoisie*) owns means of production that are either small or personal. Artisans and craftsmen like furniture makers, potters and cobblers share with professionals such as doctors, engineers and teachers the ownership of specialized tools and skills. Shopkeepers and family farmers own small stores and plots of land.

Even in Marx's time, these middling classes were an amalgam of disparate social elements; something that has only gotten more pronounced with capitalism's development. Marx himself tossed in government bureaucrats, and debated whether to include the growing number of white collar workers in the middle class. Highly skilled workers, blue or white collar, certainly extend into this category from below, as do middle and upper management from above. Any modern portrait of the middle class is further complicated by such phenomena as the generalized, if impotent ownership of corporate stocks by working and middle class people and the unionization efforts of government workers, even doctors and lawyers. Thus it's virtually impossible to assign a unified class interest to such a hodgepodge, or to draw any clean line between the working and middle classes on the one hand, and the middle and capitalist classes on the other hand. In turn, this works to the advantage of the capitalist ruling class, which seeks to deny the existence of social classes, prevent the growth of class consciousness in the lower classes, and defuse any form of class struggle or resistance to corporate domination.

Marxists of a social democratic or Leninist bent contend that the working class will need to exploit divisions in the ruling class and forge alliances with sectors of the middle class in order to make a successful social revolution. This is faulty logic that suckers the Left into diversionary popular or united fronts. And while I agree with Korsch that workers need only to "look out for themselves," it's still important to determine the particular interests of the various elements in the middle class, if for no other reason then to help ascertain which among them will be firmly in the enemy camp in the class war.

With this in mind, small-scale capitalists prove little different from large-scale capitalists. The size of these true petty *bourgeoisie* allows them to be on more intimate terms with their workers, perhaps even to sympathize with them. Their size means that they are as subject to the economic actions and dynamics of corporate capitalism as are workers, and that their individual personalities and ethics can have a pronounced effect on how they run their business. Ultimately though, the pursuit of the bottom line is what binds small and large-scale capitalists to a common interest. The economic imperative to maximize profits is why capitalists—small or large—exploit wage labor, paternalistically or despotically regulate their workers' lives, and vehemently oppose labor organizing. The profit motive is why capitalists—small or large—seek out lower overhead cross country or over seas, take advantage of racial and sexual inequalities, and rape the earth. Finally, as Marx pointed out, whether or not the petty *bourgeois* aspire to be *bourgeois*, given enough time small-scale capitalism inevitably becomes large-scale capitalism through its own natural development.

Srini of UnAmerican Activities once got upset because MRR called him a slimy capitalist. Srini made the distinction between the "bad" capitalism of vast corporate monopolies and the "good" free enterprise of individual entrepreneurs competing in the unregulated marketplace. What this right-wing libertarian point-of-view fails to realize is that in free enterprise reside the seeds of corporate monopolies. One necessarily grows into the other.

I'll devote next column to a strategy for labor in the twenty-first century, a way to fight capitalism now that unions have become, if not out-and-out reactionary, then completely ineffectual. For the rest of this column however, I'll concentrate on the latest round of anti-globalization protests against the G8 summit in Genoa, Italy on July 19-22.

By now, most of my readers have heard of the murder of protester Carlo Giuliani at the hands of the Italian carabinieri on July 20 in Genoa. Third World people die unnoticed all the time protesting and fighting global capitalism; one Italian kid gets blown away by a scared Italian cop little older than the kid he's killing, albeit with spectacular media coverage, and he instantly becomes a martyr in the struggle against globalization. Less well known was the police storming of the building housing the Genoa Social Forum media center and the school across the street on July 21, the vicious beating and arrest of scores of occupants (see http://www.indymedia.it), the continued detention of scores more arrested demonstrators long after the summit's close, and the torture of many protesters while in police custody (see *The Observer*, 7-29-01). The brutal response of the Italian police as well as the Berlusconi government to the anti-G8 demonstrations has sparked controversy across Europe, not to mention solidarity demonstrations with the Genoese protesters that in the case of Germany, England and the Netherlands saw the invasion or occupation of Italian embassies. The overt presence of pro-fascist elements in the Italian police forces as well as police cooperation with brazenly fascist groups in the streets didn't get much media play. Nor did the fact that some 300,000 people demonstrated peacefully against the G8 summit. And while the violent efforts of the Anarchist Black Bloc to battle the police stole the headlines, no mention was made by the media that other groups, most notably the Tute Bianche (White Overalls) and COBAS (left-wing Italian syndicalist labor organization), also openly confronted the police.

A number of reports from Genoa clearly indicate that the Black Bloc was infiltrated by black-dressed police agents and provocateurs who proceeded to trash inexpensive cars, break shop windows and loot small stores, beat up spectators and peaceful demonstrators, and even fight other Black Bloc participants who tried to stop them. It is rumored that the police raid on the Genoa Social Forum media center was prompted by tapes broadcast by the center showing black-clad individuals freely coming and going from police stations and carabinieri amiably chatting with faux Black Bloc members at demonstrations. This has produced a storm of debate over the Black Bloc and its tactics on the Left and in progressive circles. To check out this discussion, go to http://www.indymedia.org and follow the links, or type in "black bloc" on any good search engine like google. Much of this criticism comes from the usual suspects; pacifists against all forms of violence, Leninists who disapprove of the anarchist scorn for leadership and discipline, and progressive folks wedded to the conventional, highly orchestrated protest-politics-as-usual that predominate at such anti-globalization demonstrations. This uniformly negative and sometimes strident censure of the Black Bloc and its tactics by the anti-globalization movement has allowed representatives of the status quo such as the *New York Times* to try and drive a wedge into the movement with demands that the "responsible leadership" of these protests either forcibly prohibit and suppress such violent elements in the future, or call off any further mass demonstrations against global capitalism.

I've always supported the Black Bloc in this column, but I think there is some truth in criticisms of the Black Bloc that have come from the left of the Left. Before getting into these, let's look at another player at the Genoa demonstrations. Ya Basta!

(http://www.yabasta.it) originated in 1996 as a solidarity network supporting the 1994 Zapatista uprising in Chiapas, Mexico. It quickly grew by working with the Italian centri sociali (social centers), the Italian squatters movement, and the Tute Bianche, becoming an attempt by Italian youth to assert their own identity and establish a free space for radical politics to grow independent of any political institution. The desire for autonomous politics and everyday "free" organizing embodied by Ya Basta! finds its clearest expression in the Tute Bianche, or White Overalls (see http://www.tutebianche.org and http://www.wumingfoundation.com). The anonymous White Overalls carry out unannounced actions dressed in white workers overalls and chemical suits to symbolize the invisibility of marginalized people with no rights and no power, "all the same, masses of bodies rendered ghosts by neoliberal policies of the 'Global North'." They practice horizontal organization and decision making, attending demonstrations with shields and dressed in helmets, pads and inner tubes against police truncheons, where they barge through police lines or hold fast against police advances, interpose themselves between the police and peaceful demonstrators, and generally defend protest movements against police violence. There are now branches of Ya Basta! and Tute Bianche outside of Italy, and White Overalls have appeared at the anti-FTAA demonstrations in Quebec, Canada and the anti-police riots in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Ya Basta! and the White Overalls have been called post-modern communists, even though many are anarchists, and they are heir to the radical aspects of Italian Autonomia and such groups as the Metropolitan Indians from the 1970's. Their criticisms of the Black Bloc have been particularly scathing, and here I refer to statements by the White Overalls of Bologna and the Wu Ming Collective. Wu Ming takes great pains to point out that "the Black Bloc are not static and can adopt different tactics and seek 'cross fertilization,'" going on to illustrate how the Black Bloc concentrated on tearing down the "Wall of Shame" in Quebec, and cooperated with the White Overalls and more peaceful protesters in Gothenburg, Sweden. "[A] few months ago Black Blocsters split off a demo in Buffalo, entered a destitute neighborhood and picked up garbage. When journalists asked what the fuck they were doing, they answered: 'You wrote that we would trash the town, we decided to pick up the trash!'"

Wu Ming has come out strongly against the criminalization of the Black Bloc by the powers-that-be *and* the movement in a flyer entitled "Stop the Encirclement of the Black Bloc" which reads, in part: "Black Blocsters are political activists, we may disagree with their praxis and theory, but we don't deem them as brainless Pavlov dogs foaming at the sight of truncheons. [...] We refuse to save our ass to the detriment of the Black Bloc, we regard them as a fully legitimate part of the movement and refuse any distinction between 'good protesters' and 'bad protesters.'" This remarkable sense of solidarity comes despite experiences by Wu Ming in preventing Black Bloc members armed with clubs and stones from entering their demonstration. "Instead of starting a witch hunt, we should keep in mind that not all anarchists are black blocsters and not all black blocsters are cops in disguise. On the other hand, it is necessary to re-think a tactic that can be infiltrated and deviated so easily. This is up to the people who adopt the tactic, but it also concerns those who suffer the consequences of such permeability."

These criticisms have resulted in Ya Basta! and the White Overalls being targeted for counter-criticism by anarchists sympathetic to or part of the Black Bloc. Ya Basta! and the White Overalls have been accused of reformism, of negotiating with the police prior to demonstrations, of collaborating with the government to protect the social centers, of working with "'institutional' leftists, green party activists and 'fluffy' non-profit associations," of not being militant enough in the streets, and of being slaves to the "spectacle." Again, I refer interested readers to the various URL's mentioned above, as well as the A-Infos News Service (http://www.ainfos.ca) and of course the plethora of political newsgroups on the web for this ongoing debate. Suffice it to say, no one associated with or sympathetic to the Anarchist Black Bloc has managed to come up with a way to prevent undercover cops and agent provocateurs dressed in black from infiltrating the Black Bloc and turning Bloc actions into attacks against working people, curious bystanders and fellow demonstrators, other than to suggest that the Black Bloc itself stop such renegade activity. This brings to mind scenes from the middle of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution in China during the 1960's when young Red Guard factions started fighting each other in what amounted to a civil war sanctioned by Mao.

Come to think of it, I didn't have a solution to this kind of police infiltration in my book *End Time* either. I'm not quite ready to declare, with Michael Eisenscher in the misc.activism.progressive newsgroup, that "[t]he Black Bloc strategy is obviously finished." Potential provocateur infiltration is a serious flaw in this strategy however, and unless the Black Bloc finds an effective way to counter it, this form of street fighting anarchism is ultimately doomed to isolation and irrelevance.

I'll have been on the front lines by the time this issue of MRR hits the newsstands. I'm visiting Washington DC during the much abbreviated IMF/World Bank meeting at the end of September, and hope to take in a demo or two. No Black Bloc stuff, and not because I think the Bloc will be all cops. It was rough enough on me nine years ago when I was 40 and running around in the San Francisco Anti-Columbus Day black block. I'm feeling a little brittle and slow at my age, plus I don't like the idea of getting beaten up and thrown in jail across the country. The Black Bloc is truly a young man's game, as is much of the more creative nonviolence and civil disobedience at such events. I guess I'm officially a cantankerous old curmudgeon now...

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at the new, improved http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. (Write michael.edstrom@tvspel.nu for info on the Swedish version.) I can be contacted at hooligan3@mindspring.com.

I´m writing this column from Spain. I´m in an internet cafe in Barcelona. I just got here from Madrid, which has to be one of the world´s greatest cities if you´re seeking stimulation: porn, gambling, amazing art collections, bars and clubs, shopping, food, video games, great cinema... If you´re seeking toothpaste, however, you´re pretty much fucked. It took me hours to find a convenience store. Anyway, here are some observations about Spain.

1. Everyone who goes to Europe seems to comment on the girth gap. Supposedly, Euros are really thin compared to Americans. This is true in the case of Spaniards. I think their "secret" is that the exercise more and eat less. In tourist areas, however, I have seen many a corpulent Kraut, so I think maybe the more affluent Euros are beginning to close the girth gap.

2. BYOTP

3. Not really. I just thought that would be a funny thing to say.

4. Surprisingly, even though Spain´s population is significantly less than its number of annual visitors, very few people here speak English. Even people in train stations and hotels and places like that. I kind of like it that way because it gives me a chance to practice my "where are the bathrooms" level Spanish, but it can suck when you´re in pinch.

5. One of the fun things about speaking a subtle language like English is watching non-native speakers foul it up. The bathroom mirror in one of my hotels had the standard message about how water is a precious resource which you should conserve (because it saves the hotel money). It ended by saying "thank you for your collaboration." This clerk actually spoke good English, so I thought about explaining to her that you cooperate to save water and you collaborate to overthrow a government, but I didn´t.

6. Which products of our pop culture catch on here seem to be pretty random. *The Simpsons* are popular and *South Park* is just huge. Good for the Spaniards. But they also show programs like *Marshall Law*, starring Arsenio Hall. Which movies they like are even more confusing. Right now ads for *Sugar and Spice* are on the sides of many of the busses. That´s that movie about the

bank robbing cheerleaders that didn't make much impact in the states, but here they're promoting the shit out of it. *Shreck* is big, but so is the latest *Highlander* film.

7. Americans may be weird and uptight about alcohol and some other things, but reading a few European papers is enough to see that Euros have their own hangups. For example, the big news in the UK now is that Farakhan is coming after the lifting of a sixteen year ban. Amazing! The Brits didn't like what the guy had to say so they banned him from the country for sixteen years! And the big news in Germany was that a long standing ban on bargaining was lifted. Under the ban, merchants could not offer prices that were more than 3% below those on price tags. The papers had all of these articles about how to negotiate and how chubby Germans had been heading to Eastern Europe to practice the art of the deal.

That's about it. Email me at skipyskip@aol.com

I've been a naughty boy! I took a trip up to British Columbia, Canada a coupla weeks back for one of the best weekends I've had in a long time, the second annual (I hope!) Naughty Camp. (Three days and three nights of beer, punk, sex, BC buds, beer, rock, drugs, and beer on a Native reserve in the middle of the gorgeous, green Canadian wilderness. What a blast.)

Most, when asked if they were "going to Naughty Camp," understandably pictured some kind of pervert convention at which you'd expect to find people like Ron Jeremy, or... Mykel Board. And, despite my explanations that, no, it's a giant punk rock festival, with bands like DAYGLO ABORTIONS and REAL McKENZIES on the bill, and "punk rock hockey" on the list of highlights, most of my friends from Seattle, a mere four hours or so to the south, weren't planning on going. Shit, I went all the way from Reno...

Speaking of which, I had a mostly shit time in oh-so-hip Seattle. Nice place, lots to do. No—too fucking much to do. The jaded rocker population (most of which is transplanted within the last year or two from some "uncool" town) wouldn't know rock'n'roll if it fucked them up the ass—unless it's obnoxiously packaged in all the right ways as the next cool thing. Oh please—I fucking wanted to barf. I went to some bar, and was checking out the band up front by the stage, and these TFC shitheads who were sitting in the back sipping wine coolers came up and asked me and my friend to "sit down." Fucking go die back in Iowa, motherfuckers!

Christ, if only people would just stay in their own town and make the best of it, maybe I wouldn't be always trying to get the hell out of mine. And maybe these stupid United States would be a lot cooler. Just think, no yuppies going from Silicon Valley to live in San Francisco. No geriatric retirement couples going to live in Florida! No exodus of all the best musicians to the bigger city! That's the way it seems to be in Europe—more so than it is here, for sure, at least—and that's why some of the best clubs there are in little shit towns.

So I ended up having the most fun in Seattle with my *Seattle* friends, you know, the ones who have been there for as long as I can remember. (thanks Megan & Blake!) I was up there with THREE YEARS DOWN, and they had one good gig, and one real shitter at Gibson's. Spent pretty much a full day at the house of Stu, bless his heart (and his buttcrack), in a complete mental vegetative state. Playstation, porno mags, Budweiser, pork chops, the Mentors... surrounded by a *great* record collection, fifteen smelly dudes, and not a woman in sight, how pathetic! I was really inspired to rethink my purpose in life.

Back to Canada. If you live in America (and I mean the continents, North and South, not just the stupid old US of A), and you haven't yet checked out Native American culture, you really ought to. They've been pretty much universally some of the coolest people I've met in all my travels round the globe. This Naughty Camp festival was right in the middle of Lil'wat land—which meant a bunch of punks in sovereign territory, with the only cops for miles being Tribal Police. And like the Shoshones, they were great and hospitable, serving up good grub (they call fry bread "bannick") and allowing us vagrants to use their massive, beautiful stage. Seeing DAYGLO for the first time, with them playing almost the entire ...*Fetus* album, was an almost religious experience. Seriously—"I am My Own God" is one of my personal anthems. I was taken back five years or so, back to the time when a circle-pit was a savage, chaotic, *dance* rather than a testo-fueled contest in which meatheads try to outmuscle each other. Is the modern "mosh-pit" full of jocks a USA thing? Do Canadian punks just fucking rule? I definitely thought so, as I went round and round in a super-fun pit for the first time in years, singing along with the canucks, "PROUD! TO BE! A CANADIAN!"

Yet another confirmation that the freedom we have in the USA is nothing special. I felt a lot more free there. Woopdee, we got tax rebate checks from GW Bush—but they've had free health care for years! The famous (and unforgettable) B.C. bud (that's marijuana, stupid!) might as well be legal for personal use. And, uh, if they want to go to the forbidden land of Cuba, they can! Meanwhile, US citizens who are caught traveling there come home to $7500 fines for "trading with the enemy." Whose enemy are the Cubans? They're not my enemies. The nerve of the US Government—they even have a Naval base on the Cuban mainland!

I'm writing this column from my father's house in Key West, Florida. I've visited this place just about every year for the past 18 years or so, and always been intrigued by the marker reading "90 MILES TO CUBA." But can I get on a boat and cross the pond? Nope, not legally—because the U.S. government wants to continue to cripple the Cuban economy with this god-damned embargo...

* * *

I'll close here with this: World War III, the war against globalization, began a few years ago and will rage for many years to come. My first encounter with this war was June 18, 1999 in London (not Seattle WTO, like the mainstream media says!). The recent G8 protests in Genova were the largest by far, with reports of 200-300,000 people, and they're only going to grow. I only hope at this point that the overall messages of future demonstrations aren't spoiled by violent mobs. As this war heats up, it will become more common, for those who don't use their heads, to lose them, as did Carlo Giuliani (RIP). I condemn the poliziotto who shot him between the eyes and hope he rots in prison—but what the fuck was Carlo thinking, attacking him with a fire extinguisher? The police aren't the enemy here, they're just doing a job! And if we really want to win the battle against globalization, which I believe, as the Adbusters Media Foundation puts so eloquently, is a "battle of the mind," violence is only going to turn the minds of the world against us.

* * *

Finally: a fuck of a lot of people complain these days that *Maximumrocknroll* sucks. Well, hello, did you forget? This is your mag. Moreso now than ever, with Tim Yo gone, the fate of this mag rests in your hands. Submit articles & interviews. Write intelligent letters about something other than your fucking zine's bad review. And hey, what happened to all the funny classifieds in the back? If you don't like where the coordinators are going with this mag, it's up to you to contribute and push things in the right direction. Over and out.

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We don't choose much. We don't choose to be born, for example, and unless we commit suicide we don't choose the time to die, either. But having a few choices in between makes you seem less of an accident to yourself. It makes you feel your life is necessary. —Saul Bellow

Sometimes the pain of being right is more than I can stand. It's like being fistfucked by a sumo wrestler. It hurts

from top to bottom, from agony to agony. The pain isn't simple. It's not a door slam pain. Or a hammer missing a nail pain. It's a deep, profound pain. The pain of being unheeded, while all around you the lemmings throw themselves over the nearest cliff. What good is an *I-told-you-so* then?

Last election, I encouraged people to vote for Nader. I wrote that the best possible outcome would be a Nader victory. That was impossible. The next best outcome would be for Nader to allow Bush to get in. This would do a lot.

First, it would show the power of Nader to affect the elections. The Republicarats would have to consider him the next time around.

Second, it would get rid of Mr. Tipper, the biggest threat to Civil Liberties since... er.... since Clinton.

Third, it would allow a Republican to preside over the coming recession, and get blamed for it.

Fourth, it would lose the Republicans' control of the Congress during the next non-presidential election.

Fifth, there wasn't a chance in hell that the courts would overturn Roe vs. Wade. Even the Republicans are not dumb enough to insure their own destruction so completely.

Well, it happened even quicker than I imagined. A senator from Vermont renounced his Republicanism to protest Bush. He wouldn't have done it if Gore were president. The Democrats took over the Senate without an election. How's that for premature correctness? And, the economy is slipping faster than a KY lubejob. Guess who's being blamed for it.

Being right. It's a tough job, but I've got to do it.

Later in this column you'll read me talk about my mistaken impressions. In other words, where I'm wrong. It happens, but usually only with my own life. What do I know about my own life? I've got the world to be right about.

Now, to get back to where I was. In the guise of travel writing, I was actually writing about *coming out*. Homos say it's like turning on a lightswitch, a sudden revelation of who you really are. I'm not so sure.

I wrote about how when I come out lusty, my beautiful new cripplepal comes out "with a boyfriend." A repeat of this does not happen in Estonia with the lovely Promille from CONFLICT OK. Her boyfriend is right here—and he's big. I'll stay in the closet for this one, thank you.

I wrote about how I stay a closeted American in the midst of violent Finnish hockey fans. I wrote about how I decide to come out Jew, to a drunken Estonian Nazi skinhead.

I ended the column in bed. With *Little Punk*, a beautiful young Estonian boy. He's drunk into unconsciousness. I wonder just how far to come out. A certain piece of flesh begs to come out, but should I? This time, I leave my lust zippered.

That was two months ago...the writing, not the event. Now, let's go back to Estonia.

The papers scream something I don't understand. Huge headlines. The same picture everywhere. A white guy and a Negro, smiling at each other in a very friendly way.

"What's the deal?" I ask Promille.

"Estonia won the Eurovision song contest," she says. "It's the first time. People feel funny about it."

It's not long before I find out why.

There's pride. For the first time, Estonia won the Eurovision Song Contest. In Europe, this is a big deal. In Estonia, *anything* is a big deal. On the other hand, local closet racists are not too pleased. Half the winning song team is a Negro. There are five Estonian Negroes.

"I don't have anything against them," says a studenty looking guy, "but people will get the wrong impression. They'll think Estonia is part of Africa."

I like walking the streets of Tallinn, Estonia's capital. After a few short days, I feel like I know everyone. In the main square, a group of leather-jacketed, silver-studded, spike-haired punk rockers sits on a curb drinking ROCK beer.

"Hey Mykel!" says a blond kid, as I pass. "Try this!"

He staggers to his feet and hands me a mostly empty green bottle of ROCK. The regular ROCK bottle is brown.

"It's extra special hard stuff," he says.

Pleased that I'm already a mini-celebrity, I take the bottle and slug down his backwash. He slaps me on the back. "You're a good guy," he tells me.

I spend lots of time with Villu, the most famous punk in Estonia. His band, JMKE, has been around for more than ten years. He's still got spiked hair, a leather jacket and t-shirt, now pulled tight over a beer belly.

Villu's famous for having suffered punkpression during commie times. Now he's Mr. Punk in Estonia. He's also funny, smart as a slap in the face, and a pure skinflute of joy to be with.

With him, I'm a came-out punk. That's my identity for the moment. I choose it in the full knowledge that I might give it up in a second. Tomorrow, I might be a Jew or a haiku poet. I haven't "come out," as much as I've chosen a personality and now live it.

We're in the main square: me, Tony from PSYCHOTERROR, Villu, gorgeous Little Punk, as gorgeous Promille, and the blond kid, who had given me his beer.

Flashback to yesterday: Tony takes me on a short tour of the town. As we walk, most of the street punks comes up to him and says hello. Everybody knows him. He's a famous guy.

A well-dressed adult, dark suit, tie, briefcase, nearly runs us down hurriedly exiting some official-looking building. He stops. I think he's gonna apologize. But whatever he says, it's not *vabandage*.

He and Tony start in on the greetings and the small talk. I don't understand it, but they sure seem best of friends. Finally, Tony introduces us. I forget the guy's name immediately.

When he leaves, Tony asks "You know that guy?"

I shake my head.

"He's the most famous chess player in Estonia," he says.

In Estonia, *everyone* is famous. End of flashback.

Back in the main square, we head for the parliament building. Under it is a rathskeller. Cavelike, it smells of hundreds of years of Estonian history. We enter through a small door in the side of the building. As we go in, a drunk accosts Villu. Teeth missing, his stubble with stubble, the man stinks of beer piss. They converse like old friends. Eventually, they separate. We go down the stairs into the bar.

"You know who that guy was?" asks Villu as we walk.

I shake my head. "You mean the drunk?" I ask.

Villu nods, "That was _____" (I forget his name), he says, "the most famous folk-singer in Estonia."

There are no corners here in the bar. Nothing at a right angle. The thick wooden tables twist along dripping grey walls under the stalactite ceiling. We sit at one of those tables.

After ordering our beer, we discuss the Eurovision song contest, the state of world punkrock, and why JMKE, Psychoterror, and CONFLICT OK should play in NY. Just then, the drunken folk-singer wobbles in and sits with us.

He throws his arms down and rests his head on the table between them. Then, he straightens up and says, in "English:"

"The Eurovision song. It great. I song. I make song. I singer."

"I'm a singer too," I tell him. "At least I used to be."

"Are you famous?" he asks.

"Of course," I say. "Isn't everyone?"

He doesn't get it.

Through the alcohol haze it suddenly occurs to me that this trip will be a double replay of my Estonian experience. First Latvia. Then Lithuania. Like a movie remake, the characters will be different, but the dialog the same. Three versions of this conversation. Three sets of people will sit around three sets of bars, discussing with beer-soaked clarity, the state of punkrock in the world and how the locals should play in New York.

Boy, am I wrong.

Fast forward: It's a rather non-eventful ride from Estonia to Latvia. The biggest thrill is the decontamination spray at the border.

At the station in Latvia, a tall broad-shouldered, smooth skinned young man walks up to me.

"Aren't you Mykel Board?" he asks. It's a question I welcome from attractive young people.

"That's me," I say.

He smiles and introduces himself. We shake hands. He's Janis. We've met through the internet. I pick up my pack and two bags and follow him to a street car. (These Baltic folks don't have "can I help you with your bags?" down yet.) Unlike Estonia where it's easy to ride without paying, in Latvia a big ole lady waddles up to you when you enter the streetcar. She sticks out her hamhock of a hand and expects you to put in your 20 cents. You do.

We ride forever to Janis's place on the outskirts of town. I

can't wait to get there, sample the local beer, return to my floating fog of Baltic alcohol.

At Janis's place I move into "my" room. (What is it with these people? Everywhere, they just do stuff for you! Janis and Santa, his girlfriend, moved out of their own room. Into the living room, so I could have a place of my own!! A bed! They sleep on the couch. How can people just be so generous? It makes you realize what creeps most Americans are!)

On the way to the refrigerator, I see the zine collection: *Heart Attack, Straight Edge* (from Poland), *Straight and Proud* (from Columbia), *Vegan War* (from Belorus). Oh no! I'm in a den of straight-edge vegans. Should I come out... er... Mykel Board? These people are being so nice to me. Do I come out Jew when The Gestapo is so hospitable?

On the refrigerator is a sticker. On the sticker is a picture of three equal brains. One labeled, "Caucasian," another "Asian," and the third "Black." There is a fourth brain, about 1/4 the size of the others. It's labeled "racist." Inside the refrigerator is salad and juice.

Well, Latvia sure isn't going to be like Estonia. Not only has the cast changed, but the plot too!

ASIDE: One thing I dislike about the international punk rock scene is the overwhelming conformity of it all. Not only in sound and dress, but in ideas.

While I'm not a vegetarian, I can understand vegetarianism in a country with factory farming and antibiotic hell. I can understand wanting to protect animals from the cruelty of tiny holding pens. I can understand wanting to protect humans from new strains of weird diseases caused by drugs or cross-species feeding.

But in South America... or in The Baltics, there is no factory farming. Ranchers are too poor to afford antibiotics. Livestock is better taken care of then most of the people. Vegetarianism has no place in those countries.

On the other hand, I can understand not drinking alcohol in a country like Estonia, where there is little straight edge. That's where everyone maintains a constant state of inebriation. Where the government runs the distilleries and drinking supports that government. In Latvia, it's the same.

But in the United States, alcohol is the bogeyman. It is the enemy of Christians and mothers. The drinking age is 21, for G-d's sake! In the US, NOT drinking is worse than voting for Bush! It's siding with the censors, the restrictors, the religious. If you don't drink, you might as well be a Republican. Any American who doesn't drink is a stooge for repression.

See, each country has its own problems. It's own unique situation. To moronically copy ideology as well as music, is the worst kind of blind conformity. End of ASIDE.

Besides punk rock, I'm in Latvia to trace my family. It's a roots thing. My grandmother, Esther Berman, was born in Riga. I want to see if I've got any relatives here. They should be good for a meal, at least.

I decide to come out Jew to my hosts. I *won't* come out drunken sex pervert to them. They've never seen a copy of *MRR*. While I'm here, I'll keep it that way. But Jew, that should be good. Especially with that anti-racist sticker.

"Hey Janis," I tell him. "My grandmother was from Riga. One of the reasons I'm here is to find her family. I'm going to try to check in at the Jewish cultural center. Maybe you could help me."

I see a frown, then a smile pass over his face. Soon he's beaming. I'm probably his first Jew. It's like a liberal making friends with his first Negro.

"Of course I'll help," he says. Little does he know what he's getting into.

I spend a day at the Jewish cultural museum and archives. An attractive girl serves coffee at the cafe in the front of the museum. I try to impress her with my hot New York Hebrewhood. She smiles. Then her boyfriend shows up. Oy vey.

At the museum, I find out that before World War Two there were more than 40,000 Jews in Riga. After the war, there were 150. My grandmother came to The States around 1900. It doesn't look good for the rest of her family.

There is one hooked-nose of hope, however. Some Jews escaped from Latvia into Russia. They stayed there for the next forty years, until Latvia became independent. Then they returned. So, my goal is to look for a Berman, who speaks Russian better than Latvian.

Back at the apartment: After a salad and tofu dinner, Janis sits down and calls every Berman in the phonebook. There are thirty of 'em. Some are not very nice. How would you feel?

"Er... I'm calling for an American friend whose babushka is Latvian. Her name was the same as yours. Do you have any relatives who left the country about 100 years ago?"

I'd hang up and call the cops!

Janis does all that work. Suffers all the indignities of who knows what on the other end of the line. And he gets nothing out of it. I need to buy that boy a meal!! Or set up a show in New York!

After a few hours work, Janis finally comes to one that looks promising. They don't speak Latvian, but they do speak Russian. (So does Janis.) The 80 year old grandma also speaks some German. I talk with her.

"Entschuldigung, aber ich kenne keine Esther," she says. A dead end.

Grandma doesn't know any Esther and she's not all that eager to talk about it. Maybe she thinks I'm in the KGB. Everyone else thinks so.

A dead end. But a good try. And coming out Jew in the land of my ancestors gives me a warm feeling. I can walk the same streets my bubba walked. Hear the same language she heard. (Well, some of the same language. I don't hear much Yiddish in Riga). There's a sense of continuity. My family, back again a century later.

Ah, there's so much more to tell. So little space to tell it. There are the shows, the bands, the local radio station interview. Somehow they get hold of an *MRR* from 1993. I list THE HANSON BROS. among my top ten. I was talking about the NO MEANS NO Hanson Brothers. Naturally, everyone thinks it's those dumb blond boys from Oklahoma. Boy is *that* embarrassing.

Finally, I come out drinker and carnivore to these straight-edge veggies, but softly so. I don't drink in their house. I never do more than order a beer with my chicken in a restaurant. They're too hospitable for me to rub their face in it. Besides, they're tolerant. "You drink. I don't." That's all. Me? I'm an out drunken carnivore, but barely.

It turns out the homos are wrong. Coming out is not turning on a light. Not opening a closet door and letting the sun shine on the true self. Coming out is like a mixing board at a recording studio. Life is coming out and going back in. We come out horny or homo. Old or young. Goy or Jew. American or Finn. But we don't stay out. We wax and wane. Personality revealing or concealing, reacting to the outside world. Faders up. Faders down. This part loud. This softer. Take some of the high end off the homo. Boost that Jew. All these parts. Sometimes we show them. Sometimes we cover them up. There's a lot we can't control in our lives. But controlling what we show the world gives us our freedom.

As for continuing the story, you know what happened in Lithuania. I told you last month. There's nothing new on the spy front. I did want to mention that Kaunus is much less political and much drunker than Vilnius. But that's another story. Right now I'm going to have a beer to ease the pain of being right.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: www.mykelboard.com or column subscribers (email to: god@mykelboard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—> Janis in Latvia is a great guy. He's more tolerant of non-straight-edgers than most visa are of versa. He's a zine lover, so send him your zine! He also wants to contact anyone anywhere. You can reach him by email at janis_r@mail.lv. Or send your zines to Janis Janusevskis, Tvaika 48-53, Riga 371, Latvia. Tell 'im I sent ya.

—> *See, they're not all that evil dept:* The Czars at the *MRR* house forwarded me a copy of *Skiteater* zine. The editress complained about a lack of reviews in *MRR* and figured (rightly) that I'd mention any zine with a naked person on the cover. (*ed. actually this was reviewed in MRR #217—though I did bemoan the lack of naked boys in it, I mean really… Mike T.)* I can't say why the zine wasn't reviewed, though it may have had something to do with being printed white on black, making much of it illegible. I can say that Eric Stanway's illustration of Ambrose Bierce's "Oil of Dog" verges on the brilliant. You can get your own copy from: Skiteater, 152 Gostlin, Hammond, IN 46327. In the future, though, send everything you want me to see DIRECTLY to me: (POB 137,

THE LAWRENCE ARMS

The Lawrence Arms are a 3 piece punk rock band from Chicago. They sound like a cross between early Jawbreaker and Crimpshrine. They are very nice guys and I love them very much. They tour constantly, so please go to one of their shows and make them feel loved. Brendan, the bassist was in the Broadways and Slapstick. Neil the drummer was in the band Baxter. And Chris the guitar player was in Tricky Dick. They write songs that are both depressing and uplifting, but all unite with the common theme of a better tomorrow. Please mailorder one of their albums from us or go to your local punk rock store and pick it up.

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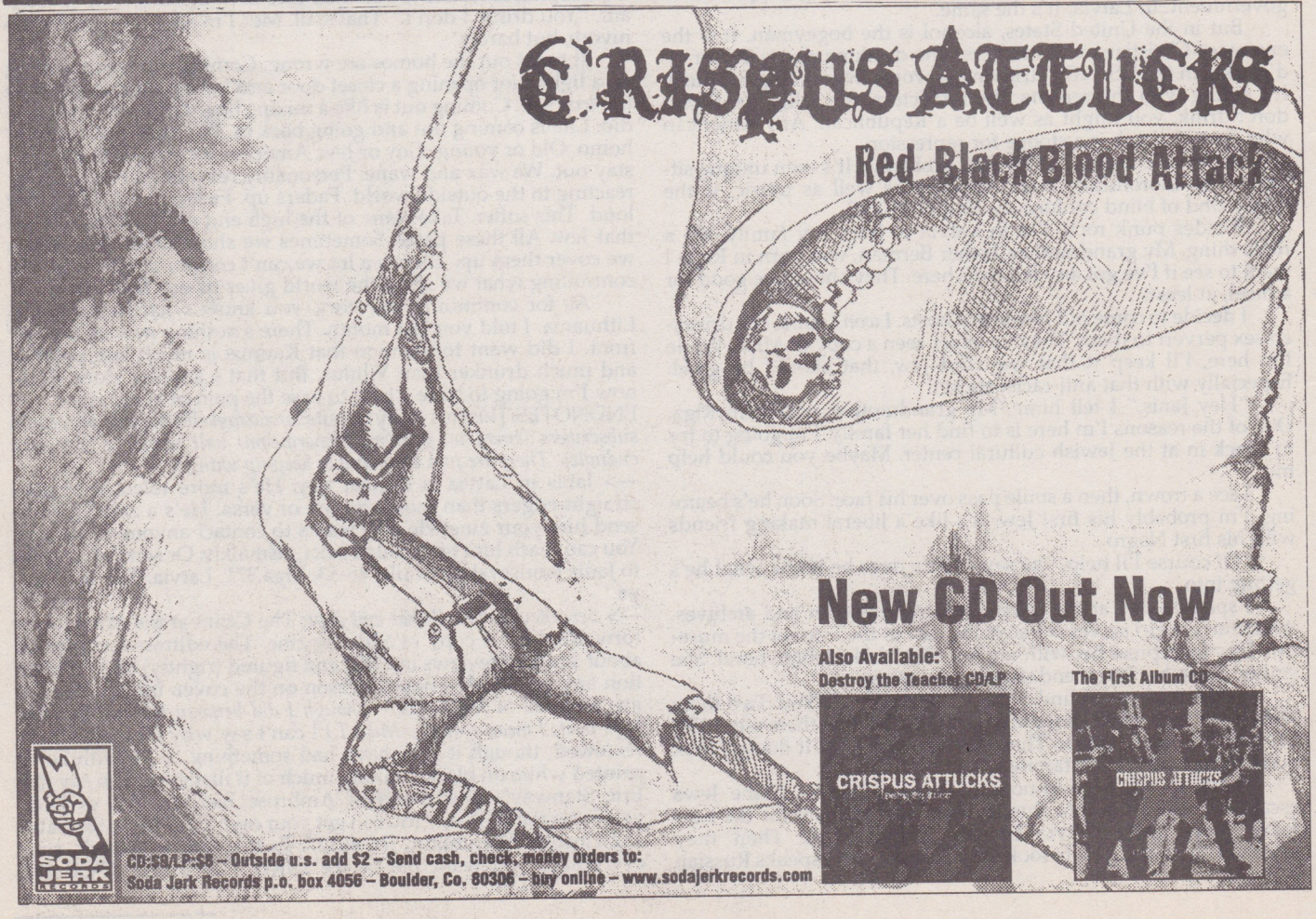

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CD $8.90

YOUNG CANADIANS
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Best known for their insane song "Hawaii," this late '70s Vancouver pop punk band is caught in a great 1980 live performance at the Mabuhay in San Francisco. Also included are 3 CD-ROM video clips (one live at a club in Vancouver, the other 2 shot in a cable access TV studio), plus a CD-ROM text file on 1980's Western Front Festival in San Francisco. 12 page booklet has detailed liner notes and photos.

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The Pinkos, Vanessa (Bell) and Steve (Gits), are a snotty, punk duo who believe that just because the "personal is political," doesn't mean you can't take the political personally. Filled with songs about bad love, failure, disgrace and damaged democracy without the tears, sappiness, and sorrow. A touch of Violent Femmes, a little Billy Bragg, a little baader-meinhof.

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Prince St. Station, NY NY 10012.) Those *nice horsey* videos? I never got 'em. THAT the folks in MRRland kept for themselves.

—> *Ted thinks this is a joke dept:* I'm not the most gullible guy in the world. But when the following spam found its way into my Eudora, I believed it. I still do.:

****

New invention: The "TVGuardian". It literally will not allow profanity to be spoken on your TV!

Imagine automatically replacing the following phrases on TV anytime you watch, with the ones beneath them!

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As you hear it: Did you two have S_x? TVGuardian's Replacement On Your TV: Did you two have hugs?

As you hear it: J_ _ _s, you scared me! TVGuardian's Replacement On Your TV: You scared me!

As you hear it: F_ _k you, B_s _ _ _d! TVGuardian's Replacement On Your TV: Go away, jerk!

As you hear it: Oh, S_ _t! TVGuardian's Replacement On Your TV: Oh, Shoot!

We highly recommend this for you and your family. We are trying to spread the word so I am sending this to as many churches as I can! Read on and you will see this is not only an incredible invention for families and Christians, but also a great church fundraiser just waiting to happen.

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****

Now you've got an 800 number. Why not test THAT profanity converter?

—> In Latvia, besides a rockin' Sabut show, I went to a super show in the burbs. Besides Janis's posicore band, CITA ATIEKSME, (pronounced tsee-tah aht-ee-x-may) there was an industrial band. Three tall skinny guys, dyed black hair, pants tight enough to count to three, and feedback loud enough to send BIG BLACK running. Their name was SNEER. And they sure had balls to play in front of a punk crowd in one of the most dangerous suburbs of Riga. Sure they had balls, you could see 'em!

—> *Speaking of balls dept:* Purdue University in Indiana showed a play "depicting a gay Christ-like figure." Protesting prudes said they'd file a lawsuit if the play went on. The University said, "Fuck you, Miss Thing!" and produced it anyway. Let's hear it for school chancellor, Michael Wartell. Write a letter!

—>If you read this before September you can get info about the amazing Finnish punkrock festival at punkfestival.cjb.net. There'll be tons of bands from all over. About $20 for three days including a camping place.

—> Looking for contacts in The Ukraine? Gleb Maltsev from the band PICHISMO is willing and able to help bands tour there, set up shows, or just help the individual visitor. Contact him at pichismo@mail.ru. Write in English. Ukrainian, Esperanto, or Russian.

—> *Pisses me off dept:* One of the great problems in the world is tourism. The devastation of the environment caused by hotel builders, for example. Or the stealing of coastline from local islanders and turning it over to fatcat resorts. Or the destruction of coral reefs and precious ecosystems by scuba sightseers. Or the changing of locals from decently paid farmers, herders, and artisans into subsistence busboys, waiters and trinket-makers. How about the isolation of native "riff-raff" from the tourists, making locals second class citizens. These and a slew of other problems haunt mainstream tourism. So when the Quakers and the UN got together "to do something about tourism," it sounded good. I shudda known.

What did they complain about? What did they work to get rid of? SEX TOURISM!!! That most eco-friendly, local-employing, personally-involving kind of tourism. THAT's what they complained about. It makes we want to put my head through the wall. Or better, *their* heads.

Recently, a fellow mom friend and I (and our two toddlers) hit the road to the Southern Girls Conference where we facilitated a workshop on "radical parenting." Taking my usual unprepared, slack-ass approach, (always skillfully disguised as "laid-back," "confident," or "relaxed") I'm pretty sure that I frustrated my friend who was totally prepared and had even put together a kick-ass packet of information about educating your kids about such topics as prejudice, diversity, racism, and gender. Luckily, neither of our diametrically opposed approaches mattered.

Both of us the mothers of one-year olds, we're used to being the parental minority at such DIY/punk/political gatherings. Therefore, we were thinking that maybe ten or so people would show up at our workshop. When there were 35 people in the room at the scheduled time, and then 35 more who showed up ten minutes late and then some more a little later that that, we had to do some quick thinking. It suddenly didn't matter whether we had or hadn't planned. But the one thing we had both planned on was using some of our time together as a group discussion type of workshop, a time when we few parents could share ideas and learn from each other instead of from the mainstream parenting magazines and books.

When I stopped sweating and looked up at all the standing-room only people, I asked who they were. Very few raised their hands telling that they were parents. A lot more raised their hands indicating that they would some day like to be parents. (This totally surprised me!) And the rest were either child care workers/providers or teachers. Wow—what a cool mix of people for a radical parenting workshop!

So, after we somehow miraculously got things going, they were really engaged and lots of people were asking questions and more people than just the two of us were chiming in with ideas. So cool, it was sort of a group discussion after all. After lots of good questions ranging from how to allow your kid to wear whatever clothing he/she wants and also protect him/her from mass ridicule or even getting beat-up (ie letting your little boy wear dresses if he wants to) to questions about food choices, one question in particular stands out in my mind. It was from a guy who said that one reason he is scared of having a kid is because he is really anti-TV and anti-consumerism. He asked us if we thought that having no TV in the home would really be fair to a kid and wondered if a kid would just totally rebel against something so radical as not watching TV.

Now, I'm certainly not claiming to have all the answers, but I do think I've got some ideas on the issue, especially since I haven't had a TV myself since 1988, the year I moved out of my parents' house. (I will admit that we were recently given a TV/VCR combo thing that doesn't pick up TV channels without having cable but that we do use occasionally to watch video tapes.)

I told him just that—that we don't have TV in our house and that we won't be getting it either. And no, I don't think for a second that it will be unfair to my child. If anything, I'm creating just one TV-free refuge for her because almost everywhere else she goes will have TV. Just because there isn't going to be TV in our house certainly doesn't mean that she will never see it. She is not going to become some socially depraved, TV deprived freak.

I learned this when I became a high-school teacher. I had been out of the TV culture loop for several years, but after just a few months of being a teacher, I could tell you all about any popular college or professional sports team or popular TV show star. Really. You don't even have to watch the damn thing yourself to still be smacked with its crap propulsion. I even heard all about the "cool commercials" that were replaced by cooler, newer ones every week or so.

And guess what? Even one of the most the most mainstream "child expert" organizations in the States, the American Academy of Pediatrics, says that kids under the age of two should watch *no* TV! I don't usually agree with their stances, but I can agree with that one.

So it's easy to avoid the TV issue when they're little, just don't have one. But what about after the age of two, when their awareness is more keen and the potential to rebel creeps in? I only had one idea to share with the guy.

I don't think there's an inherent, natural quality that dictates that all kids (even the punk ones rebelling by becoming golf course Republikans) will rebel against their parents no matter what. To help avoid such a threat, I do think that kids should be given freedom to explore things that will probably be different from your interests. Kids rebel when beliefs are dictated to them and when they are forced to participate in things they don't want to.

Yeah, it would be awesome as fuck if my girl totally rocks on guitar, but if she wants to rock at ballet, well, I'll let her. Hell, I'll even encourage her if ballet is what really makes her happy and healthy. I strongly believe in guidance, really talking to your kids about everything honestly, with conviction, and without your ideologies hidden from them.

So will my girl or any other kid rebel against their parents just because there is no TV in the house? Maybe, but probably not. Perhaps the smart thing to do would be to get a TV for a couple of months and watch it together, kid's choice. That way, you can open a dialogue between you and your kid about both your general and specific criticisms of TV and what they like about it and why. The discussion points are endless. At best, your kid will discover that he/she doesn't want to be glued to the tube and instead wants to learn how to silkscreen patches that scream "Kill Your TV!" At worst, you've helped develop some critical thinking skills.

Next month, I hope to continue this topic by talking about one of the main reasons why I hate TV, commercialism, and how that directly ties into one of the many reasons why I don't want to send my kid to school. That's the direction that our workshop discussion went in and a lot of interesting points were raised. So, hang in there with me. I just need more time to dig up some more information and sources to share with you next month...

If you have some ideas to share on this topic, get in touch. Also, a future column idea about traveling with kids is in the works. Let's hear your "traveling with a toddler" experiences!

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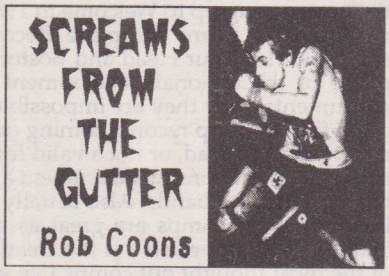


It has been quite a month. Super busy and lots of shows as always. Speaking of shows, the almighty FACTION got together for a reunion show in their hometown of San Jose, CA. The line-up was actually THE FACTION, LOS OLVIDADOS and RIBZY. (You might remember RIBZY and LOS OLVIDADOS from the MRR – "Not So Quiet On The Western Front" compilation) Anyway the show was pretty crazy. I heard somebody mention that there were 800 people there. RIBZY pretty much sucked and LOS OLVIDADOS was actually pretty damn good, but I really want to talk about THE FACTION. I was so damn excited to see them, but at the same time I was really nervous about seeing a band that had not played in years. Reunion shows always make me nervous like that, because the let down factor is so great. Well, let me tell you THE FACTION destroyed the house and sounded better than I could have possibly imagined. They were musically tight and obviously having a good time being on stage. They played all of their "hits" and the crowd was going out of their heads. They even closed the show with my favorite song of theirs "Let's Go Get Cokes." I am so glad I got to see them and if they ever decide to play another show I highly recommend getting your ass down to see them. Skate rock at its fucking finest!

Speaking of reunion shows there is a huge reunion type show happening in the Bay Area this weekend. Chuck Billy who is the singer for TESTAMENT has cancer, so they are throwing a huge show for him as sort of a fund-raiser. All these old thrash metal bands are playing, including HEATHEN, SADUS, FLOTSAM & JETSAM, EXODUS, S.O.D., ANTHRAX, LEGACY, VIOLENCE, FORBIDDEN EVIL and DEATH ANGEL. Not only that but I have heard that the soundman for IRON MAIDEN is going to be spinning the dials on the soundboard. (I hope so, because the sound in the place where they are having the concert totally sucks) Rumor has it that people are traveling from all over the world for this show. It is going to be insane. I was lucky because I barely got a ticket, because it sold out so fast. I can't wait!

There are a couple of internet radio stations I want to talk about. The first one is www.frenzyradio.com. This is a cool website with tons of stuff on it. If you are into metal/hardcore like ONE KING DOWN and DARKEST HOUR then this should be right up your alley. They have got mp3's, interviews, live videos and a lot more. Why hell they even have the infamous ONE LIFE CREW prank calls to EARTH CRISIS and SNAPCASE. The main reason I spend time on their website is their awesome streaming radio program. I consider myself pretty well schooled in hardcore and I always hear bands on there I have never heard before. And I love finding out about killer new bands. Another website that you need to check out is www.wkdu.org. This is an actual radio station based out of Drexel University in Philadelphia. They also broadcast over the internet and always seem to play some really rad music. I am still trying to figure out their program schedule, because their website is so out of date. But when you hit it at the right time you may be treated to anything from BOLT THROWER to CONVERGE to the BUZZCOCKS. This radio station plays more punk and metal than any other radio station I have ever heard. I can not praise them enough.

I just want to say how bummed I am that I missed the last GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS show. I hear it was totally out of control. I hear there were a ton of fireworks, including roman candles and bottle rockets. There were a lot of other things flying around. From food to phone books, it was getting tossed. I even heard that somebody had uprooted a bush and brought it inside and was throwing that around as well. Tony Erba came out in a wrestling costume and in no time was bleeding like a stuck pig. Toward the end of the set, a person climbed up on top of one of the amps wearing a jockstrap with a bunch of fireworks strapped to it. He lit the fireworks and jumped on top of Tony, knocking Tony out cold. People were screaming that he was dead, but he eventually got up and finished the set. Total fucking insanity! I am sure my measly description doesn't do this show justice. Hopefully I will get to see it on video someday.

SEE YOU IN HELL – "Pozvanka Do Plynove Komory" Demo Cassette – This four piece from the Czech Republic contains ex-members of MRTVÁ BUDOUCNOST and GAS CHAMBER. They blast through eight songs of blazing fast grind/hardcore. The wild drumming and guitar rhythms create a sound that has some definite black metal influence going on. Don't get me wrong, this definitely has some punk leanings, but there is some serious metal going on here. The vocals are harsh and forced and the songs are all sung in their native language. They also have a split EP with MINDLOCK floating around out there, so be on the lookout. (Filip Fucks, Grohova 39, 602 00 BRNO, CZECH REPUBLIC; orba@seznam.cz)

CRAWLSPACE – "Enter The Realm Of Chaos" CD – I have been hearing a lot about this band and almost everything I read compares them to CANNIBAL CORPSE. With the snarling vocals and the occasional blast beat drumming I can hear some similarities, but there are definitely more tempo changes and breakdowns than your typical death metal band. These guys obviously have foot planted in both the hardcore and the metal worlds. But make no mistake about it, when you boil it all down this is straight-up metal. You better leave your kickboxing jerseys at home and toss on that favorite dirthead shirt and get ready to headbang. (www.finalbeatdown .com)

COURSE OF ACTION – "Carving Our Way By Teasing Our Faith" CD – Hmm, dare I say metal emo? With the stiff combination of wild metal riffage, and the occasional quiet moment or sung vocals I would say that description is dead on. This five-piece hail from Belgium and fits nicely right onto Goodlife Recordings roster. Fans of bands like POISON THE WELL should take note. Supposedly their live show is totally out of control with tons of energy. They played at the Hellfest in Syracuse this year, but I have not heard any reports on their set. Definitely worth your time to check this release out if this type

of music is your thing. (Goodlife Recordings, PO Box 114, 8500 Kortrijk, BELGIUM; www.goodliferecordings.com)

OXBAKER – "Fast For Life" EP. You may remember me mentioning OXBAKER in one of my past columns. They were kind enough to forward me an advance copy of an upcoming EP from them. This is great thrashing hardcore that is fast and furious and has great dual vocals taking charge. All go...no slow! Be on the lookout for their upcoming releases, including a split EP with HAYMAKER that will be on Deep Six records. (Mike Woodford, 1 Rickwood Place #3, St.Thomas, Ontario N5R 6A8, CANADA)

MUNICIPAL WASTE – "Ammunition" EP – This is pretty rad! Basic and raw thrash metal that brings to mind the whole mid to late 80's thrash metal style. There are some apparent punk roots here, and a slight variation in styles, but it is still pretty metal. I mean with songs like "Detention Mosh Session", you really can't go wrong. I say keep it up guys and try to bring back the whole crossover revolution of punk. (Amendment Records, 580 Nansemond Crescent, Portsmouth, VA 23707)

THE CANCER KIDS/MELEE – split EP – This is a solid split with MELEE and THE CANCER KIDS who are both from Massachusetts. THE CANCER KIDS go straight for the eye gouge with some blazing hardcore that takes a nod from the likes of INFEST and such. The all out fierce speed is dominating here. Awesome! MELEE slows things down just a hair and goes for a more traditional Boston hardcore approach. Fast thumping bass, driving guitar, pummeling drums, snarling vocals....it is all here. Check this record out for some circle pit mayhem! (Melee/Craig, PO Box 471, Boston, MA 02134)

"Fuck your phony bands and shitty harmonies. Bad melodic hardcore is the plague that you breed. Go get fucked. You'll be run out of town in the chain-wallet meltdown. Ska and swing are far from best and quit trying to be NOFX. Hop from one trend to the next. 30 seconds from now you're gonna get wrecked"

SPAZZ – "A Prayer For The Complete And Utter Eradication Of All Generic Pop-Punk"

As always thanks for reading! Please send any correspondence or things for review in the column directly to me. Rob Coons, PO Box 13085, Berkeley, CA 94712; xgoatcorex@hotmail.com

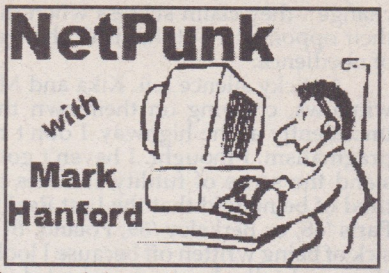
First I want to talk about Unity. Unity is a time-honored topic in hardcore music. Youth Brigade said we should Fight to Unite. Warzone stressed that we be United As One. Scream thought we should Fight,for a United Scene. Agnostic Front want us to be United and Strong. SOD advocated United Forces. There was a band called Unity. Infest asked us Where's the Unity? Crucial Youth were all about Unity. Only Raid questioned Unity saying "I won't Unite with what I despise." Unity, what does it mean in the hardcore context. Sounds like a thesis for some college kids paper but here goes. The punk scene is made up of a lot of independent minded, free thinking individuals. These individuals are set on doing their own thing, regardless of what society thinks of them, true nonconformists. The punk scene has always attracted people who wouldn't fit in anywhere else. It has also attracted every branch of political extremist from the far right to the far left. There are religious nuts, atheists, teetotalers, drug addicts, and every other variety of wild viewpoint expressed in punk music. How will we ever get these groups to unify? And once unified what would they achieve.

Going back to the early 80's when hardcore was much smaller and less broken up into sub genres I'd say there were a number of causes of friction that would make people want to unite. Punks versus Skins, Straight Edge vs. Drunks, Political vs. A political and Political Left vs. Political Right Religious vs. Atheist and Animal Rights vs. Meat Eaters. Most of these conflicts are still with us today. But I think there was a thought back then that the scene was still small enough and had enough in common that these schisms could be breached and everyone could come together for a United Scene. When I look at the scene today I see a lot of petty divisions that would've been ridiculous in the early days of hardcore. In Minneapolis there is a big split between "street punks" and "crusties" which makes me wonder. Whatever happened to being united against society? What does that say about punk? Has punk become so socially acceptable that no one wants to fight us anymore? ? Are we so out of people to fight that we have to fight other segments of the punk scene? Are we so out of people to fight that we have to fight other segments of the punk scene? But realistically, how are we going to reconcile the gulf that separates say, right wing Skinheads from anarchist crusties, militant vegan SE kids from beer guzzling meat feasting GG Allin fans? Unity sounds good in punk lyrics but put into practice it gets dicey. And once united, what would be achieved. What two punks can agree on anything, much less any sort of program for a united punk movement to undertake.

Now I'd like to talk about the compilation LP. This was an essential form in the early days of Hardcore. When things were moving fast and new scenes were rising up with distinct styles a comp or "sampler" was the most cost effective way of introducing the outside world to the new sounds. For what it's worth here are my picks for the 10 best comps of all time.

1. Welcome to 1984 2. Flex Your Head 3. PEACE comp 4. Cleanse the Bacteria 5. Thrash Til Death 6. Boston Not LA 7. Someone Got their head kicked in 8. Mortarhate comps 9. Punk and Disorderly series 10. Something to Believe in

Add the Mystic comps, SST comps, Thrasher comps, Crass records comps, Rat Music comps, Riotous Assembly, NY City Hardcore the Way it is, Grindcrusher, Hardcore Holocaust 1 and 2, Peaceville comps, Rot records comps, Flipside vinyl fanzines, Let them eat Jellybeans, Hardcore Unlawful Assembly, Propaganda records comps, Really Fast comps, Delcline of Western Civilization etc. etc. you have a pretty good sampling of punk/hardcore music in the 80's. It is often said that back in the day bands picked their best songs to go on comps to get the exposure whereas today they select the throwaway tracks for comps. There are more compilations coming out today than ever but so few seem to be memorable. Perhaps I'm old and jaded and living in the past but even the best comps today have a hard time measuring up to Welcome to 1984. At best a compilation is a snapshot of a time and place. Records like NYC Hardcore the way it is, Flex Your Head and Boston Not LA capture a distinct phase of the regional development of punk music in such a monumental way they are impossible to ignore. Can we say the same for the comp records coming out today. I'm not saying the compilation is dead, or not a valid form, but that we can do a lot better. Compilations that document a scene are great, if the scene has a lot of good bands. Also usually cool are theme comps. The Element Skate comps are great as all the bands write about.. Skating. Also impressive is the Deadly Sins comp. which is one of the most thought out comps I've ever seen. Label comps can be great or they can suck, depending on the label I guess. Some labels do el cheapo sampler CDs that I think are tacky as fuck but serve a commercial purpose I guess. One great trend has been the compilation of out of print classic punk in the Killed By Death and Bloodstains style. This has exposed whole new generations to the obscure genius of early punks and the meant to stay obscure stupidity of other early punks. Tribute comps started out as a good idea but I think have long since lost their interest. I mean these are strictly novelty records. How often to you listen to a tribute comp more than once? I mean stuff like "Ten of your favorite new school metal SE bands play their versions of Crippled Youth's demo" can only be interesting for so long. Not to say great comps aren't still being made. I was floored by the Sound Pollution comp Tomorrow Will Be Worse vol 2. But it is lost in a sea of comps that hit the floors every week. Should be classics with huge amounts of time invested in them such as the Iron Columns double LP comp are lost amid Fat Music for Fat Shoppers vol 16 specially priced CDs. So what am I getting at. Quality over quantity. If you are going to do a comp find a scene to document that is alive and vital. Or, bring together bands around a theme or cause. One last thing, if you are planning a comp for the 2004 election get started now as it will take that long for all the bands to send in their tapes and artwork.



Well shit, I'm writing this column at the last minute, so if my thoughts seem more jumbled than usual, I'd be really surprised, since my thoughts are generally about as jumbled as they come. Anyway, I've a mishmash of stuff for you this month, starting with some geek stuff, and wrapping up with a good dose of punk rock.

You've probably heard a lot about Linux and Unix, but chances are you've never messed around with it because you already know Winblows and don't want to mess up your (or your parents) system by trying to install something you don't know how to use. There is a way, however, you can get your feet wet in the Linux/Unix world without risking your own computer — free shell providers.

Free shell providers are systems hooked up to the internet that will give you an account on their Unix-based computer and let you use various Unix programs. Often, very little help is given, so a good book on Linux or Unix might be necessary if you decide to check these out.

You'll also need a decent telnet program to visit these sites. While they have web addresses, the only way to log into their system is via telnet. The telnet program that comes with Windows really doesn't cut it, but you can find Token Telnet, an excellent free program at http://www.choung.net/resources/body_AntiqueSoftware.html .

Most of the shell providers will also give you an e-mail address and some will also provide you with webspace. You can also get access to more utilities and programs for a nominal (often one-time) fee.

There is a list of free shell providers at http://www.leftfoot.com/freeshells.html . Of the ones on the list, I've check out http://www.freeshells.org and http://theunixplace.com . I liked thetheunixplace.com so much that I paid for a lifetime membership (25 bucks!) that gives me access to most unix utilities, development environments, the ability to run IRC bots (geek chic), and a 100 MB directory for files, including a web site. You can do a lot with 100MB of space.

Alright, that's all the info you need to get started. Go out and learn something new this month — Unix.

Now, onto the punk rock. In honor of this being the October issue, I'm going to mention the site for all of you ghoul rockers and wanna-be ghoul-rockers out there — http://www.deathrock.com/ . Covering the entire death genre, from punk to metal to dark electronic stuff, you'll get a good dose of Halloween all-year round at their website.

From West Haven, CT comes Psychotic Reaction (http://www.psychoticreaction.net/). They've put together a decent site, with some mp3s of their stuff, all of their lyrics, photos, reasonably price merchandise, and the like. In other words, the usual band site. However, check it out because these guys have a heavy old-school sound, though sometimes I think their lyrics are a bit silly.

Another band who has been around for almost a decade and has your standard, photo, songs, lyrics, etc. website is Pizzle from Indianapolis. One thing that I like a lot about this site, however, is the "Exploits" section, where they have stories about shit that has happened to them at shows. I'd love to see more bands do stuff like this, because it makes for interesting reading. Anyway, check out http://www.pizzle.net/ and find out more.

I mentioned the Spirit of '77 website about a year ago, but since then they've moved and upgraded their tunes from Real Audio to the mp3 format. Spirit of '77 is an archive of tunes from bands from Holland (and that part of Europe) whose records are extremely rare. There is no background info on the groups, but you can get a download a great sounding mp3. Spirit of '77 is hosted at http://www.antidote.nl/77/ .

Speaking of old stuff, there is a relatively new site called PunkFix at http://www.punkfix.com that has a bunch of reprints of interviews from various zines dating back to 1980 or so, as well as some original content. They have a decent looking message board, though it doesn't see much activity, and they are looking for contributors, so this is your chance to be heard (or be lost among the din of all of the other writers on the net... but give it your best shot anyway). It looks like the guys that run this are also collector scum, so there are a few articles focused in that direction.

Finally this month I need to mention the Gearhead Magazine website, if only because their streaming audio "Gearhead Radio" smokes! The site has a news and merch section, but you can't actually read anything from the magazine. That pretty much bites, but the music is worth it, if you have a connection that can handle the stream. Visit Gearhead at http://www.gearheadmagazine.com/ .

Okay, that does it for me. I've actually updated my site, so you can check out my columns at http://netpunk.diehippiedie.com or you can e-mail me your site at netpunk@diehippiedie.com. That is all.

The weak may never inherit the earth, but they just might blow the fuck out of it on the way out.

As hundreds of thousands of Americans find themselves downsized, rightsized, laid off and plain old fired during this latest economic meltdown, some of them are getting even.

"I have been loyal to the company in good times and bad times for over 30 years," read an anonymous note to the president of a New Jersey-based chemical company. "I was expecting a member of top management to come down from his ivory tower to face us with the layoff announcement, rather than sending the kitchen supervisor with guards to escort us off the premises like criminals. You will pay for your senseless behavior." Pay they did: the downsized/rightsized/laid-off/fired ex-information management systems manager deleted his former employer's inventory and personnel files from the comfort of his newly-unaffordable home, causing estimated damages of up to $20 million. The sabotage was so extensive that the company had to cancel its IPO.

"I don't recall at any time in history, and I've been in this for 30 years, where the degree of destruction was quite as high," employment attorney Linn Hinds, whose corporate clients are closing factories and sending their erstwhile workers to the fiscal hereafter, tells *The New York Times*.

Only in America would executive arrogance push a $186,000-a-year employee into Bolshevism. God bless America!

It's been too long coming, but American corporations are finally beginning to get what they deserve for treating their workers like equipment. Whether they're hacking into data files or stealing their own impromptu severance packages—according to the Association of Certified Fraud Examiners, six percent of gross corporate revenues are stolen by disgruntled workers—ex-employees are striking back at companies that force them to work unpaid overtime, without benefits, in cramped cubicles, until their overcompensated bosses let them go with little or no severance.

Like the Diggers and Luddites before them, these heroic figures understand that government is no longer in the business of protecting workers from rapacious bosses. In a world where CEOs aren't stoned to death for collecting raises at the same time they're letting the people who do the real work go, justice is something you get for yourself.

Not everyone who gets laid off has a legitimate grudge. If a business isn't doing well, if its executives set dignified examples by slashing or eliminating their own pay, if they give workers several months notice of problems so they can begin looking for new jobs and if they issue generous—certainly not worth less than six months' pay—severance checks, the unlucky unemployed should say their farewells, forget their passwords and move on quietly. You're not getting even, after all, unless you've been done wrong.

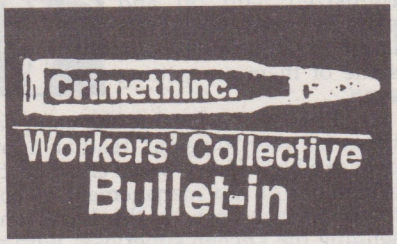
But companies that rely on such Gestapo tactics as security guards and curt notices of dismissal, those who cut you a two-

week check or none at all and particularly those whose senior executives continue to collect seven-figure paychecks for their services as failed managers, deserve anything they get. In that situation, not only is there nothing unethical about deleting a few vital files or diverting petty cash, it is an affront to decency for you not to do so. Corporate America has been violating labor laws and basic rules of civility as long as they have because countless millions of broken-hearted workers have let themselves get tossed out with the morning's trash by incompetent thugs who lined their pockets with the fruits of their suffering. The more that victims of corporate greedheads hit them in their bottom lines, the more civilized the next round of layoffs will be. It may be a free market out there, but laissez faire is a French phrase for anarchy.

"[Dismissed workers'] main concern," asserts labor lawyer Jonathan Alpert, "is figuring out to get their lives together, not masterminding some sort of retaliation."

Let's do something about that.

Book stuff: I'll be signing my new books *2024* and *Search and Destroy* around the country this fall. I'll be at Books & Co. in Kettering, Ohio at 2 pm on Saturday September 1 and at Barnes & Noble at Astor Place, New York City, at 7:30 pm on Thursday September 6. Watch my website rall.com for later dates on the West Coast.



Innate Resistance

Suresh was an angel in a business suit. He stopped in the middle of the highway to make room for the three of us in the crowded sedan. So, he said smoothly as he maneuvered back into the flow of traffic, you're travelers headed where? Ah, Prague. I suppose you know, then, about the demonstrations happening there next month?

Supposedly, the cardinal rule of getting on with strangers as you hitchhike is *Don't talk politics*. You are trapped in their moving vehicle, after all, and you're likely to end up with an earful from some guy who's decided you're a prime audience for his reactionary rant, and who has absolutely no intention of letting you get a word in edgewise. Especially if you're female. Nonetheless, I've broken that magic rule in almost every car I've climbed into. By now I should know better than to expect all businessmen to fall into my stereotypes; I've met so many anarchist assholes and so many apolitical angels I ought to have learned to wait before I try to fit people neatly into my assumptions. All the same, at Suresh's opening comment my stomach sank in anticipation of yet another lecture about the futility of activism, the ignorance of anti-capitalist, and the all-round impracticality of dreaming.

But Suresh paid attention to each word as the three of us began slowly to talk about our own politics. Finally, he said, "I think it's clear to many of us that something is missing from our lives. The numbers go up in the stock market, in the standard of living, the rates of unemployment go down, but clearly our lives are not getting better. I don't have time for this or that, we say - but fifty, thirty-five years ago you wouldn't have heard that in Eastern Europe, for example. Everyone had time for their lives. Now... something is gone and there doesn't seem to be a way to get it back. But no one knows who to blame, who's accountable."

"Maybe that's part of the point of these protests," Maegan countered. "Not to make it so the new enemy is the head of the IMF or the WTO, but so there can be something real to focus our anger on, something that makes it possible for people to try to look at the systems that are really behind what we're talking about."

"Perhaps. But I doubt very much that any kind of real social movement is possible anymore. The thing is that we're just too behaved, we're all groomed to be very, very obedient. You see all these dissident theories being published all over the place, but who is paying attention? We're free to talk about change all we like, but we're equally conditioned not to respond, to even our own ideas. Those people who claim to be fighting for radical change - they claim success when they enter negotiations with their opponents, but that isn't change. It's just a different round of obedience."

A sticky silence fell. Kika and Maegan both looked out the windows, chewing on their own thoughts. I shook my head impatiently at the highway. I don't have time for this hopeless pragmatism, I thought. I haven't got enough certainty to withstand the sense of futility, it slides to easily into nihilism. I'm tired of being told that the Last Real Social Movement ended in Paris '68, or Berkeley '69, Poland '81, or wherever, just like I'm sick of being written off because I look young, because I'm a girl, because I talk about wings and dreams and poetry. I've been standing guard vigilantly on top of a fortress of possibility, trying desperately to shoot arrows with dream-messages attached straight into the hearts of everyone who crosses my path. Now my arms are getting tired, and if I listen long enough to everyone trying to shout me down eventually I'll just take their advice and throw myself off the parapet. Best to leave this argument to Maegan and Kika and their kinder words, I though, I'm too snappish to defend the politics of hope.

Suresh, watching me in the rearview mirror smiled sagely. "I don't think it's entirely hopeless, though. For the last thirty years, in my own small ways I've been watching the world change. There are two places I've seen the most possibility to shift the course of things, even the course of history if you like." Oops. What was it I just said about waiting to leap into my assumptions? "The first is that, in certain places, there are cultures, smaller communities impervious to any economic onslaught. In Southern Italy, for instance, where my wife comes from, and in some places in India, where I was born; it's impossible to make the lives of these people become wrapped around external systems of money and economic power. Their lives are elsewhere. And consequently their culture is so strong, resistance is innate.

"And the second - well let me give you an example. This was years ago, when I worked in the steel industry for a large firm, as a vice president. I was told to lay off first three hundred, then all six hundred workers at one particular plant. The company wasn't even in a bad position, really, but the profit margins could have been higher. In any case, I knew it was unnecessary, there were other solutions, though of course if I refused to make the firings I would lose my job." He smiled mischievously as he said this, as though deliberately losing one's extremely well paid upper management position were a slightly daring prank rather than fodder for a mid-life crisis.

"I didn't refuse outright; instead I offered to buy the plant. Of course it was impossible and in the end I was fired, but if forced the company to acknowledge that the plant was still profitable, and it could no longer be simply shut down."

"Kika nodded vigorously. "^*That's* how changes happen, I think. We start to realize that we aren't only cogs in the wheels of some machine that just grinds on and on no matter what we do. Even though they seem so removed from us, ultimately none of these systems work without our participation. We *are* that machine, in ones and twos and small groups and hundreds, and that means we're the ones who can make the cracks in it. That's where my biggest hope is, the possibility of refusing to participate in our own powerlessness. What makes it so hard though - at least in the States - is that we've got such thick illusions about our choices; it's like you said before, we're conditioned not to act, and that's constantly reinforced by the idea that there's only just a few narrow possibilities in the first place. That's how we start making those cracks, by making new possibilities. "

Suresh agreed. "Once you begin to have some insight into the way things are actually moving... once you open your eyes and you see the need for change, you either become a wise person, your turn inwards and look for answers there, or else you become a revolutionary."

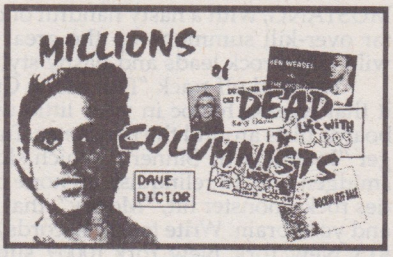
"He laughed. "Or you do both, if you have time."

Suddenly I thought I understood how it was that Suresh could speak at once with such detachment that is sounded like hopelessness, and then go on to talk about the potential for change with optimism that bordered on certainty. I thought about our friend back in Olympia who always says, "Revolution is more fun that monopoly." For Suresh this was all a game, but with real human players. For him, hope wasn't something you

had to defend vigorously, it just *was;* hope was innate, the way he described resistance. And in fact the two come from the same place.

Resistance is crushed by conquering hope, by convincing us that either there's nothing better to work for, or else it can never be achieved. But Suresh had already disproved that in his life. Whether it happens with 50,000 other people in the streets or between the walls of an all-girl squat, whether it comes through small groups or a massive social movement - Suresh reminded me that change is possible, more is possible. When we divide our resistance from our hope, we back ourselves into a corner and we lose both; but when we allow ourselves the freedom to imagine more, when we help each other insist that change is possible - that's when we have the strength to create it. Sometimes, more hope is the best you can hope for.

When I find myself in this place of incontrovertible aliveness, when the world is on fire and I am with it - I think, I won't forget this, I won't be lost in the pettiness



M.D.C. has just completed a three week tour of Brazil. Here is the beginnings of the log I kept and by next issue I hope to have ready the full article of our journey with photos and interviews of bands we met and played with. We planned the tour D.I.Y. with a fellow named George Ferreiro. We arrived at Kennedy Airport 8pm, checked in, and then we were asked to and then sang a few songs on acoustic guitar for the American Airline reservationists crew. They were really pretty cool folks. Back in the day airline crews were out and out afraid of punk bands or at least they just hated us. Not today with this flight crew. Then we boarded our flight and for $629 you get a decent vegetarian meal thrown in, in the way of a tofu vegi rice medley, if you fly remember order vegetarian or vegan. Thirteen hours, Crouching Tiger Hidden Dragon in flight movie later, we arrive.... jet set proletariat .... I was thinking about the crash sequence out of Castaway would be cool to watch but of course the airlines would never show a plane wreck movie. I wondered for a second if they show train wreck movies. I'm quite morbid about these things.

July 11

So we actually stayed awake through the night and arrived bright and early and here Tuesday about 9am, we make it through customs no problema. No baggage checks, cool by me. I hate all customs everywhere. Millions Of Dead Cops has such a shoddy success rate with customs. Then we make it quickly through immigration and spot our Brazilian hosts double cool. They whisk us away and take us to deep in the center of the world's third largest city, Sao Paulo. Metro Sao Paulo has 16 million plus citizens. It is a multi cultured city with large Italian, Spanish, Central European, a half million Japanese and varied amounts of different Asiatic peoples are added to this already blended mixture of Portuguese, African and Native Indian mix of mestizos and mulattos. If world beat sounds could ever have just one home this certainly could be it, it is July, Brazil's winter, but still it is 80 F and the view is very clear, from the air upon landing, I could see the deep red, rich clay earth next to the various shades of green, some of which I have never seen on vegetation in person before. This is my first time below the equator. This is very cool to me. I feel like Mykel Board on one of his exotic journeys.

From the airport we drive directly to our host's friends apartments in downtown Sao Paulo. I think for an overcrowded city of 16 million we are making good time. Sao Paulo is Brazil's New York. It is the financial capital, a lot of manufacturing, slums everywhere. It is one of the first places settled in Brazil in the early 1500's. Architecturally and visually I am reminded of Barcelona and parts of Northern Italy. Large boulevards, with webs of tiny back streets, containing thousands of bodegas that all seem to sell the same coffee, liquor, ices, sweet cakes and cough drops. There is a danger in the air ...almost like lower Manhattan in the 1970's. This is paradise....to be continued.....(so look for this in the next issue).....mdcops@hotmail.com.....also MDC with Molotov Cocktail and many others at CBGB's Sept 23rd Sunday...be at you next month. Dave Dictor.

"Just Plain Pissed"

Oi! Hammer Records has a hard hitting Oi! single out by the ferocious German Oi! band GIFT & GALLE. The first track is "Schall & Rauch" and this track slowly crawls into your brain with its melodic Oi! and deep guttural German lyrics. The second song is "Unite" and this strong Oi! tune is even slower and more menacing than the first. Side two starts out at a much faster clip with "Blond Und Blauaugig". The singing is emphatic and crushing. Song number two is "Neuzeit" and this one has a great punk and Oi! tempo punctuated with the perfect quantity of Oi!'s. The guitar player fills in the voids with superb leads. The final song on the record is "Demokratie?" and this rounds out an enjoyable group of Oi! songs.

The next record we will examine on Oi! Hammer Records is THE CRASHED with their EP *Atemstillstand*. This has more of the gruff German singing that you have come to know and love. The music moves along at a friendly pace with the lead off title song, "Atemstillstand". On song number two, "Leave Me Alone", the guitar player fleshes out the project with skillful metallic leads. This song is sung in English with the band members supplying back-up vocals. The entire package works well. Side two features "Sieh' Nach Vorn" and "Der Letzte Dreck", which are sung with enthusiasm in the German language. THE CRASHED come across well on this release - this is good German Oi! with appropriate guitar leads.

Oi! Hammer presents a newly reissued record by DOSE BRUTAL. These Brazilian punks had a couple of good punk rock LPs on the Radykaos label back in 1987 and 1988. The new EP is a reprise of the material from 1987.

DOSE BRUTAL start off with "Vadia", the title cut from the 1987 Radykaos LP. These songs still have a keen punk edge even after all that has transpired during the last fourteen years.

The second song on the EP is "Veneno Lento", which was the first track from the *Vadia* LP. These songs are sung in Portuguese with an English translation lyric sheet included. This punk music conveys the power of that era. The band members sing back-up vocals with much proficiency.

Side two starts with "Cidade Maldita" - "Damned City" - about their home town of Sao Paulo, Brazil and all the problems they encountered. Read these lyrics: "The city's lights shut down my eyes to not see/ See everything that I don't really wanna see anymore/ This is my destiny, and this is yours, and maybe to really kill/ I talk to walls, and I have just started to talk to doors/ I have got my creed that one day this will get worse/ The world is a sphere, and this sphere one day will crash/ In this neurosis which we're living in, it's better to lock us off/ In a very dark room, where nobody will go/ Rats are sweeping/ People killing themselves/ Cops to beat up/ Sao Paulo, damned city/ I see falsity and lies in each face I meet/ Priests and politicians are showing their angel's face/ They are not less than corrupts who live in order to steal our pockets/ Promises are lies, and lies are going to be discovered by people/ Misery/ Mads/ Police, in the city I meet/ Damned city, city/ Damned city, city/ City, city, city damned city/ City, city, city, damned city".

The last song is "In Certo" - "Uncertain" - asking: "Who's going to show me all the wrong things....The treason that spoils the world destroys the folks of this nation...". A good record - it's difficult to find the original, so pick up this reissue. For all three of these fine skinhead/street punk releases write to: Oi! Hammer Records, Postfach 2303, 59013 Hamm, Germany.

RIOT 99 has a great street punk/Oi! 45 available for you skins and punks this month! Ter (ex-GLORY STOMPERS)

Howard, Drew and Nathalie have put together a strong slab of punk rock for you!

RIOT 99 start the ball rolling with the 45's title cut "Destroy the City". This is hard punk rock with good sing-a-long parts and superior guitar playing. These Canadians tap into the 1983 NO FUTURE British style vein of punk. Side A is "Start a Riot", where Ter and company lay down another infectious street-n-Oi! tune for the kids. One would get the impression that these men and women are plenty pissed off! As RIOT 99 puts it so succinctly, they are "putting the bullocks back into punk"! This is good punk music! Write to: Riot Records, c/o Taras O., PO Box 462, 31 Adelaide St. E, Toronto, Ontario, M5C2J5, Canada.

Fucking DEATHCHARGE from Portland, Oregon has dropped a major salvo on your town! With "Plastic Smiles", their second record, you are treated to a three song, one-sided, seven inch of unbridled DEATHCHARGE mayhem!! The band comes to the table with a fist full of anger and a caustic attitude- the songs "See Through Their Lies" and "Pathetic Sheep" are scorching!! This is medium-fast punk with churning guitars and shouted vocals- fans of DEFIANCE might appreciate this. Write to Destruction Records, c/o After the Bomb Records, P.O. Box 66876, Portland, Oregon 97290.

There's a twin pronged attack coming at you from Japan!! The damage sustained by merely one listen to the BRAINEATERS/ STUPID BABIES GO MAD split EP is significant!! The BRAINEATERS side of this disc is a brutal aural violation with hoarse singing and great metal guitar riffs. Mr. Thorn recognized a similarity to the sounds of DEATHSIDE. The STUPID BABIES GO MAD side is more along the lines of the CANDYSNATCHERS partying with SLAYER- Fucking very good!! Contact SGBM, Yutaka Nagafusa, 1112-1-101, Hara, Numazu, Shizuoka, 410-0312, Japan. email/ ponafusa@charis.dricas.com. Distribution: Ebullition.

Chelseagirl Records has a couple of charming vinyl tidbits for you louts. The first item Chelseagirl offers this month is the EP by the COCKNEY REJECTS called *Favorite Tunes* . This EP contains four of the COCKNEY REJECTS' tunes from *1980* : "Oi!, Oi!, Oi!", "Bad Man, "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles", and "War on the Terraces". No matter what the COCKNEY REJECTS did afterwards, the first two LPs and the early handful of singles are brilliant!

The COCKNEY REJECTS were formed in 1978 by Stinky Turner on vocals and MIckey Geggus on guitar. These two kids from the East end of London set the punk music world on it's ear in June of 1979 with the release of "Police Car" on the *Flare n' Slippers* EP released by Small Wonder Records.

The COCKNEY REJECTS signed on EMI Records in late seventy-nine, and with Jimmy Pursey (SHAM 69) producing, recorded two singles and the classic debut LP *Greatest Hits Volume One* , which reached number 22 on the British charts in March 1980. The rest, as they say, is history. The COCKNEY REJECTS remain one of the most respected and influential groups of their day.

The second record out on Chelseagirl Records is SOCIAL DESCENT, with their EP, *Nicht Knicken* . This EP is all over the map. This four song EP opens with a melodic country-punk song "Rollin" and then lapses into a metal-tinged punk/guitar anthem, "Big Brother".

Side two starts with a pop Oi!/punk song, "The Boys Are Out Tonight", which will be too slow for some punks, but might appeal to the VANILLA MUFFINS fans. Song number fours starts out with a quiet spoken part and dreamy guitar, but picks up momentum, and becomes a decent street punk tune. This is a very tough record to pigeonhole because of the eclectic music styles. Write to Chelseagirl Records, PO Box 101515, 86005 Augsburg, Germany, www.69records.de.

007 Records out of New York has two fucking full-tilt punk rock selections for you this month! The MUD CITY MANGLERS are the first to assault your sensibilities with their *Tired of Losing* 45. These fucked up punks from the Northeast show you why the tri-state area of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania produce some of the most dangerous punk anywhere! The fucking MUD CITY MANGLERS have the shit!

After the sonic blast of "Tired of Losing" quenches your appetite for scum-punk, tend to your bleeding ears and flip this bitch over. Go ahead - punk out to "How Do You Know", and you will understand right away why the Australians hold the MUD CITY MANGLERS in such high regard. This rough rock n' roll will appeal to fans of the beer-soaked nocturnal emissions of the ONYAS and the COSMIC PSYCHOS. This shit has fast guitars, shouted vocals, and absolutely no redeeming social value what-so-ever! The band gives you a one page treatise on the merits of drinking- now this is my kind of band! Be sure to pick up a copy of the MUD CITY MANGLERS "Heart Full of Hate" LP on Stolen Records/International Trash Records- Fucking stunning!!! "Heart Full of Hate" is one of Ms. Rema Young's top ten LP'S of the year, and Rema knows raw unadulterated punk rock! See Rema's review of the "Tired of Losing" 45 in this issue. Furthermore, read Ms. Young's review of the mighty LIMECELL'S "If We Can't Rock It's War" CD. Ms Young is a charter member of the West Coast Confederacy of Scum Supporters and has been in the corner for ANTiSEEN and LIMECELL since the early days- back when this region was just learning to appreciate East Coast Scum Rock and Wrestling. LIMECELL gets two favorable reviews in this issue- this magazine can still surprise you now and then by exhibiting good taste!

The next slab of dirt punk this month on 007 Records is MUSTANG, with a nasty handful of chords and vocals. The guitar over-kill summons up the great god TURBONEGRO with wild Glam rock leads and flashy style.

The lead off track "Full Moon Crazy", has a frantic edge to it that wreaks havoc in your little world. A smattering of keyboards flirts around the perimeter. Turn this fucker over and you get "Intergalactic Sinners" which slows the zany pace down a smidgen only to relinquish all hope of salvation with the seventies rock- monster hit, "Money", that finishes off both the record and your brain. Write to 007 Records/Subarton, 534 East 14th St. #15, New York, New York 10009, subortion@hotmail.com.

Fucking SMOGTOWN, the new champions of Southern California beach punk, are set to release a full length CD, *Domesticviolenceland* on Mr. Duane Peters' Disaster Records. Besides the originals, the SMOGTOWN crew will include a cover of the song, "Suburban Lords" by the 60's English band THE DEVIANTS. Look for the full length CD, *Domesticviolenceland* at the end of September.

We got a fun new underground music magazine for you punks and skins! It is called CRUSHER put out by Trek and Clay in San Antonio, Texas . Issue number three has some good shit-interviews of BONECRUSHER the BULEMICS and DRI plus record reviews of ANTiSEEN, THE AUTHORITY, GENERATORS, CHAOS UK/ASSFORT, BONECRUSHER, SEPULTURA and more. Plus you get some tits and ass in a personals column and some live music reviews. Next issue you can look forward to stuff about OXYMORON, COCKNOOSE, and the LOWER CLASS BRATS. If you want to subscribe or order back issues write to :

Clay- mysterygraffix@yahoo.com or, Trek- trekbgh@yahoo.com.

Until next month-

See you fucks at the bar.

We talk a lot about how the punk scene is male dominated; about how there are not enough women involved. So I've been thinking about that of late. For so many years I was one of the girls who hung around with the boys. I had girl and boy friends and we all hung out together. I didn't think much of it. However - I can realize now that I was very much a part of that sort of environment which pits women against each other rather than embracing them automatically as friends. I now feel that I missed out on a lot of opportunities to befriend other women. However, I also realize that I have always been surrounded by cool women. And I have never really felt that lack or that void of fellow women in the scene, and that is something that I really appreciate now-a-days.

I feel that I was really lucky because when I was growing up there were a ton of rad women role models. I don't know if

there was a particularly high amount of women involved in my home town local scene, or not, but there were quite a number of them - and they taught me so much. I just remember being surrounded by these rad strong women. The sort of women who had a "don't fuck with me" edge. These were the women of punk that I had to look up to. Women from other cities - and women who went off to other cities. All weaving influence together into our little town. I often think of these women and what they taught me and the ways in which they inspired me.

During those years for me I was obsessed with punk women. I mean I figured that I was a punk women - so I not only wanted to know other punk women, I wanted to listen to bands with women and read their zines. I would flip through the reviews in MRR and read the ads and seek out the women or references to them - and write off for their records and zines. All the while I had women around me - K. who first taped Crass' Penis Envy record for me and introducing me to so many other new bands. Being that it was the 80s and not the new millennium — things were different. There was no riot grrl - there wasn't a real sense of female bonding - at least not the way that I feel now. And that is what I think about now - the differences - how things have changed - and not. Maybe it was just that I wasn't open to it. I was to set on getting the attention of the boys. Who knows.

But there was this one girl who was just a few years older than me - old enough to have never been in the same school and to have moved to California by the time I was in high school and hanging out hard. For that first year or so that I was hanging out hard with the punks — people would constantly come up to me and call me Sharon. "I'm not Sharon," I would say. And they would tell me how I looked like her, or reminded them of her. Apparently we had similar hair styles, both did fanzines, and were both photographers. It got to the point where I was like "who the fuck is Sharon" - and I was intrigued all the same at someone who was so much like me or, who I was so much like. Finally Sharon returned to our home town and I met her - full of awe and reverence for this older rad punk woman who so many had thought I was (and of course secretly relishing in that comparison). She was cool. We hung out. But we never really got to spend that much time together or get to be that good of friends. But she did sing me Siouxie and the Banshee's "Christine", which I think was the first time I was a "Christine", and I never forgot that, and secretly relished in her attention. I have often though of and even refereed to Sharon as my twin sister, and she's always been in the back of my mind as someone who I had a strong link to.

This summer I was home in Pennsylvania at this annual arts festival. There was a reunion of an old local band who we used to always go to see - and it brought out many long lost familiar faces. Not exactly the "punks" - but the closest assembly of such I would ever expect to see there. It also reminded me of how diverse my "punk youth" really was. And in a sense - it was like a reunion of my youth and a big reflection of where I came from and the variety of influences that I had. And there was Sharon. We both kind of got all ga-ga and humble and shy with each other - but with this instant magnetism and draw. We got to hang out some - and went to a party with yet another spontaneous band reunion. We caught up a bit on our lives. She told me about living with gypsies in Hungary and photographing them and I couldn't help but think how incredibly rad she was and how easily we could have sat and talked or driven and talked for hours and even days and never tired of each other with our still common interests and bonds. It made me realize how close you can feel to someone who you don't even really know. In fact, it made me realize how little we actually did know each other, and yet how much it seemed we shared. I couldn't help but that about this almost cosmic bond or link of a shared sisterhood was so strong. I have only really ever felt that once before - when I first met Karoline and we literally fell to the ground and sat under the table at ABC NO RIO - ignoring the rest of the world while we melted into our own shared experience of a tight knit bond.

Running into Sharon again got me thinking about growing up, about my home town, about how I got into punk, and how I've stayed into punk. About the women I grew up with and about how they influenced me. And about the strong bond I feel with them and with other punk women. About how now I seek them out now and feel an even deeper connection that I would expect possible. Sometimes it's just kinda neat to be thrown back to where you came from — and revel in it a bit — especially of course when it feels good.

write to me at Chris(tine) c/o Slug & Lettuce, PO Box 26632, Richmond VA 23261-6632

Scene Report: Libertatia
Correspondents: John Geek, Corbett Redford

It's June 22, 2000. You see the sign for "East Park Reservoir" about midway between Sacramento and Redding in central northern California. You exit I-5, go through the sleepy (and suspicious) small town of Maxwell, drive through some pretty big hills (you'd hesitate to call them mountains), surrounded by dry brush grasses and scattered oaks. It's really hot—June here feels like August does in most of California. Your pale, tattooed lil' bod is sweating and you swapped the beer for water 20 miles ago. It's not quite a desert, but you get the distinctive feeling that a large standing body of water here would likely be the result of some serious engineering feat. You're beginning to think the message/directions on (510) BAD-SMUT were completely full of shit. No one could possibly be having a four day, 40-band free punk show out here. I mean, sure, you've been to plenty of shows in remote towns, but they're still *towns*. With people and everything. You've seen maybe three houses in 40 miles. Those goddamn Geeks and Pirates are fucking with us. They're sitting in their air-conditioned luxury condos in Oakland right now, hanging out with Jerry Brown, laughing as they drink 1954 Merlot and watch the live broadcast of the Led Zeppelin/Devo/Amebix reunion tour on the E! network. Fucking Bastards. Wait, does that paper plate stapled to a telephone pole have a skull and crossbones Pac-Man on it, and an arrow pointing to the right?

Town of Lodoga, straight ahead. There's no town. There's a trailer outlet and a really overpriced general store. Mental note: Stock up on beer, asswipe and food *before* the fest next time. These directions suck. Let's try the (510) BAD-SMUT again, do I have change for the phone? $1.50 for three minutes?!?! Same shitty directions. The people in the store seem happy to see me, fucked-up hair and all. "You must be goin' to that Geekfest thing, y'all lost?" "Is that the Pirate Fest, Libertatia?" you ask. "Yeah, that one.." They sell me double-price beer and sort-of tell me how to get there. Lake Lodoga is just off to the right, about one hundred yards from the store. All dirt road. Lake Lodoga, according to the signs, seems to be a pretty damned big irrigation reservoir. It doesn't smell so great and dust clouds billow up as you drive down the dirt road, but that water looks really good right now regardless.

You pass RVs, jet skiers, Broncos holding entirely mulleted families looking at you funny. Periodically, paper plates with the little skull and crossbones Pac-Man, a directional arrow, and "Libertatia" scrawled on them point you in one direction or another, but you're grateful that you got some semblance of directions from the store. Fuck, how big is this lake? You look ahead and see another parked RV, but this one has a huge Political Silence banner flying off of it. A bunch of half-naked savages, covered in dust, rush up from another direction and whack your car with foam swords. You park the car, get the hell out, rush straight past the already filled porta-potties and the 60 or so people gathered under the tarp around the stage listening to some grindcore/polka band, and jump right in the lake. A lot of other people seem to have the same idea, and Steve List quickly passes you an inner tube and Russ Lungbutter passes you a bottle of rum. Ahh...Suddenly it's paradise.

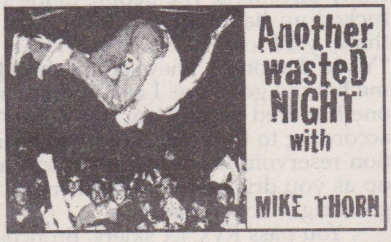
Libertatia 2000 happened June 22-25, hosted by the Pirate Punx Crew and the Geekfest S.P.A.M. Collective IL WdS the f urth yearly event, and the third one with the Pirate Punx (da Geeks did it alone the first year). This year the primary organization was by Mad Marcus Da Anarchist, king of the Pirate Punx, and Dan Abbott of Geekfest/S.P.A.M. and ex-singer/guitarist of Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children MacNuggits (John

Geek retired as the main Geekfest rep last year after the evil sadistic experiment of 1999, which featured eight days and around 100 bands). Food Not Bombs once again provided us with a kitchen and some food fixins, assuring that everyone would be kept alive with heapin' twice-daily helpins' of Vegan Gruel. Drinking water, nicely heat-blasted by the sun, was also available. Tons of people helped out in ways too numerous to mention, and together it makes for a damn good time. Everything, of course, is free (not necessarily for the organizers, but hey, that's what benefit shows are for). All in all, it's a nice little autonomous community, and even the local pigs like us because we clean up after ourselves and no one dies.

I could do the *MRR* thing and give you a bunch of rad descriptions of the 40 (or so) bands who played, but there's a bit more to the event than that. Hell, there's treasure hunts, passing out in the dirt, inner tube armadas, lots of cool girls and boys, people from all over the US (and a few international), stocks for punishment (unfortunately never used), independent film, bonfires, camping, foam sword battles, Jet Skibaiting, midnight game shows, puppet shows, and other things too fun to really disclose (we get in enough trouble already).

Some of the bands that did play were PCP Roadblock, Lana Dagales, Spishak, Turd Wrenchers, Hell Hath No Fury, Wuzor, P.A.W.N.S., Kojak, Rosemary's Billygoat, Fleshies, Human Beans, Ahisma, Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children MacNuggits, Eulogy, Federation X, Firefighters For Christ, Dairy Queens, Finky Binks, The Jocks, Antagony, Secretions, Phoenix Thunderstone, Fuck Mods We're The Rockers, Shut The Fuck Up, Scary Homeless Guys, Shotwell, Steven Schultz, Comatoast, Tahrlungh, Cope, Skaterman, Cruevo, The Blast Rocks't', Los Rabbis, Iron Ass, Noncompliance, Narrows, Flobby Tthmouse, Jamie Kennedy. I'm sure I'm missing some, but I was probably too drunk to notice.

Anyway, keep an eye out for next year. We could always use some people to help carry stuff up there, book/play benefit shows, donate food, and volunteer in general. We always need *lots* of help while we're up there, and one hour spent helping cook for 200 people (or pick up trash, etc) is a BIG help. Touring bands, feel free to call. It'll probably happen around mid-June, 2001, so you can always look around for flyers, look on The List, call (510) BAD-SMUT (or email geekfest1999@hotmail.com) or send C'pn Black Dog an ode at pyratepunx@hotmail.com.



(Warning: This column may not make any sense at all as it is all short bursts of random thoughts which have been whizzing through my skull. Sorry, for an level of intelligence that it might cause you to lose as a result of reading it.)

What the hell is wrong with so many people these days, huh? I mean maybe it's just here, in San Francisco, but it just seems like so many people I encounter just walk around so defeated and jaded. While I'm not one known to maintain some sort of overbearing PMA (Positive Mental Attitude–for those of you who don't have a clue), it just makes me wanna smack them upside the head and scream *"what the fuck is wrong with you?!"*

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I hereby declare that punx should dress like punx! No more of this, "it doesn't matter what I look like, it's what's inside that counts" bullshit. Fuck that new age crap. I wanna be able to look at someone and know they are "down" from ten blocks away! Studs and spikes for everyone.

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DS-13 of will be in the good old U.S. of fuck'n A. (perhaps you've heard of it?) one week from today (August 23rd). I'm so fucking stoked for this tour and you should be too. I mean it's only one of *the* best punk bands, and you all did the right thing *so far* and supported both E-150 and VITAMIN X on their recent tours, so make it three for three and go and catch these cats as they rip it up across this great and vast land of ours. So, to aide you in your communication with these folx here are a few useful phrases (with convienent pronunciation guides) that you can throw at them when you see them…

Hejsan (*haysan*) = Hello

Jag förstår inte. (*yaag furstawr inteh)* = I don't understand. (You'll be saying that alot.)

Har ni öl (*haar nee url)* = Do you have any beer.(Their bassist will probably ask you this alot.)

Jag behöver en advokat. (*yaag behurver en advookaat)* = I need a lawyer. (They'll probably be saying this alot.)

Vi trivs inte alls. (*vee trivs inteh als)* = We're having a terrible time. (This is what you should heckle them with.)

Speaking of quality punk rock from northern Europe, have your heard the INTENSITY LP yet? Holy fuck, what a total ripper.When I saw them in Copenhagen nearly two years ago I was pretty floored, and while I was into their ten inch, *Wash Off The Lies*, it didn't even come close to the power of their live set–which this new LP totally does. You should be able to get this from Ebullition. In local news, I scored a copy of SF's own BLOWN TO BITS' demo tape, it it rips hard as fuck in the brutal, slightly metallic d-beat sort of way that I totally adore. They should have an EP out soon so keep your ear to the ground and your finger in those record bins. So, Nabate (from Belgium) keeps on putting out the best records and I keep treating myself to them. Most recently they have produced for us a LP by COUNTER ATTACK, full-on CONFLICT style punk with well thought out and articulated lyrics and writings. Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful–everyone, please mail Alain Nabate flowers for blessing us with such amazing records as UNHINGED, MANIFESTO JUKEBOX and now this. Do I really have to tell you how good the new FROM ASHES RISE LP is? Those of you who thought that the TRAGEDY LP would be the champion release of this style of dark and brooding punk rock better start eating your hats now cause this totally floors that sucker. Not that I need to say it but totally essential.

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My quest to cut sugar out of my diet has been harder than I thought it would be, that shit just sneaks up in every stupid thing known to man. It's also amazing how when I do break down and eat/drink something like soda or candy, how nauseatingly sweet they are now, I can't believe how much of that crap I used to consume and in what massive volumes. Don't even ask about my quest to annihilate coffee from my old intake valve, cause that's just been a losing battle from day one, though I am proud to state that I only drink about one pot a day now! Hurrah! Let's hear it for me!

•

So on August 15th I turned 27 years old. Most folx around me on a daily basis are probably sick of me talking about my birthday, but it has made me think about many things relating to being punk and getting older. I'm quite worried about my body falling apart, developing some deadly illness or worse me being involved in some sort of horrendous accident. Probably mostly irrational fears, I know but still, it's something I worry about rather frequently. I guess my parents constant beratement about me not having health insurance has sort of implanted itself on my brain like a gnawing virus that beckons me to worry on a daily basis. But I do feel that it is legitimate on some level and is something that I'm going to have to deal with sooner or later, because one day my luck will run and and the possibility of being up a financial shit creek without the accompanying paddle is a very real and scary one indeed. I mean what if it comes down to lifesaving surgery or selling my record collection–then what? I mean at this point I'm almost willing to take the risk but it'd be nice to have a back up plan.

•

I don't really get the big fucking deal over DVD players. Sure they've got all those cool features embedded on the DVD's but really do I really care about those extra deleted scenes with no audio that are on the *Conan, The Barbarian* DVD? No sir, I just wanna see Conan kick Thulsa Doom's ass. I guess it is kinda cool to be able skip around "chapter by chapter" in movies, but then again, that's sort like skipping around in a book? Hence completely destroying the point in reading

the book cause you get the basics but none of the (veggie) meat of the story?

•

Others have already bemoaned it's very existence but that *so-called* West Coast Punk documentary *Rage* fucking sucked so much ass. Where was POISON IDEA, THE WIPERS, or anything after 1983!!! I mean Duane Peters was the lone representative of modern punk. That's it. Just him. It made me wanna puke so bad and with so much volume that the bile would fill football stadiums. So in the future kids, please, If you're going to do a documentary on something, get a clue first. Thanks.

•

Lance Hahn has been going around spreading his cracked out theory that Arwen and I are like the Mulder and Scully of punk rock. I think he's crazy and doesn't have leg to stand on. He thinks he's right on the money. He was also in CRINGER. I think I win that argument hands down.

ENDNOTES (as if this whole "column" hasn't read like a giant endnotes section):

1) Lance Hahn is a nice person, even if he has wacked out theories about me. He should move back to SF and hang out at the *MRR* house often.

2) When in SF, CASA MEXICANA at Church and Market is the bomb–burritos just like the MAYA used make. Some people think that CANCUN is better–but those people are stupid.

3) Just to get a buzz going, expect a photo zine coming from your friends at *MRR* very soon...more details next month.

4) Also Floyd and I are going to put together a comp LP of South and Central American punk bands. Don't worry you'll love it.

5) Congrats to my friends Jen and Andy from SUBMISSION HOLD who will have had their baby by the time this goes to print! Punx as parents, who would have thought?!

6) As usual, send presents and nice letters to me c/o of the *MRR* PO Box. Email is ok too-but it's not as cool, mikethorn@mindspring.com

The Record Store Clerk's Guide to Faking Musical Sophistication

In a good record store, even your most menial clerk knows where everything goes. In the large computer databases, which ostensibly list all albums in print, artists are assigned three digit category codes—but everybody knows these are only useful as tie-breakers or in other situations where you're seeking affirmation.

While the novice clerk starts filing records with the assistance of artists' name cards in the bin and by asking his or her more venerable colleagues, they must eventually rely on their own wits. For the following, very incomplete guide to categorizing music by sight, I will refer to albums as "albums," regardless of their format. And as a disclaimer: yes, I actually do know what this shit sonds like. At least 20% of the time.

Is this a terrible skill to master? Does it detract from the pure experience of music? Naaah. Categories are useful. They enabled our furry ancestors to distinguish between carrots and hunks of elk shit. They help us to structure the world in meaningful ways. And they are mutable. The world needs "acid jazz" now? OK, now we got acid jazz. Everybody's happy.

So you know the basics. Sade in soul. Dave Matthews Band in rock. Jethro Tull goes under J, not T. The Rolling Stones should not be files under S, for "Stones." Then you realize that there a zillion "artists" you've happily ignored for most of your life. Now they look up at you, plaintive, asking, who am I? This is your mission.

Old album covers ('50s-'70s) are often works of art, as I'm sure you've noticed. Especially in jazz and blues, though there are some pretty great rock and country (etc.) covers out there as well. (And of course, punk record covers still kick ass—though their mounting sophistication is making me itch these days.) Refer to any of the Coltrane LPs to see what I mean with this: simple, striking, with warm blues and golds—all designed to give you the sense of holding something precious and rare. CDs, of course, detract from that esthetic satisfaction, but that's a different talk.

For the sake of brevity, I'm just going to assume that you know where your Miles Davis and your Loretta Lynn and your Jefferson Airplane get filed. Album design has changed over time, and taken some noticeable plunges in quality (mid '80s to mid '90s, especially).

So, consider the following clues for identifying newer albums:

•Men and/or women, usually white, with guitars, posing: ROCK

•Random art or photo (either mundane or obscure), list of songs on the back, no instruments listed: ROCK

•Woman, usually white, posed with various animals or objects (cats, furniture, plants): ROCK

•Random art or photo (obscure), two or three long pieces listed, along with instruments and their players: JAZZ

•Man, usually white, with guitar (or no guitar, but thumbs hooked in front pockets or arms crossed) leaning on fence (car, tree, barn), song titles contain at least one reference to lost love/broken heart and several contracted gerunds (talkin', pickin', etc.), bluejeans: COUNTRY

•Man, usually Black, leaning on or playing guitar, wide smile (new blues only!), maybe sunglasses, song titles may contain the word "blues": BLUES

•Man with piano or standing with no guitar, posing in front of sunset, possible smile, love songs: VOCALS

•Man, usually white, with no instrument, posing in front of babbling brook, sunset, or city lights, creepy half smile, song titles contain roman numerals and may make reference to astral events: NEW AGE

•Woman or man sitting with guitar, "peaceful" half-smile, or fuzzy, soft profile of face: FOLK

•Woman, usually white, with or without guitar, see above, but in bright sunlight and more stylishly coiffed, full smile, with bluejeans, on swing or leaning against barn, etc.: COUNTRY

•Man or woman, usually Black, looking either wholesome (Whitney Houston, Lionel Ritchie) or vampy (Janet Jackson), no noticeable backdrop, mostly love songs, artists have one of two expressions: full smile or direct, smoldering stare: R&B/SOUL

•(this one's an insult to your intelligence): red, yellow, and green stuff, references to Jah and weed: REGGAE

•"Urban" graffitti-inspired, cartoony art, parental advisory warning, cuss words in song titles: RAP

•"Urban" graffitti-inspired, cartoony art, DJ mix info, no funny stuff, no cuss words: DANCE.

•etc., etc., etc.

OK, you get the picture. I could go on for hours, but lucky for you, I won't. Two more things: if you get black music all mixed up, and put Otis Redding in Blues, John Lee Hooker in Jazz and Louis Armstrong in Soul, you probably should go home and listen to an album or two more before recommending anything to anyone else. Traditionally white American musical genres, like bluegrass and country, should develop seperate personalities as well. The more distinct they become to your ear, the more connected as well: country, "folk," and blues will begin to seem like part of one musical, historical fabric, and of course they are. Your Rolling Stones records will never sound the same again, and you'll have new, long-dead people to thank for rock n roll, from which all good things, and many terrible ones, have sprung.

Second, though I listen to lots of stuff besides punk, I refuse to learn anything about dance music except where to file it, with the excuse that like disco and lounge and genres like that, this stuff is designed to be grooved to. I'll miss out on grooving with the rest of my generation and when I'm an old lady, will be unable to fondly look back on our Chemical Brothers ecstasy days. But me and my twelve cats and Hüsker Dü records will be all the happier for it.

love, Arwen

contact, come on!: arwenc@mindspring.com

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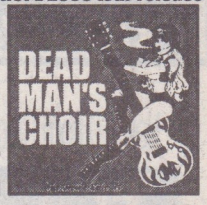

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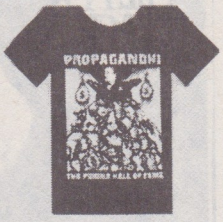

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MRR NEWS

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compiled by:
Mimi Nguyen

Iran-Contra Men Return to Power

Bush appointments tainted by Reagan-era scandal

Duncan Campbell in Los Angeles
The Guardian (UK) (reprinted by fair use)

The resignation of one of the first major officials to be appointed by the Bush administration has thrown fresh light on a series of other controversial choices by the president which are causing dismay among human rights activists.

John Dilulio, director of the new office of faith-based and community initiatives, quit his post last week claiming continual frustration with Washington red tape. He had also faced strong opposition from those who believed that the activities of church and state should be separate. Now other controversial Bush appointments may come under scrutiny.

Elliott Abrams, a former assistant secretary of state under Ronald Reagan, was appointed earlier this summer by Mr Bush to the office for democracy, human rights and international operations. In 1991, Mr Abrams, who once described himself as a "gladiator" for President Reagan's policies in Central America, pleaded guilty to two misdemeanors. He had illegally withheld information from the investigation into the Iran-contra affair, in which arms were sold to Iran and the proceeds illegally funneled to contra forces waging war against the leftwing Sandinista government in Nicaragua.

Mr Abrams was sentenced to two years' probation and 100 hours of community service, but was pardoned by George Bush senior in 1991.

On one occasion during the affair, Mr Abrams flew to London under a false name to seek a $10m (£7m) contribution to the contras from the Sultan of Brunei. When Mr Abrams was later questioned by a Senate hearing about concealing information, Senator Tom Eagleton warned him that his lack of cooperation could lead to "slammer time". Mr Abrams responded: "You've heard my testimony", to which Mr Eagleton replied: "I've heard it and I want to puke."

Mr Abrams' appointment has come on the heels of the reintroduction into politics of a number of other figures tied to the issue. They include John Negroponte, President Bush's choice for UN ambassador, Otto Reich, his nomination for assistant secretary of state for western hemispheric affairs, and John P Walters, his choice for anti-drugs chief.

Robert White, the former US ambassador to El Salvador who became critical of Mr Reagan's policies in the region and who now works at the Centre for International Policy in Washington, said of Mr Abrams's appointment: "To qualify for public office by lying to Congress is not an example you want to trumpet." Of Mr Reich, he said: "He was part of that team that put into being a policy that was illegal."

Mr White said he believed that the appointments sent a message to Latin America that a hardline faction had taken over. "A huge number of the appointments of George Bush are people associated with his father, so it is inevitable that they will be tarnished by the Iran-contra affair."

Larry Burns, director of the Council on Hemispheric Affairs, said: "It's a rather scary script. All of a sudden we have the 'contra alumni association' being brought back into government. It will distort US policy in a number of ways, from debt relief to giving access to rightwing causes for US funding." He described as "jocose" the appointment of Mr Abrams, "a man who is the apotheosis of democracy", to a post in an office for democracy and human rights.

"Bringing all these people who are so associated with a polarized ideological crusade that committed human rights abuses threatens to rekindle that partisanship," said Reed Brody, legal director of Human Rights Watch in New York. "What is very unfortunate is that history has revealed American complicity in serious atrocities in the 1980s and, in effect, all these nominations may serve to rewrite history and rehabilitate a very unfortunate period of our history." Mr Abrams's appointment did not need Senate approval but a major battle is expected in that arena over two other appointments which, more than seven months after Mr Bush took office, are still to be confirmed. Mr Negroponte is still to face Senate questioning over his role as the US ambassador in Honduras at the time of the contra affair. He is accused of having ignored human rights atrocities so that the Honduran government would remain agreeable to having a contra base on its territory.

By coincidence, the appointments are being made just as Nicaragua prepares for a presidential election in November. Ahead in the latest opinion polls is Daniel Ortega, the leader of the Sandinistas whom the Iran-contra effort, and the millions of dollars and lives invested in it, was designed to eradicate.

FOUR OF A KIND

Elliott Abrams–Ex-assistant secretary with Ronald Reagan, backed invasion of Nicaragua and Panama. Witheld information during Iran-Contra scandal but was pardoned in 1992. A protege of Reagan's UN envoy, Jeane Kirkpatrick.

John Negroponte–Bush choice for UN ambassador. Was US envoy to Honduras from 1981-85 during illegal war on Nicaragua. Accused of misleading Congress about abuses in Honduras.

Otto Reich–Bush choice for assistant secretary of state for western hemispheric affairs. Anti-Castro hardliner who led state department from 1983-86. Accused of covert propaganda campaign against Sandinistas.

John Walters–Choice for drug tsar. Wants jail for users and opposes medicinal use of cannabis. Son of General Vernon Walter, Nixon's deputy chief of the CIA.

Bush's Missile Defense System Gets A Little Help From Its Friends

The Pentagon missile that hit a warhead during a defense shield test last month had a bit of help - a beacon constantly transmitting the position of the "enemy" rocket.

The military has been forced into damage control after Defense Week magazine revealed that the warhead was carrying a global positioning satellite beacon that made it easy to track.

In fact, all four of the dummy warheads used in tests so far carried beacons, and even with this head start the "hit-to-kill" interceptor missiles managed to bring down only two.

Last month's test was held up by the Bush Administration as proof that its $US100 billion missile defense plan could work.

But critics now say the missiles would have had little chance of pinpointing the warhead's path without the help of the beacons.

Mr Phillip Coyle, who ran the missile shield program until last year, said the beacons had been "a big help" to the interceptor missiles, acting "like a pinger saying, 'Here I am'."

Defense Week reported that the beacon helped the defense missiles compensate for deficiencies in US radar tracking technology on the ground.
In the July 14 test, an interceptor missile launched from the Marshall Islands destroyed a dummy warhead fired 7,700 kilometers away at California's Vandenberg Air Force Base.

The original Reagan era "Star Wars" program ran into similar controversy when a target was found to have been secretly heated to help the interceptor rocket's sensors pick it up.

Los Angeles Police Sued Over Democratic Convention Protests

LOS ANGELES - Four activist groups sued the city of Los Angeles and its police department in federal court on August 9 claiming that officers who clubbed and shot protesters with pepper spray and rubber bullets at the Democratic National Convention last year, violated their U.S. constitutional rights.

"LAPD's unconstitutional use of force targets everyone and anyone who dares to speak out about the injustices of our society," James Lafferty, executive director of the Los Angeles chapter of the National Lawyers Guild, said at a press conference outside police headquarters Thursday. "Its target is the right to dissent."

The suit, filed in federal district court by the Lawyers Guild, the American Civil Liberties Union and two coalitions against police brutality, seeks unspecified punitive and compensatory damages as well as an end to alleged police tactics it claims violated protesters' rights under the First, Fourth and Fourteenth Amendments of the U.S. Gonstitution.

Among its claims the suit details a variety of measures -- some of them violent – that officers allegedly used to deliberately suppress free speech, and block protesters' rights to peacefully assemble and petition the government at the DNC last August and at a protest outside LAPD headquarters last October.

We at the Maximumrocknroll news bureau are sure that you have heard much about the G8 protests in Genoa. Over 100,000 people converged on Genoa, Italy to express dissent against the closed meetings of the Group of 8 and the policies they espouse and to discuss alternatives to the current undemocratic nature of global social and economic planning.

The 'G8'–leaders of the world's most economically powerful countries–meet yearly to discuss general international policy directions.

At the very least, you heard about the shooting death of a 23 year-old Italian activist Carlo Giuliani by a police officer at near point-blank range. Less publicized in the U.S. media was the bloody and violent raid upon the media headquarters of the Genoa Social Forum, the umbrella coalition of protesters and activists organizing in Italy.

You might not have heard about how the protests mark the climax of the European Summer of Resistance which included festivals and demonstrations around the continent in places like Barcelona, Bonn, Gothenburg, and Salzburg where activists expressed dissent against the severe consequences of neoliberal economic.

And you might not have seen in the mainstream media that solidarity demonstrations against the G8 summit and the police violence that has characterized it, were organized worldwide in Amsterdam, Athens, Barcelona, Bologna, Boston, Brussels, Buenos Aires, Finland, Greece, Helsinki, Istanbul, London, Los Angeles, Madison, WI, Manchester, Melbourne, Miami, Milan, Montreal, Naperville, IL, New York, Oslo, Paris, Peru, Philadelphia, Portland, Rome, Salzburg, São Paulo, San Francisco/Berkeley, Stockholm, Sydney, Toronto, Turkey, Urbana, IL, Vancouver, Vienna, and Washington DC and in many other cities in Austria, Canada, Germany, Italy, UK, USA, and elsewhere.

There is a lot of press about the protests (as well as a lot of discussion and debate) in alternative media outlets. We at the MRR news bureau would like to point you to some of those resources. Many of these are on-line, but magazines like Z Magazine *and* In These Times *are featuring lengthy articles and entire issues devoted to the protests and their impact. The following sites are recommended:*

http://www.indymedia.org, http://www.commondreams.org, http://www.alternet.org.

These are three good sites with plenty of links to take you elsewhere for more details or coverage.

Later in this issue there are several accounts of Genoa by individuals. Please check them out as well.

State terrorism in Genoa

Was Former Fascist Behind Genoa Crackdown?

"If you want to know just why the police decided to raid the Genoa Social Forum centers on the Saturday night, you should put that question to the honorable Fini."

The speaker is Vittorio Agnoletto, spokesman for the Genoa Social Forum (GSF), the main Italian, pacifist anti-globalization movement. The "honorable Fini" is ex-Fascist Alleanza Nazionale leader and current Deputy Prime Minister, Gianfranco Fini.

In the fallout from the violent events which marred the G8 summit in Genoa, costing one life and 231 injured not to mention an estimated $70 million in damages, a dark cloud hangs over the recently installed center-right government of media tycoon Silvio Berlusconi.

Serious questions have been asked both in Italy and abroad about the behavior of the police and carabinieri in Genoa. Not only the street warfare but, perhaps more worryingly, the police raid on the GSF centers and their treatment of protesters while in detention have been at the center of concern expressed in Italy by the opposition, by senior Catholic bishops, by prominent figures in public life and even by President Carlo Azeglio Ciampi.

In the face of a huge and still growing international body of evidence, there seems little doubt that police, resorted to systematic and unjustifiable brutality.

In particular, the Saturday night raid on GSF centers prompts harsh criticism. Breaking into the center at midnight, police detained 93 people after staging a violent blitz that saw some protesters carried out injured in their sleeping bags.

At a subsequent news conference, police displayed a motley haul of sticks, bottles, iron bars and Swiss pocket knives as proof that the "pacifist" GSF had afforded shelter to the violent anarchist or "Black Bloc" operatives at the center of the street riots. Furthermore, only one of the 93 detained was held over in custody.

Throughout the last week Mr Berlusconi has expressed his solidarity with the security forces, arguing that "like the vast majority of Italians, I am on the side of....men who with courage and at great risk to themselves defended law and order, the state and all its citizens".

Consistent reports through the last week that detained protesters were made to shout "Viva il Duce" and "Uno, due, tre, Pinochet" would suggest that elements in the security forces went beyond their brief.

Doctors Accused of G8 Brutality

Fresh revelations about Italian police brutality at Genoa's G8 summit emerged Tuesday, August 13th, when 20 anti-globalization protesters were released from jail.

Police doctors participated in the torture, humiliation, threats of rape and deprivation of water, food, sleep and medical care inflicted on those detained in the wake of last month's riots, they said.

Most of the released were part of Austrian group Publix Theatre, whose skits about hardline Black Bloc anarchists were allegedly mistaken by police for the real thing.

A Genoa court released the 15 Austrians, three Americans, a Slovak and a Swede, but said they may yet face charges for public order offenses.

One rioter was killed and more than 300 protesters injured during the summit.

Stefania Galante, 29, of Padova, was forced to stand spread-eagled against the cell wall for two hours while guards insulted and intimidated fellow detainees. "They were threatening girls who didn't have their legs open, telling them they would be raped with the clubs. It was surreal. I couldn't believe it was happening.

"It looked like we were either back in time, or in some other country, in some other reality. Seeing that happen in Italy was unbelievable."

Most of the complaints focused on Bolzaneto, a barracks used for hundreds of detainees, including those beaten up during a police raid on the protesters' headquarters.

Genoa officials are investigating possible "improper behavior" by doctors.

Jose Luis Sicilia, from Spain, said he was forced to undress and do push-ups when he arrived at Bolzaneto even though he had two broken ribs and a head wound.

"One day they entered with an electrocardiogram machine and they started to wet my chest and ankles while a policeman was smiling saying to me 'electroshocks, electroshocks'."

Tear Down the Wall

Washington, D.C. police have announced they are considering building a nine-foot high wall around the main downtown corridor to deter people from protesting against the world's most powerful financial institutions at the end of September. The D.C. government is seeking about $30 million from the Bush administration for weapons and security and will erect the wall to create a massive security zone to insulate delegates of the International Monetary Fund and World Bank during their meetings Sept. 29-30. The money the district plans to spend to shield the delegates from protesters amounts to $15 million per day, or $10,417 per minute. Additional money is expected to be spent by federal agencies (such as the FBI) as well.

Tens of thousands of people from labor unions, anti-corporate globalization groups, environmental groups, faith-based groups and community organizations are expected to converge in D.C. for a week of peaceful events and protests. Organizers have announced their intention to file a major lawsuit against the district, calling the security expenditures and wall a massive waste of money and a violation of their constitutional rights to protest. A previously filed lawsuit is still pending against D.C. police for massive civil rights violations during protests againt the IMF and World Bank in April 2000.

The proposed wall would stretch from the financial institutions to the White House, creating a barricaded security perimeter similar to the Wall of Shame erected in Quebec City, Canada during protests in April against the Free Trade Area of the Americas. Protestors succeeded in breaching that wall with about five minutes of collective labor.

Thousands to Protest at Racism Conference

By Norm Dixon in *Green Left Weekly*

JOHANNESBURG -- An alliance that includes South Africa's emerging grassroots activist movements was formed on July 29 to organize mass protests at the United Nations World Conference Against Racism, Racial Discrimination, Xenophobia and Related Intolerance (WCAR). The eight-day WCAR will be held in Durban's plush International Conference Center, next to the Hilton Hotel, beginning on August 31. A spokesperson for the alliance said

15,000 people may join the main protest set for September 1. The Durban Social Forum (DSF), as the alliance has called itself, includes the Soweto Electricity Crisis Committee, which is fighting electricity cut-offs, the Concerned Citizens Forum (which has militantly fought evictions and water cut-offs in Durban), the Landless People's Movement, Jubilee 2000 (which demands the cancellation of Third World debt), the Anti-Privatization Forum, the Treatment Action Campaign (which is campaigning for the government provision of anti-AIDS drugs), the Alternative Information and Development Center (which campaigns for cancellation of the apartheid debt), and the National Consultative Forum on Palestine.

In a media statement, the DSF said that the WCAR protests would be "a focal point for all extra-parliamentary, people-driven and mass-based organizations that wish to express concerns both of a local and global nature". It went on to say: "It is our belief that the particular form that globalization is taking (neo-liberalism) and the present economic policies of the South African government can only lead to greater divides between countries in the North and South. Within South Africa these policies can only lead to the deepening of poverty and social misery."

The African National Congress government has failed to deliver on its promises to address South Africa's apartheid legacy of an appalling housing shortage and widespread land hunger. In cities around the country, most of which are run by ANC administrations, people who cannot afford to pay rent, and water and electricity accounts, are being evicted and their basic services disconnected.

Critics point out that the ANC's neo-liberal economic policy is widening the gap between rich and poor and worsening rather than alleviating the problems created by the racist apartheid system.

Landless People's Movement spokesperson Andile Mngxitama said major issues concerning the landless would be discussed during the Landless People's Assembly on August 30. Mngxitama said landlessness in South Africa was caused by racism and is continuing today.

The US government on July 26 announced it would boycott the WCAR if the conference includes the questions of Zionism and reparations for slavery and colonialism on its agenda. A two-week meeting in June in Geneva that was to draw up an agenda and declaration for the conference ended in deadlock over whether Western countries that prospered from slavery and colonization should apologize for the suffering caused -- and pay compensation. African governments demanded both, but Western governments, led by the US, Britain and Canada, resisted.

The proposed declaration prepared by African governments described the slave trade as "a unique tragedy in the history of humanity, a crime against humanity which is unparalleled" and said slavery, colonialism and apartheid "have resulted in substantial and lasting economic, political and cultural damage to African peoples". It demanded an "explicit apology" and the establishment of an international compensation program.

A meeting of southern African and European Jubilee and other anti-debt movements, held in Johannesburg June 29 and 30, condemned Western government moves to remove reparations from the WCAR agenda.

"A conference on racism that doesn't discuss slavery, colonialism and apartheid, and the need to repair the damage done, will at the outset fail be able to deal with the issue of racism", the activists from 10 countries stated.

"Reparations are an acknowledgement of wrongdoing and send a message that human rights violations should not be repeated."

In this light, the delegates opposed the attempt to remove the issue of ongoing discrimination against Palestine from the agenda: "Victims of human rights violations have the right to seek justice, and resolved to develop plans for alternative forms of popular action for reparations during the UN conference."

If the US and other Western governments succeed in dictating the terms of the WCAR agenda, it is likely that the September 1 protest will be even larger than organizers expect, swelled by non-government organizations that otherwise would have restricted their opposition to racism to pious statements within the WCAR.

In a joint statement on August 2, the Congress of South African Trade Unions, the South African Communist Party and the South African National Civics Organization condemned the threatened US boycott: "Too often, the United States resorts to blockades and military acts to blackmail and bully wherever it does not find its way. Now that this bully would not be able to use veto power in the conference, it is resorting to threats of boycott and blackmail. As predicted, Colin Powell and Koffi Annan, who themselves rank among the victims of racism, are trying to outdo each other in the service of their masters."

American Bar Association Condemns Bush Global Gag Rule

Chicago–On August 7, the American Bar Association (ABA) voted to adopt a resolution against the Bush Administration's Global Gag Rule, which restricts abortion-related advocacy and health services by foreign organizations that receive U.S. aid. Julia Ernst, International Legislative Counsel at the Center for Reproductive Law and Policy (CRLP) and Vice Chair of the Individual Rights and Responsibilities Section's Committee on the Rights of Women, led the effort on the floor of the House of Delegates during the ABA's annual convention.

Ernst urged the House of Delegates, "to support liberty, freedom of speech, freedom of conscience, and yes, even freedom to argue, for organizations in other countries, as we hold these freedoms so dear here in our own." A plaintiff in CRLP's lawsuit against the Global Gag Rule, CRLP vs. Bush, Ernst later spoke of the Gag Rule's crippling effect both on family planning services and law reform in Nepal, where CRLP has been working with other organizations to stop the imprisonment of women for the "crime" of abortion.

The vote bolsters the mounting movement against President Bush's Global Gag Rule to remove these undemocratic restrictions in the courts and in Congress. CRLP v. Bush, dismissed by a federal judge in July, has been appealed to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit. The bipartisan Global Democracy Promotion Act is making progress towards the Senate floor both as an amendment to the Foreign Operation Appropriations Act and as a stand-alone bill. The bill would prohibit restrictions on foreign assistance based solely upon medical services, including counseling and referral, provided by foreign NGOs with their own funds. It would also prevent the U.S. from imposing unconstitutional restrictions on legal lobbying and advocacy.

Groups like CRLP and its foreign partners that support abortion rights are gagged, even in nations where abortion is legal, while organizations working to criminalize abortion or to increase restrictions on abortion access are not censored by the U.S. government.

The ABA is the largest membership organization of U.S. lawyers. The resolution's primary sponsor was the Section on Individual Rights and Responsibilities, which focuses on the protection of human and civil rights and social justice issues. Eight other entities of the ABA co-sponsored the resolution, including the section on International Law and Practice, and the Commission on Women in the Profession. A motion to table this resolution, which would have ended debate, was defeated.

Colombia Military Given Sweeping New Powers

Army has hemisphere's worst human rights record

by Jared Kotler

(http://www.commondreams.org)

BOGOTA, Colombia - Brushing aside human rights concerns, President Andres Pastrana signed ``war legislation'' granting Colombia's U.S.-backed military expanded powers to battle insurgents, his office announced Thursday, August 16.

U.N. rights monitors, human rights groups and some members of the U.S. Congress have criticized the measure, fearing it will lead to abuses in Colombia's 37-year war.

The law, which Pastrana signed without fanfare on Monday, is expected to be challenged by its opponents in the nation's Constitutional Court and could affect deliberations on future U.S. military aid to this South American country.

One of the law's most criticized articles allows the president to set up martial law zones called ``theaters of operations,'' in which local civilian officials would be subordinate to regional police and military commanders.

The law also allows soldiers to detain suspects longer before handing them over to a judge.

Amnesty International, in a statement from New York, said: "There is serious concern that these provisions could facilitate torture or other forms of human rights violations of those captured during counterinsurgency operations."

The law also shortens the time allowed for completing investigations into alleged human rights abuses by security force members and requires civilian prosecutors to report to the military on their investigations into terrorism and war crimes including torture.

A leading Colombian human rights activist said the measure would militarize the country.

"There will be arrests without warrants, interrogations of civilians on military bases and impunity for soldiers and police who have violated human rights," predicted Gustavo Gallon, director of the Colombian Jurists' Commission.

Pastrana has not spoken publicly on his decision to sign the National Defense and Security Law, which Colombia's congress approved in June. But one of the law's authors said Colombia needed tougher legislation given the nation's serious crisis. "The Colombian people are cornered by violence," Sen. German Vargas said. "We need instruments to defend ourselves."

The military, which pushed hard for the legislation, says Colombia's laws have hamstrung its ability to fight leftist guerrillas and right-wing paramilitaries.

Generals complain that top officers get tied up in lengthy human rights investigations and that the military often must free guerrilla suspects because they are captured in remote areas where there are no judicial authorities.

Pastrana faces conflicting pressures to give the military greater rein in the war while also curbing its human rights abuses - the latter a condition for receiving military aid from Washington.

Elected on a peace platform three year ago, one of the president's legacies may be helping the military gird for war. In addition to tougher legislation, Pastrana's tenure has brought the armed forces dozens more combat helicopters, high-tech intelligence aids and is more than doubling the number of professional troops.

U.N. rights monitors last month objected to seven of the law's 69 provisions, saying they were either unconstitutional or violate international human rights treaties.

U.S. Opposes International Criminal Court

The United Nations (U.N.) predicts a $75 million cash deficit because some 86 countries, including the United States, have reneged on promises to pay their U.N. dues, which in total amounts to $728 million. According to the U.N., it will need to use money designated for its peacekeeping budget in order to meet staff payroll and other operating expenses. This budget juggling would force the U.N. to stop payment to countries that contribute troops to peacekeeping operations worldwide. The U.N. reports that of the 54 peacekeeping operations set up since 1948, two thirds (36) have been established since 1991.

In an attempt to avoid possible embarrassment during President Bush's address to the U.N. General assembly in September, the Bush Administration is urging Congress to release millions of dollars in back dues owed to the U.N., while downplaying Administration discussions to "unsign" U.S. signature to the Rome Statute for an International Criminal Court that will bring to justice perpetrators of genocide and crimes against humanity.

Conservatives in the House of Representatives, namely Congressman Dennis Hastert (R-IL), Congressman Henry Hyde (R-IL) and Congressman Tom DeLay(R-TX),have promised to block U.S. payment of $582 million in back dues to the United Nations unless the Bush Administration announces its support of legislation aimed at undermining the International Criminal Court (ICC). Last May, Delay introduced the so-called "American Service Members' Protection Act" (ASPA) that would:

- prohibit the U.S. government, state and local governments, including courts, to assist, cooperate, support the ICC or respond to requests for cooperation from the ICC to help prosecute war criminals;
- severely restrict the transfer of information to the ICC to help prosecute war criminals;
- penalize any country that is a party to the ICC by providing no U.S. military assistance; and
- limit U.S. participation in peacekeeping missions or any military operation to maintain or restore international peace and security.

The establishment of the International Criminal Court would indicate large gains for women and girls in international law - for the first time ever in international law, crimes against women and genocidal tactics aimed at women and girls will be considered crimes against humanity. Former dictators and heads of state could be charged for their crimes in an international court.

In addition, some members of the House of Representatives are pressuring the Bush Administration to support legislation that would condition the U.S. agreement with the U.N. to pay its back dues in three installments upon the U.S. reinstatement to the U.N. Human Rights Commission. To date, the United States owes approximately 64% of the total debt owed to the U.N.

Global Arms Sales Rise Again, and the U.S. Leads the Pack

International arms sales grew 8 percent last year, to nearly $36.9 billion, with the United States further consolidating its stature as the supplier of choice, especially in developing countries, according to a new Congressional report.

American manufacturers signed contracts for just under $18.6 billion, or about half of all weapons sold on the world market during 2000, with 68 percent of the American weapons bought by developing countries.

Russia followed, with $7.7 billion in sales, then France with $4.1 billion, Germany with $1.1 billion, Britain with $600 million, China with $400 million and Italy with $100 million.

The statistics are contained in a study, "Conventional Arms Transfers to Developing Nations, 1993- 2000," published by the Congressional Research Service, an arm of the Library of Congress. The report, updated each year, is one of the most authoritative resources on weapons sales available to the public.

The author, Richard F. Grimmett, notes in an introduction that developing nations remain the largest market for weapons, and a growing one.

"Despite global changes since the cold war's end, the developing world continues to be the primary focus of foreign arms sales activity by conventional weapons suppliers," wrote Mr. Grimmett, a specialist in national defense at the research service.

Worldwide arms sales rose in 2000 for the third year in a row. The previous year, international weapons sales were nearly $34 billion, when measured in constant year 2000 dollars. The value of sales agreements with developing nations was $25.4 billion in 2000, the highest in constant dollars since 1994.

CALL TO ACTION

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The International Monetary Fund (IMF) and World Bank will be holding their Joint Annual General Meetings in Washington, DC from September 29-30, 2001. We call on activists from all over the world to come to Washington during that week to protest and expose the illegitimacy of the institutions and officials who continue to claim the right to determine the course of the world economy.

September 29-30, finance ministers and central bankers from 25 countries, as well as ministers from the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and World Bank, and World Trade Organization (WTO) - a veritable Board of Directors of the global economy - are coming to Washington DC. These institutions "bail out" governments with debt and credit problems, but they only provide money to governments that agree to allow corporations free access to their countries' resources and labor. They fire government employees and slash programs in health and education. In the case of the biggest bail-outs (like South Korea), most of the money goes to foreign investors to restore their "confidence."

Your presence in Washington is needed! Since the watershed Seattle WTO meeting in November 1999, the voices demanding change have grown stronger and stronger. The finance ministers and international bureaucrats who shape the world economy to make the rich richer and the poor poorer need to know that these past two years have not just been a bump on their road to global domination.

For other calls to action, check http://www.protest.net.

MOMENT

songs for the self-destructive

I'll start with packaging. Digipack format 4 panel fold out maroon and black ink on brown cardboard. All the lyrics are handwritten, and there's alot of damn lyrics, so it's quite a sight, especially with text running in different directions and around fuzzy maroon images. The CD itself is transparent on the outermost 1" or so.

The music. Melodic punk, but far from the generic sounds of "pop punk" so I wouldn't even think of putting that label on it. Great melodies in the guitars and vocals with really tight, diverse drum beats. They don't just chug on the power chords. My only criticisms - I wish the album was longer. It's 12 songs at 29:38. The upside to the length is that there's no needless repeating of parts over and over to fill time like most bands do to make a 2 minute song into a 4 minute song. Some kids say the handwritten lyrics are hard to read and follow along with, but I didn't have any trouble with it, and it's definitely more interesting than text spit out of a computer.

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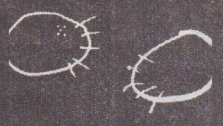

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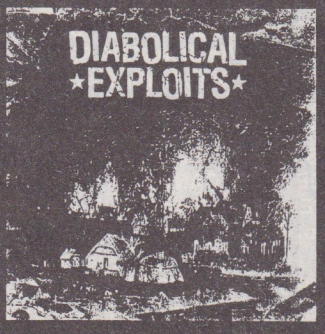

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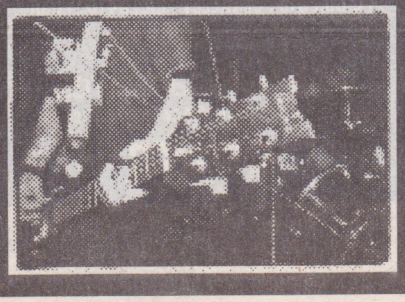

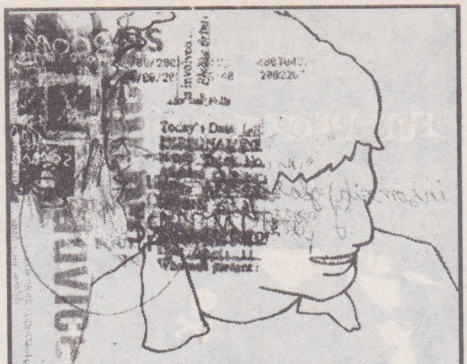

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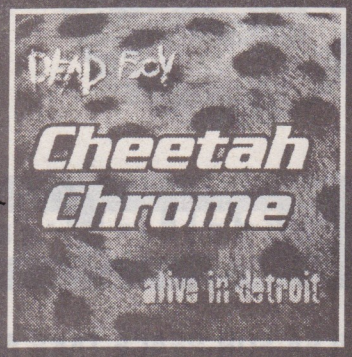

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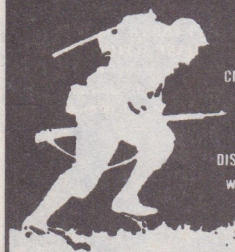

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SCENES

The first punk single was released in Turkey in 1977, called *Tünay Akdeniz...* but of course it's just a poppy and trendy one for that time and it's not well known. There was a militarist coup d'état in the year 1980 and after the time of the fascist regime everything turned back to the zero point, so everything was delayed until the late '80s for the punk scene to start growing. HONKKONG VIRUS were one of the first punk rock bands about 1988-1989; like Stiff Little Fingers, Sham 69 style punk. Also SPINNERS, one of the early ones in that time, who were an all-girl punk band from the capital city Ankara—they got a self-released demo tape you can find from some of the big distros.

But the real action began in Istanbul about the beginning of the '90s with punk bands like HEADBANGERS (or LSD) CMUK, DEAD ARMY BOOTS, NOVAYA LEMLIYA—but I think the most incredible punk band in this time is the CMUK. They played about two gigs—in fact they have no stuff which is recorded—but no-one can forget their songs like "Dinazor," "Dolapdere," "Orduya," "Taksim," etc. with a sound like the Ramones, Anti-pasti.etc In the same year, one of the first and most well-known, incredibly good political hardcore bands was MORIBUND YOUTH (who changed their name to TURMOIL). They made some demos and two split 7"s with Acoustic Grinder (Belgium) and Receneracion (Mexico). NECROSIS were a political and melodic band like Bad Religion (they have three demo tapes and a split tape with an Italian band). ASK IT WHY were a kind of DRI style hardcore band (a demo and split 7" with RASHIT and split tape with RADICAL NOISE are available from Kod Music) RADICAL NOISE are a kind of NY hardcore band (they have a debut demo, a split 7" with NECROSIS, a split tape with ASK IT WHY? and three albums). There are two comps from that time, one of them is the "SEVDASIZ HAYAT" 7" comp from tam89 Records and the other one is the Turkish Hardcore tape comp.

RASHIT were one of the first the political punk bands who sang in the Turkish language and in an oldschool punk style in that time—they have three demos and a split 7" with ASK IT WHY? called *KADIKÖY'DEN HAREKETLER* from Darbouka Records and they released an album on Kod Music. Also NECROSIS and RADICAL NOISE have a split 7" from View Beyond Records from the Czech Republic, and I think these are the first and unfortunately the core of the political stuff from Turkey. Also, there's a strange band called 2/5 BZ who have an indie, avant garde, noise and electronic sound.

The best time for the scene with the most gigs and demos was in 1996. There's a comp tape released under the name of *Telafla Mahal Yok* (including: SERT ITHAM, EMPTY CAGE, NECROSIS, TAMPON, TURMOIL, REGORGE, RASHIT, RADICAL NOISE...etc) but there just a few of the bands playing these days. In 1998 there were just RADICAL NOISE and RASHIT still playing, but one of the best political hardcore band was formed in these times, called CRUNCH, with a BORN AGAINST style (the people from TURMOIL, VIOLENT POP, REGORGE) and they released a really good album on Kod Music too. Kod Music is one of the best things for the Turkish scene at this time, as they released albums like RADICAL NOISE, CRUCH, and RASHIT and there are again some bands beginning to play like MISKINS (Green Day, new school), CEPE (grunge/punk), PISLIKS (raw punk), VAE VICTIS (female vocal old school punk), and there are some band from other cities like SOKAK KÖPEKLERI (street punk from Ankara) and LESS (old school punk from Izmir), ÇAPA ÇÜREK (raw punk from Samsun), ÇÜRÜK (old school from Bursa) and there's a new scene growing on these days. Please try to contact and ask anything : nocopyright@hotmail.com

addresses to get the albums and the other stuff:

PK.67 BAKIRKÖY/ ISTANBUL/ TURKEY
siber67@hotmail.com
(CRUNCH, REGORGE, TURMOIL,VIOLENT POP...etc and Turkish Hardcore Tape of 1993, ask about Turkish fanzines)

c/o TOLGA ÖZBEY/ NEYZENBAfiI HALIL CAN SOK/ 75/4 KANDEMIR APT/ ÜSKÜDAR/ ISTANBUL/ TURKEY
rashit@cbgb.com
(RASHIT and Turkish Hardcore Punk Tape of 1995)

c/o EMRE FIAHIN SAHRA ARALII SOK/ TÜZER APT. NO:1/11 81080/ GÖZTEPE/ ISTANBUL/ TURKEY
(RADICAL NOISE and some project bands)

c/o KAAN KARAÖZ GÜVEN SOK/ ORHON APT. NO:13/6 8180/ GÖZTEPE/ ISTANBUL/TURKEY
(NECROSIS, cartoon fanzines) zildijiancustom@hotmail.com
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(Molotow Tapes,fanzines and some bands like LESS, PISLIKS, SOKAK KÖPEKLER†... and the latest Turkish Punk Comp of 2001)

some sites (old fanzines)
www.geocities.com/moskovaninsesi/prolefan
www.disguast.org

Welcome to my Scene-it-all-before report. NEW LABOUR wins a farce of election with the lowest turnout for 80 years, and already TORY BLAIR has given himself a £47,000 rise—not bad for kissing a few babies, avoiding questions in the House of Commons, and attending Big Business meetings. And don't worry about balancing the books...the unemployed will soon be fucking hammered again to pay for it. Here's a big "get fucked!" to any readers (and there will be some) who voted for the wanker.

Onto music. Good to see some new labels popping up. Dislocate Recs have released a couple of 7"s by 77 style Milton Keynes band DUN 2 DEF and Yorkshire's finest, HOMEBREW. The latter play excellent fast, raw punk but don't neglect the catchy chorus. Both 7"s are also available as CDEPs and Dave has a website with other stuff on (www.dislocate.com) .Intimidation Recs (7 Viewforth Sq, Leven, Fife, KY8 4PQ, Scotland) didn't even exist a year ago and already has three releases,all 7"s. The first is by PATROL,the old Scots band who appeared on Country Fit For Heroes ,and features six songs. The second is by EXPLOITED style punkers THE SWELLBELLYS (who aptly come from the same town as Wattie & Co ,and the third is a red vinyl split EP between SWELLBELLYS and ASSERT-both bands knocking out good powerful fast punk. www.geocities.com/intimidationrecords is the website.

BARSE 77

THE SWELLBELLYS have a pic disc 7" (again on Intimidation) due out and copies of their "Caged" 7 track MCD should still be available from my own address at bottom of column for six bucks incl airmail post.

Meanwhile,the old streetpunk labels Captain Oi and Step One have been knocking out vintage Oi albums on Pic Disc. The Captain offers you the first two DICKIES and EXPLOITED LPs, LAST RESORT's first and Oi The Album, while Tony rehashes OI POLLOI, OPPRESSED, and COMBAT 84, as well as US punks the Unseen. Tony's website is steplmusic.com. Latest release is a new album from SECTION 5.

And Captain Oi, amongst the usual CD reissues, has given us impressive new CDs by RESISTANCE 77 and MENACE,with a promise of new studio work from SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS and THE UPSTARTS. The latter will be delayed after Mensi sacked the band,deciding to start again from scratch. Contact the Captain at PO Box 501,High Wycombe, Bucks,HP10 8QA.

Weird Recs, a small but dedicated label ran from 61 London Rd, Balderton, Newark, Notts, NG24 3AG, recently released 7"s by CHAOS UK soundalikes DOGSHIT SANDWICH ("Gary Glitter You Filthy Cunt"!) and great, original Notts band AGENT ZERO,who sound like a cross between 1980 independent punk (ie NUCLEAR SOCKETTS) and NEW MODEL ARMY's best work. A CD should be out soon. Ian from Weird has also put out MERCYLESS KOP's *Fucked up Mess* 7". MERCYLESS KOP have the best frontman in the business. When they played with BARSE 77, the singer (Alan) smashed a brown ale bottle off his head,went crashing through a pile of beer crates, ran round the room pulling people off seats, and rolled around bleeding on people. Great gig,and not much of a surprise to hear they're touring with Notts nutters SIC BOY FEDERATION! No doubt those of you at *MRR* will hear of the "funeral" of SIC BOY'S bass player, who (by now) will have been carried through the streets of Morecambe in a coffin, set alight, and pushed out to sea! Apparently it's being videoed for Barn End Video. Nice to see a band with artistic talent!

Other bands worthy of a mention are RUNNIN RIOT who are still gigging hard and have at long last released a new MCD on Rejected Recs (PO Box 6591, Dun Laoghaire, Ireland).

ZERO TOLERANCE are back on form with their new 7" *Drugs Runner* on the French label Combat Rock. It's more in the vein of their debut 7" than their disappointing CD. Raw but very tuneful,with great bass lines. Contact them at 22A Chatsworth Rd, Clapton, London E5 OLP. COMBAT ROCK also released a new 5 track EP by the UK SUBS.

THE PORK DUKES are looking for a deal. The new tracks on the *All The Filth* CD were great,so let's hope they get signed soon.

DEADLINE are a great new band that includes ex members of GUN DOG and HC band KNUCKLEDUST. Their 7" sounds like neither band, just great early '80s punk with a female vocalist. Good tunes, musicianship and production. Email hl298@hotmail.com or write to Herve at his label New Breed, PO Box 52, Gravesend, DA11 9ZL.

FRANKIE FLAME has had all his rare '80s songs (off comps, demos and a 7") released on one CD on Durango 95 recs, now based in Canada. E-mail Carlo at brutus_oi@hotmail.com. FRANKIE FLAME also sings on recent Vanilla Muffins' *Sugar Oi Come On* 7" on DSS from Austria.

Local band BARSE 77 have a CD out on my own Savage Amusement label. It's called *Negative Reaction* and has 18 tracks of very tuneful 77 style punk with funny, obnoxious lyrics and titles like "Meat Loaf is a Fucking Fat Idiot" and ''Thin Good Looking and Clean." Mental stuff that has been compared with THE BUZZCOCKS and MENACE. *Runnin Feart* zine said it was "fucking ace," while *Rant* zine from Leicester called it a classic. Get it from the address at the end of this column for 10 bucks incl airmail post, or £6 in the UK. The band has loadsof new songs and are looking for another release. Contact BARSE via L.Brown,5 Pentlands Terrace,South Stanley,Co. Durham, DH9 6QJ. Send £2.50 & SAE (UK) or six dollars to above address for their new 12 track cassette album with songs that aren't on their CD.

Onto fanzines. *Savage Amusement* 12 page newsletter, is free with IRC from my address at bottom. *Bald Cactus* (PO Box HP171,Leeds, W.Yorks, LS6 lXX) is still going strong, with its uncompromising anarchist stance. *Runnin Feart* is still on the go, specializing in all kinds of Oi and mainly melodic punk. Their reviews writer Jamesy has now set up his own zine, *Anarchoi*. The first issue features OI POLLOI and BARSE 77 amongst others,and like *Runnin Feart*, it can be ordered via Jamesy,3 Hazel Grove, Kilwinning, Ayrshire, KA13 7JH, Scotland. *Jellybrain* is a hilarious

zine, full of brilliant, original insults (reviews section) and spot-on observations on life. The new issue should be out now,and a split issue with *Small Sailor* is available. Paul also runs his own distro, specializing in DIY pop-punk. Write to 4 Clarence St, Nuneaton,Warks, CV11 5PT.

Positive Greed (Rob Stone,17A Charnley Ave,St Thomas, Exeter, Devon, EX4 1RD) is a new anarcho zine which is a good informative (if a bit serious) read. *Anti Social Behaviour* (Benny, 44 Townend, Presteigne, Powys, LD8 2DE, Wales) is very similar to *Running Down The Backstreets*, full of interesting to-the-point questions,loads of info on good new Oi bands,but sadly it all too often strays into dodgy territory. *Rant* (Mick,11 Pochins Bridge Rd,off Lansdowne Grove,South Wigston, Leics, LE18 4NR) is a enthusiastic new zine by veteran Leics scenester Mick Wood. His first issue features MDM, BARSE 77, Mark Barnsley and a history of the Anti Heroes (Mick knew guitarist Mark Mcgee right back in the days when he was in The Glory). Good to see some PUNK layout n'all! *Cod Eye* (Rob, 31 Marrick Rd, Park End, Middlesbrough, Cleveland, TS3 7SB) is a great zine,combining a good taste in music with cutting wit and tremendous put-downs, ie "Rather than receive anything from Wrench Records again,I'd rather fuck a dead dog's eye socket"!! Whatever happened to "not my cup of tea"!!

Note that I haven't included prices for zines. If overseas, it's best to send five bucks and if it's too much,the zine can always send you a back issue or two.

Other news...

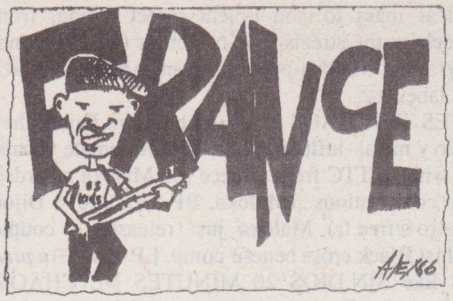
By now there should be a benefit compilation CD out called *One Law For Them*. It features mainly Oi bands like WARRIORS,VIOLENT AFFRAY etc,and money raised will help the campaign to free Mark Barnsley, who was jailed for defending himself from attack by 15 students. The court case was a farce, and Mark (who shouldn't have even been convicted at all) got 12 years. He is now being tortured in prison (thrown in freezing cells with one blanket etc). Contact Justice For Mark Barnsley at PO Box 381, Huddersfield, HDl 3XX or check out the website www.appleonline.net /markbarnsley/mark.html

That's about it for now. A lot of releases mentioned above are available from my address (send IRC for huge list), and I can also get you Captain Oi and Step One stuff at the cheapest prices. If any labels want to trade,I have a list of stuff available. Email me on trevhagl@hotmail.com.

Ihave Just released a new compilation tape called *Collector Scum Armageddon*. Half of this is classic rare punk and mod from 1978-1981, while the other half features great new bands. It has good sound quality and costs £2 &~SAE (UK) or 5 bucks airmail.

I also have T-SHIRTS, including "Why Aren't You Nonces Into Oi" which is printed in red and blue and features a large pic of a demented skin,on a good quality L or XL shirt. This is £7.50 (UK) or 14 bucks airmail.

Contact me and *Savage Amusement* at:
Trev Howarth, Rosehill, 20 Front Terrace,
Tanfield Lea, Stanley, Co.Durham
l9 9LY, England.



Hi everyone. The following is meant to be some sort of French scene report. Needless to say, it's non-exhaustive, primarily because I'll talk of what I know and what I'm interested in, and also because I can be a very narrow-minded PC whiner, thus I consider that some people & their activities don't belong here. If I forgot some people involuntarily, I'm sorry. I'm afraid it might be boring, considering that it's more a listing of contacts than anything else, there's much more that could be said, so feel free to write if you need more in-depth, thoughtful opinions/explanations (Julien).

I'm doing this little thing all in a hurry, so there are chances that I might forget a lot of nice/inspiring people/places. A very important thing is that the French punk/hardcore scene tends to be a surprisingly nice community. As with all communities, it has its weak points, but there is a strong sense of community between all the people involved, and I think this is a very very good point. People really tend to know each other, and to share things. Not everyone loves each other and there are some obvious stupid fights, but people tend to try and work together in a positive way... If you need contacts, or more specific info, I'm sure all the people mentioned here would be pleased to help you out in one way or another. Most of the contacts are email addresses, I know it sucks, and I feel damn stupid about it, but I'm typing this very fast, and I only have my email address book available. Contact me or anyone to get "paper" addresses, or whatever... Traveling punks, d.i.y. touring bands, etc... feel free to contact me or any of the people mentioned here for support, communication and friendship. Love. Solidarity. Anarchy. (Christophe xXx)

Stonehenge distro is the biggest and most diversified DIY distro in France, going from emo, hardcore to crust and grind, as long as it's DIY and has some sort of underlying political/social/ personal feel to it...the only way to find a lot of the newest international releases... Christophe also does a label by the same name, he puts out a lot of French stuff, starting with bands he used to play in like FINGERPRINT & UNDONE, other "French emo" type-of-bands like ALCATRAZ and IVICH (split w/E150), as well as seven inch compilations of various French bands, an all-euro bands comp. CD ("Idiomes," feat. Rubbish Heap, E150, Jean Seberg, Intervenzione, By All Means, etc.), more metal-influenced bands like SOAR & SEASON, the HEADWAY CD (amazing free-jazz by a former metal-hardcore band), and much more...future releases include: the BRIDEWELL HOSPITAL (France) / Red Kedge (Singapore) split EP, AMANDA WOODWARD (10inch?), Submission Hold / KOCHISE...he just moved to a new place, and I don't have his new street address, so here's his email address: stonehenge@libertysurf.fr

The Maloka Collective is based in Dijon and has been involved in tons of things for about ten years now...the first thing that comes to mind is their amazing involvement in the squat movement, in a city where until recently, one wouldn't have seen it as the ideal place to squat, considering the wealthy, right-wing oriented city it is...the most famous squat is of course Les Tanneries, the longest lasting and biggest squat (I should say "autonomous center" or something...) where tons of bands play and countless activities (political or else...) take place. After years of negotiations with the city, they seem to finally get the right to keep the place and keep on doing things, thanks to their uncompromising politics, many protests and support campaigns. There are also smalller squats in Dijon ("Le pamplemousse," and a women-only place called "La courdémone"), but their situation is quite uncertain for the moment. Other Maloka activities include an info-shop, a vegan restaurant, a huge distro (as big as Stonehenge, but more focused on anarcho-punk and the like, carrying also a lot of literature...), political activism in the broad sense of

the term, from critical mass to non-violent direct action, from women's groups to reclaim the streets type-of-demos (all of this not necessarily involving only Maloka-people...), an Anarchist black cross group, a record label, etc.

20 MINUTES DE CHAOS is a band based in Dijon, they play some kind of heavy metal -influenced crust, with female vocals. They have a split LP with ALTTC from Greece (on Maloka records), and songs on various compilations...(Maloka, BP 536, 21014 Dijon cedex or maloka.distro@free.fr) Maloka just released a couple months ago an Anarchist Black cross benefit comp. LP called *Au pied du mur*, with bands like SIN DIOS 20 MINUTES DE CHAOS, PORC BLEU, etc. Ratbone Records is a record label based in Bordeaux, a town on the west coast, near the Atlantic. He just released the HHH (Spanish late '80s-early '90s HC trash) 2xCD discography, along with 625 from the States and Boisleve from France. His first release was the JEAN SEBERG (awesome powerviolence from Bordeaux) posthumous EP, together with Murder Records. Future plans: a HEIMAT-LOS (French oldschool!!!) discography. Luc also does *Scream* zine (in English now, new issue out soon with DS 13, Infest and more) and plays in FACE UP TO IT, a positive bike-core band as they like to put it, reminiscent of '80s trash HC bands like Heresy, in a more sloppy version, I think... (Luc Ardilouze, BP 11, 33023 Bordeaux cedex or nocomply@club-internet.fr). Oh yeah, and you can also ask him for his small but fine distro, mostly carrying fastcore, bandana thrash, and, oh well, you know the deal...

Also from Bordeaux comes Murder Records & newsletter, done by Olivier (ex-OPSTAND vocalist), the newsletter focus on fast stuff in general and it's hilarious, but it's in French. Murder releases include VOMIT FOR BREAKFAST (grindpunk), SICKNESS (crust), DISBEER (crust), JEAN SEBURG / Dahmer, etc. Olivier also runs a little distro...(same contact as Ratbone)

There's a couple bands there you might want to check out: ACRIMONIE (chaotic emometal?), CLOUDBURST (emo metalcore?), ALBANY ACADAMY... I have no contacts for those, but just ask Ratbone or Murder.. for shows in Bordeaux: mankind@clubinternet.fr or:myway@wanadoo.fr

WeeWee is a zine/record label from Toulouse (southwest). The zine is in French, so we'll pass on it... some cool WW releases: a 7 Seconds tribute comp. seven inch with Intensity, This Side Up, Endstand, FAKE HIPPY, STRANDED & SECOND RATE, the Headway/Tekken split EP, Summer day in June CD (French screamo)...in the works: Aghast /Tekken split EP. One of them does a tape label called Vendredi 13 recordings, where it puts out lots of split tapes of grind bands, funny side-projects of electronic stuff...some of the stuff can be goofy at times, but some of it is worth checking out, like the tape of the last OPSTAND's show, for example.

TEKKEN is a band with the guys from *Wee Wee*, plus one guy from SUMMER DAY IN JUNE, plus some other guys, they play grind core with a high dose of humor, having fun being their prime motive, I guess...(David Séchaud, 25 rue Goudouli, 31240 St. Jean or davids@weewee.scs-internet.fr) contact him for shows in Toulouse.

In Reims (northeast), Phil & Elodie run a big distro called Burn Out, they carry all sorts of stuff, from metal hardcore to emo, and a lot of hard-to-find-in-France labels such as Skin Graft, GSL,etc. they do a zine called *Burn Out* (in French), a record label called Shogun (the SUBMERGE/ANANDA split EP), and they put up shows on a regular basis...Phil also plays in two bands: SUBMERGE (metalcore) and LYSSA (???)...(Phil Kieffer, 39 rue du Mont d'arène, 51000 Reims or: kieffer.monnet.burn@wanadoo.fr)

In the Lyon / St.étienne area (center-east, my area), lot of stuff is happening, we have shows on a regular basis (all sorts: emo, HC, crust, @punk, noise/experimental...), sometimes in squats, sometimes in bars (which is crappy), sometimes in bigger venues like youth centers or a club (which just closed, though...). There's a lot of people interested in underground music in general, but I guess people are picky and some are just going with the flow and following trends, so we barely get more than 50 people at an average DIY show in Lyon. In St.étienne, which is a smaller town, there's more people at shows and the scene seems to be more "united," for lack of a better word... strangely, there's more bands than we have in Lyon, maybe due to the fact that the town is mostly a working-class, Saturday night football type-of-town, so the youth may have few opportunities besides going to the game or the nightclub...anyway, VOMIT FOR BREAKFAST come from there, they toured a lot across France and Europe (they did the Hellnation European tour), and released a couple seven inches and splits...LACK OF REASON play emopunk with personal/political lyrics dealing with homophobia, sexism and much more, they used to be three people, now they're four, two girls/two guys. GOOFBALL is a girlrock/riot grrrl-infuenced band, not unlike Bikini Kill or early Babes in Toyland, they have one or two seven inches, but I can't tell for sure...

SPIT used to play melodic punk rock in the Dag Nasty vein, they were awesome but I don't know if they're still playing...they released one EP and a CD. One of the guys plays in Wei-ji (ex-6 Pack and virtually the same band), a poppy-emo outfit. A bunch of dudes from St.étienne just finished the new issue of the zine *Tranzophobia*, it's thick as hell, and they did it in French & English. It features lots of ints with bands like Seein red, Dir Yassin, Blackfire, Cap. Casualties, LA FRACTION, French performance artist J.L. Costes, Intensity, Brother Inferior, Submission Hold, Fun People and much more, plus texts, pics, art, opinions... one of the best French zines in ages!!!

For shows in St. étienne, or any infos/contacts about the above mentioned things: vomitforbreakfast@wanadoo.fr there's one squat in St.étienne called Izmir—I've never been there, but heard it was nice! About the squats/alternative spaces in Lyon, Le point Moc is a lovely squat with a garden that's been existing for more than a year now, they had lots of shows (all kinds of music...), activists meetings, women groups meetings, a vegan restaurant once in while, and more... they'll be evicted in a couple months, but the city promised to relocate them, so we'll see what happens...

La Duende is a legalized squat, a whole building with about 15 people living... most of the people living there are involved in something political, or "artistic" or whatever, but there's not much happening in the place, aside from the occasional benefit-party, the rehearsal room and the vegan restaurant we used to do...a silk-screening space is about to start working, and there's a free-clothes thrift store,too. There's a libertarian volunteer-run bookstore called La Gryphe in the same area, that carries a bunch of cool books and sometimes hosts conferences...there's a few more cool places, but in case you're really interested or happen to travel around, just contact me: antipathy66@hotmail.com (I also help with setting up shows & tours sometimes, but I can't promise I'll have the time to help you). For shows in Lyon, contact: diatribe@libertysurf.fr, defacto@wanadoo.fr, highblend@caramail.com.

Moderncity Records just released the European version of the Juno CD on 2xLP, and have a Defacto record planned for the near future.(burnremi@aol.com) *We're gonna fight* is a zine in English that's focusing on the international scene, Sebastien also helps releasing records once in a while (with Maloka, for example), and he's a strong politically-minded individual, to say the least! a good source of infos if you're looking for international scenes...(8 cours gambetta, 69007 Lyon or: w.g.f@free.fr) Molaire records & distro: did a couple records such as: the UNLOGISTIC / WHATS WRONG? EP (fast '80s skatepunk vs. emoHC), the Envy 10" (japanese screamo), the Brazen 10" (shotmaker-like emo from Swiss, co-release with Snuff records...), as well as a Knut record, if I'm right, and much more...Fabien plays in a band called ISCARIOTTE, they play emotional metacore, and have a sevencinch out. they'll be touring with Envy in Europe this fall and should have a split with California,s Fire next time out in the next couple months on Shogun. (fafamolaire@aol.com). Fabien' s roomate, Seb, just started a label and released the 10" version of the latest Yage (Germany emo) record. Oh, the label is called Pure Pain Sugar, just contact Molaire for any extra info. Bad Card, that old punk/HC label is still around, one of the oldest, more dedicated French DIY labels(Sylvain Vilette, 48 rue du Potager, 91270 Vigneux sur Seine). Les Nains Aussi used to be a radio show in Grenoble, now Nico is putting out records (like the Life,s a Riot EP, @punk from Finland) and doing a really fine musical/politi-

cal zine called "*Tu honoreras ton père et ta mere*", in French. (Nicolas Retière, 5 rue Buffon, 38000 Grenoble, or : les_nains_aussi@liberty-surf.fr) Yann is doing a radio show called Nada, I haven,t heard it in a very very long time, but I wanted to mention him here, because he's such a nice, dedicated, passionate person. Contact him at: nada-core@yahoo.fr

A bunch of fine distros...

Arabesque (emo-oriented...): Yann Le Fur, Kerdran, 56850 Caudan. or: thenewthing@yahoo.fr. Left for dead (Fastcore, crust...): Romain Trocherie, 5 place Ladmirault, 44000 Nantes or: ear-grinder@aol.com. Sanjam (punkrock,HC...): Yann Dubois, 23 rue de la Saulzinière, 44000 Nantes. Emergence (various...): Vincent Troplain; 29 rue le Nostre, 76000 Rouen. DIY (punk, @punk, HC...): BP 135, 87004 Limoges cedex. Panx (HC, punk,crust, grind...huge, & also a record label): BP 5058, 31033 Toulouse cedex. Darbouka (punk, hc...focused on international scenes, also carries Exotic underground zine): Frédéric Brahim, 17 rue de la forêt, 67340 Menchhoffen. Yann Boisleve, the guy whom we owe the International SXE bulletin, countless comps such as " We may fight a battle..." has stopped doing the distro, but will keep on releasing records...Lately, he's been focusing his energy on animal rights a lot with his collective Veg'info. They used to put out a newsletter and they have a distro list of related stuff. (S; Ritzenthaler, 3 bvd; des trois croix, 35000 Rennes or coinxxxcoin@yahoo.fr). El Trasgo (HC,punk, crust...): eltrasgo@infonie.fr

A bunch of cool bands that still exist...

AMANDA WOODWARD (the best French emo in ages!!! they only have released a CD demo so far, but that only could have been an album!!!): 22 rue de Vaucelles, 14000 Caen or: Amanda_woodward@hotmail.com.

HIPPIES OF TODAY (fastcore/grind): Arnaud Benoist, 8 rue du Dr. Mordret, appt.86, 72000 Le Mans.

AFFLICTION (between Anomie & Discharge, they say, with female vocals): tcpc@free.fr.

H2OIL (noisy emo): they should have a split with Japan's 9 days Wonder out in the next few months, contact Molaire for infos.

VANILLA (French emo, still around!): Yves maisonneuve, 30rue Régnault, 75013, Paris, or: drama1974@hotmail.com.

LA FRACTION (frenchpunk at its best): Boris Hallard, 65 Bd. Voltaire, 75011 Paris, or: fraction@altern.org.

BODA(melodic punk, did a split CD w/Eterna Innocencia from Argentina): lionel.cloarec@caramail.com.

WAITING FOR BETTER DAYS & ROMEO IS STILL BLEEDING: did a split CD together, playing modern emo-chaotic HC type-of-stuff(contact for Romeo is Bleeding: dorianseth@aol.com).

ATTENTAT SONORE: from Limoges, old styled fast punk with dual vocals, they've been around for a while, did a split Ep with Scraps long time ago (don,t have any contact, try Panx or DIY distros).

KOCHISE: from Paris, political French punk, they,ve been around forever, have a couple records out (split w/Conflict), and run a DIY info shop in Paris called LE KIOSK, where you can find music/politics, literature, records, shirts & goodies (21 ter rue Voltaire, 75011 Paris, or : kochise@lemel.fr) . Actually, it,s located right in front of a big anarcho center (C.I.C.P.), and it,s open on friday & Saturday from 3pm to 7pm..

ROBOTNICKA: from Dijon, emo poppunk with female vocals, smart & political! Just released a split LP w/Divide & conquer (D&C singer plays drums in Robotnicka) on Maloka/Zorlac. Bike punx!!! (bikesabbath@hotmail.com <mailto:bikesabbath @ hotmail.com>).

COCHE BOMBA: are back with people from Vömit for Breakfast, and they rock more than ever, faster, tighter, crazy Hc punk (contact through the VFB address).

TWIST: twisted Hardcore, a cross between Chokehold & Groundwork with a more modern sound, with interesting lyrics. (fabienguillaume@hotmail.com<mailto:fabienguillaume@hotmail.com>).

EREVAN: the emo sound that some refer to as "French emo", with political lyrics (erevan2@caramail.com <mailto:erevan2@caramail.com>)

ALGOLANIE: mid paced hardcore that reminds me of a cross between Unhinged & Econochrist, with a good anarcho-punk perspective. (Oliver Rouen, 209/211 rue des Postes, 59000 Lille).

PORC BLEU : crazy punk with that Crass touch. (Vincent Hulard,. 39 avenue de Bretagne, 76100 Rouen).

BURN HOLLYWOOD BURN: the French Catharsis, a bit predictable with their Crimethinc. stance if you ask me; but they,re powerful and seem sincere and dedicated. (burnhollywoodburn@caramail.com)

French bands have the bad habit of breaking up way too early, so here's a list of French bands that aren't together anymore, but who are worth checking out...

OPSTAND (grind/fastcore, did couple releases, splits w/Spazz & Seein Red...), JEAN SEBERG (see above), WHAT'S WRONG (see above), CONDENSE (late Black flag goes more noisy...), all the "French emo" type-of-bands like UNDONE, FINGERPRINT, IVICH, ALCATRAZ, RACHEL etc., RAWNESS (old-school HC/punk), SOAR & SEASON (chaotic metal), HEIMATLOS (late 80's HC, with melodies, cool lyrics...), HEADWAY (see above), ASIDE (fast hardcore with dual male/female vocals), ANOMIE (excellent emo HC with female vocals), PRIMITIZ BUNKO (crustpunk), SCRAPS (old school fast HC, singer David also played in Nations on Fire), etc. for shows in France, besides the towns & people mentioned above...:

in Troyes: tcpc@free.fr
in Poitiers: gregtheatre@netcourrier.com
in Paris: badcard@clubinternet.fr
in Grenoble: konchitasprod@caramail.com
in Chambéry: catharsis.asso@wanadoo.fr
in Rennes: xavkero@yahoo.fr
in Nancy: DKero@aol.com
in Rouen: gildas.clet@m6net.fr
in Brest: lionel.cloarec@caramail.com
in Marseille: dorianseth@aol.com
in Vichy : Florimond Soyez (Fight for your mind zine), 47 avenue Gilbert Roux, 03300 Cusset)
there's a cool festival every summer, somewhere in the middle of the woods, just contact Yves at: yves.cbi@wanadoo.fr There's two "Efanzinothèques" (zine libraries, both are really big), one in Toulouse, and one in Poitiers (I found the 1st MRR issue there), you can send in your zines, that,s a good way to have them read by a lot of people;
-Fanzinothèque de Poitiers: 185 rue du faubourg du pont-neuf, 86000 Poitiers
-Fanzinothèque de Toulouse : c/o Médiathèque associative, 6 rue de la Bourse, 31000 Toulouse

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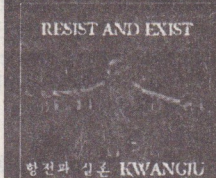

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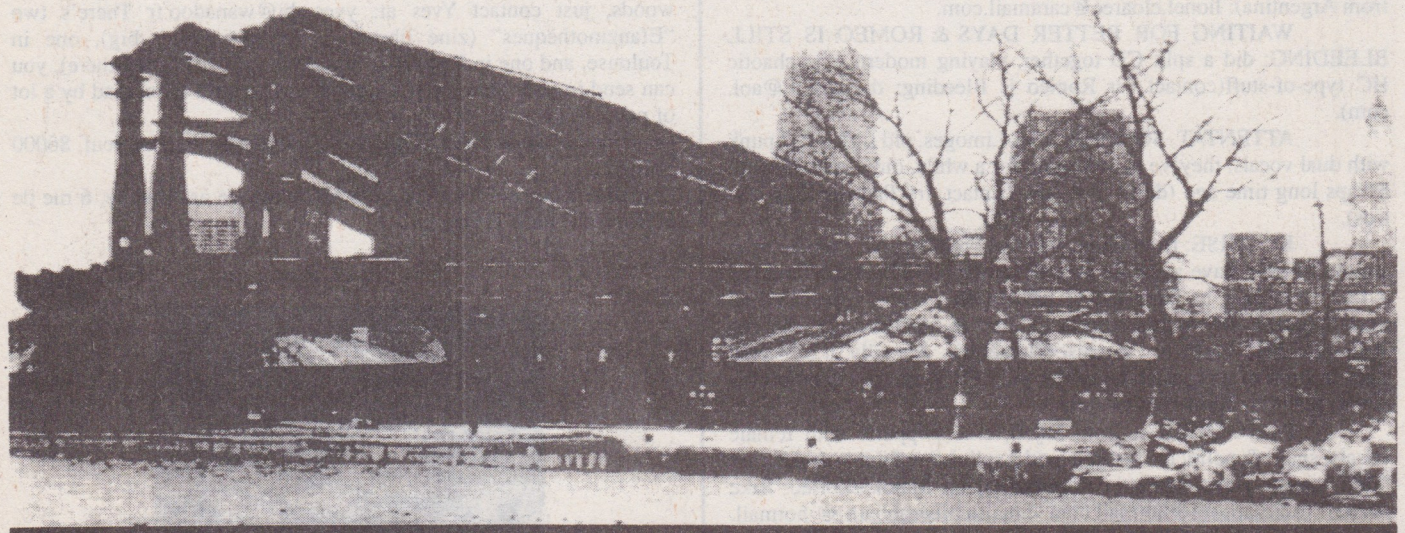

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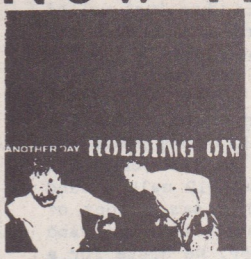

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Raging grindcore from two of the genres sickest. Bodies Lay Broken are Minnesota's defenders of the grindcore faith, they will stay true to the old school. Machetazo are a whirlwind blur of gore, grind and brutal death Who could ask for anything more on one piece of wax. $3.50 ppd US

Holding On 7" and CD
Hardcore punk threat from Minneapolis, 6 new fast and angry songs. An impressive follow up to the split with The Real Enemy (on 1% and Havoc). The CD contains all their previously released recordings (the new 7" the split and the demo 7") plus a previously unreleased cover of Negative Approach - 16 songs total! Colored vinyl available for mailorder only (running low - order now!) Expect to see Holding On in your town soon. 7" $3.50, CD $8ppd US

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CUTS s/t LP

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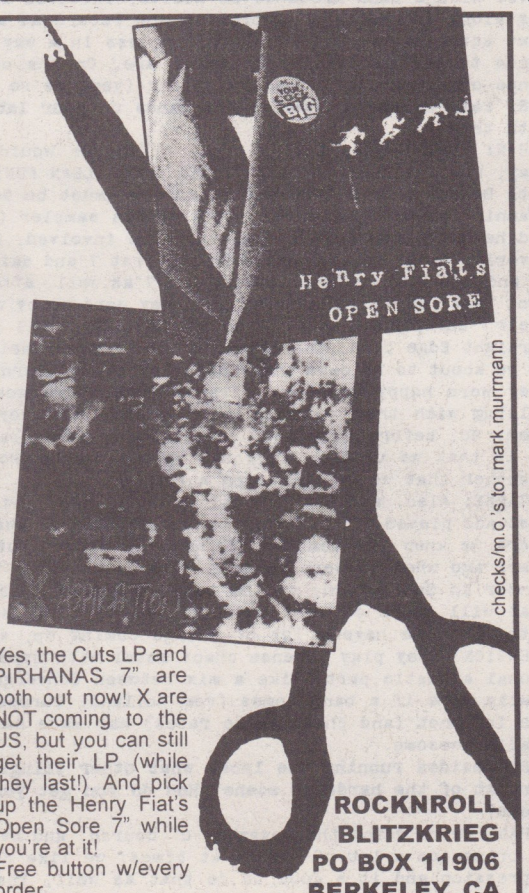

checks/m.o.'s to: mark murrmann

Yes, the Cuts LP and PIRHANAS 7" are both out now! X are NOT coming to the US, but you can still get their LP (while they last!). And pick up the Henry Fiat's Open Sore 7" while you're at it!
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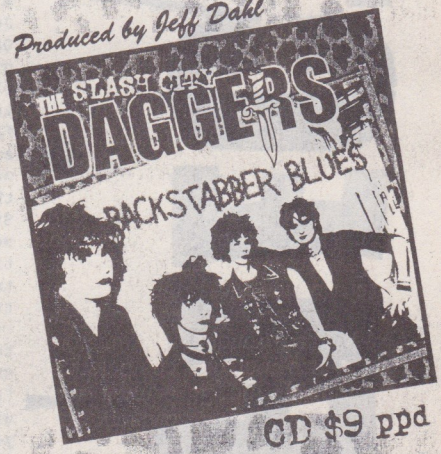

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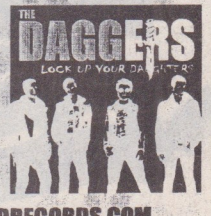

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REFLECTIONS WORDS MUSIC

interview by brian gta

MRR: What is up with the name Reflections? Is it some kind of new age hippie name?
JOHAN: Haha that's a fucked up rude way to ask things! Seriously: Reflections started out as a zine, and that still exists, the latest issue #14, has just rolled off the presses, and since it was really personal in the beginning I choose the name Reflections, also named after a song from the Cro Mags, which lyrics I really liked. When we started releasing records we thought about a new name but hey, people knew us by that name so we kept it that way.
SUZANNE: Okay, since nobody knows me from when I was seventeen or so... I'll fill you in. I indeed was a hippie, wearing dresses, long skirts. I had long henna red hair and listening to French music, growing and smoking weed in the commune I lived in (okay okay.. I was an alternative student dorm, but we DID walk around naked). Years later (I was working in France for my studies) I saw a copy of Reflections Magazine for the first time and I felt I could relate to this guy (and thought the layout could be spiced up) so I wrote Johan a letter. We wrote for a few months back and forward and fell in love. That's where my part in the Reflections dynasty begins...
MRR: Since there were so many record labels already out there, what made you think that you should start one as well? What makes your label similar to and or different from other labels out there?
JOHAN: That's a whole lot of questions in one... Okay, the reason we started the label is probably the same answer every other label will give you: because we like it. It's fun helping out bands and most and for all of course, to be able to release the music you love so much. That's the main reason: it's fun. What makes our label similar to other labels is that we work on the same scheme I think... putting out records and pray that they sell so you won't end up in debt. What makes our label different? I think that we don't give a rat's ass if something is 'trendy' or if a band fits in a certain 'category'. We're pretty open-minded and have a very various taste in music. My heart is closest to the raw, old style, kinda hardcore, but then again I like all different stuff as well. We just as easily release records from Reaching Forward, which is an all-out straight edge band who play hard and fast 'youthcrew' then that we release, for instance Zegota, who are something completely different. We both love music and when we can get along with the people in the band and we like what they do, and we have the resources we'll release it. And the fact that we're doing this together, as boy/girlfriend, may be something that's not that common with other labels...
SUZANNE: I guess what also makes us different is that we don't really have this style or genre we put out. We have several criteria on what we decide whether or not to put something out from a band. Of course we have to like the music. I personally need to feel some sort of connection with the band we're working with. Since I'm the one taking care of band contacts, production, artwork and design (or coordination) and financial agreements it has to be personal and communicative. Also a band needs to be active, involved and cooperative. You know, thinking along and helping to promote the record as much as possible. This all might come across as very demanding.. I guess in a way we are demanding that we expect bands to be just as driven as we are. On the other hand it really gives you a sense of community / family feeling (yep, we're hippies).
MRR: Tell us about some of the bands on your label and how you ended up working with them?
JOHAN: Some bands... that's cool. All bands would be a little too much I guess... Okay, most well-known ones first: GOOD CLEAN FUN; I met Issa when he was on tour with Better than a thousand in Europe, must be 96/97 or so. At that time we were planning on doing a tribute to 7Seconds sampler ("fight the world not eachother") and he heard about it and asked to be involved, since 7 seconds was his all time favorite band. Well, I heard their first 7"and said 'sure'. One thing led to another and we ended up re-releasing the 7"as well, after that, as many may know, things went fast for Good Clean Fun and they were happy with what we did that we're kinda their 'European' label. Then we have REACHING FORWARD. Holland's most popular Straight Edge band, they asked us to release their full length"For The Cause" and we're about to release their upcoming album" Burning the lies" as well. So I guess they were happy with our first effort. Same goes for THE CONTROL, we ended up talking with them somehow and they decided they wanted us to do a record with them. So, before I go into detail about every band too much, what it comes down to is that we usually know the people we do records with and somehow we decide together that we're releasing a record.
SUZANNE: Also, and that should be out around now, a 7"from SIREN, a girl-fronted fast and pissed off hardcore band that blew us away when we heard it. Also, a band where we knew its members... We met the singer Suzanne (what's in a name) in DC 8 years ago when we were on tour with Mainstrike. She took us along to the movies, dinner in Georgetown, to the beach etcetera. She's an awesome girl and a throat that will scare of many macho youthcrew jocks so I'm glad we're doing a record with them. We have a lot of things coming up, a great band from Holland called AVERSION, they play intense chaos metal with hyperspeed blast beats but also emotional acoustic part, like a mix between Converge and Botch. In general we don't really care if a band comes from Holland, Europe or anywhere else in the world. The internet (and cheap phone rates) has made hardcore more global than ever and that's awesome.
MRR: Besides running the label what other things are you involved in within the context of the hardcore scene? How do you get your kicks outside of the hardcore scene?
JOHAN: We're doing the magazine of course, and even though it's a lot of work and it brings on a lot of stress at times, we like doing it. It's some sort of self-expression and it's good to do that as well, instead of making packages all day and talking to distributors. It's a good way to show people what you feel is important and then the fact that I love doing interviews. It's the best way to find out how people really are. Then we do shows / festivals every now and then, which is also stressful, but fun, I think Suzanne's and myself have a problem with being

Hardcore is what my whole life revolves around. And many times I thought how weird and maybe even how ridiculous that is, but who cares? I love the community. I love the music...

such control freaks. We want everything to be good and well organised. That brings on quite some stress... Kicks outside of the hardcore scene? I like riding my mountainbike. And we both very much like to watch movies. And I like to cook!

SUZANNE: Ehm.. I work at this venue called the Goudvishal who has an ancient hardcore history for over 15 years but also does other type of subcultural events be it concerts or dance. I'd say check it out at www.goudvishal.nl. Next to that I like to be around friends, hanging out in the beautiful park Arnhem has, drinking cappuccino. It doesn't really take much for me to get my kicks in life. Few little things can make me really happy I guess.

MRR: If you had to stop running the label tomorrow what would you then do to take up that spare time?

JOHAN: Well, first off all I had to find myself a job since I'm doing this fulltime and we do make a little money off the label to get by... Then, I don't know. Probably start painting again. I used to be really into painting and I definitely want to pick that up again.

SUZANNE: We'd definitely wanna start a record store some time. It might happen, it might not. But if you mean really quitting anything hardcore related? I guess I would try to finally pick up a part-time study again. That's something totally impossible right now.

MRR: What attracted you to the hardcore scene in the first place? To straight edge? What does "hardcore" and "straight edge" mean to you?

JOHAN: Honestly... I don't really know. It must have been a combination of things that I liked. I was about 15 or so that I got in touch with hardcore and punk (through metal, I was a headbanger with long hair, the jeans jacket with patches, the whole nine yards:) and I liked the purity of it. The raw aggression, the lyrics. You could see this stuff was for real. Where metal has a big theatrical aspect, punk and hardcore was for real! These guys and girls were really pissed off! I liked that. And obviously, the young teen that I was, the whole 'rebel' thing attracted me as well. I got in touch with Straight Edge due to a famous Dutch band called LÄRM. They were one of the first European bands that really pushed the whole Straight Edge idea and through them and Minor Threat (of course!) I found out about bands like Youth of Today at around '88 and well, somehow Straight Edge felt right to me. I drank before, but from '89 on I've been Straight Edge, and still going strong! Hahaha. What hardcore and straight edge mean to me? The world! I mean, straight edge is a personal thing and I'm definitely not the kinda guy that goes out and bother other people who drink or smoke or whatever, but to me, it's important. Hardcore is what my whole life revolves around. And many times I thought how weird and maybe even how ridiculous that is, but who cares? I love the community. I love the music... the fact that people all over the world share the same interest and that I know that I can in fact travel the world and have a place to sleep everywhere, because of hardcore. That should say enough. It means the world to me!

SUZANNE: What in the hardcore scene attracted me in the first place? Well that's kinda hard, cause for me I gradually got involved. First on a more mainstream-ish basis where I was a roadie / merchandiser for a pretty known Dutch band. Then later, doing the zine followed by the record label. I guess safety might be 1 of the things.. I've never felt unsafe at a hardcore show. Also gender difference is something I personally don't experience. For me, most of the times, hardcore serves as an intelligent and respectful community where gender or age doesn't matter but I'm not too naive, I know it can be otherwise too. Straight edge was a positive tool for me to get rid of a bad smoking habit. I used to be a heavy teenage drinker so I quit that at my early college years already. For me straight edge is living your life as a conscious consumer (vs. environmental issues, addictions like drugs or smoking, alcohol as the standard, a veg(etari)an diet, not over-consuming etc). I always knew I eventually would start drinking again (on a responsible level, without being excessive) cause I really enjoy a good glass of wine. And with my choice of doing that nothing has really changed and I'm still the same person. So for all those people whining about selling out, go fuck yourself.

MRR: If straight edge is such a revolutionary movement then why is it that there are so few women involved in straight edge bands?

JOHAN: Ain't that the same for punk and hardcore in general? I doubt if straight edge is more or less a revolutionary movement than any other 'sub' genre within punk or hardcore as well.. To me it's important and I also believe that when you really want an alternative you shouldn't waste your life away with alcohol and drugs, but that's my opinion. Why there are so few women... I asked myself that many, many times. Punk and hardcore portrays itself as anti-sexist, probably even more than any other subculture in the world and yet still, not many women seem to be attracted to it. Maybe the music is too aggressive and loud? I honestly don't know....

SUZANNE: First off, I don't think straight edge is so revolutionary neither are other subgenres within hardcore. In general there aren't many women involved in hardcore bands. Why's that? Personally I think a lot of reasons... Primarily I think women are not likely to cling or limit themselves to one activity. Mostly women have more interests in different things and if you're not actively involved then the hardcore scene CAN be a pretty one-sided and boring boys club I guess. Next to that sexism exists in the world, and also in hardcore and women are treated and judged differently (by men and fellow 'sisters') which isn't quite positivistic, uplifting or encouraging to stay (active) in hardcore. I wish it would be different but I'm realistic enough to know that it'll never really change. I'm doing my part by being involved and letting myself heard (and loud:), that's all I care do.

MRR: Since so many people involved with straight edge seem all too content to only associate with and preach to the already converted, how do you see it moving beyond these boundaries? Have straight edge ideals found their way outside of the hardcore community?

JOHAN: I also think that 'preaching to the converted' is something almost 'common' not only for the straight edge scene, but also for punk and hardcore in general. And to move it beyond that is hard. There have been discussions about hardcore kids going out to schools and talk about straight edge, but I doubt if that ever happened. I do however definitely think that straight edge somehow found its ways outside hardcore. I have friends who hardly listen to hardcore anymore, that still live drug free and even still call themselves straight edge. On the other hand; it surely still has that connection with hardcore music.

SUZANNE: I guess I'd have to go with Johan on that one. See, I already said I don't think the straight edge move-

and the fact that people all over the world share the same interest and that I know that I can in fact travel the world and have a place to sleep everywhere, because of hardcore...

ment is that revolutionary but it's good to see non-hardcore people around me like my family getting themselves informed about straight edge issues like non-consumerism, vegetarianism. Definitely in Holland lately where we have all these problems with Foot and Mouth disease, BSE, Salmonella, Dioxin chicken.. whatever.. It's hard to keep up with.

MRR: Do you believe in drug legalization or prohibition, and if the answer is legalization do you also see that this would work for other countries such as the US? Which do you view as more of a problem, legally prescribed drugs manufactured by "legitimate" corporations or "street" drugs and why?

JOHAN: This is an issue I have had many discussions about and in one way I think that drugs should be legalised. Take it out of the criminal scene. Take it away from the dealers and pushers... On the other hand: here in Holland soft drugs (Marijuana) is legalised and when you're 18 or over you can freely buy it at so called coffee shops. What you see is that quite a lot of kids end up hanging at those places all day long, just smoking and being pathetic. And I'm sure that many kids would never even try smoking it, if it wasn't so easily to get. I surely think that it would be better that if there was somehow 'control' over what's out there on the streets (also, because of the quality of drugs.... People who want to do drugs are gonna do it anyway, so I think that it's better that they have clean stuff and all that..) But it's a difficult, very difficult question. In my opinion, I'd like to see all that crap out of this world but that's not realistic, so we have to deal with it somehow anyway...

SUZANNE: I think drug legalization provides a policy where quality control, prevention, support and education are the most important. When you reduce the harm drugs can do (by providing clean and 'healthy' conditions) or eliminate criminal influence by having it governmental controlled I think you're way better off then shutting your eyes for it. Indeed I am a bit paranoid, cause how to define criminal hands, when the government is often a wolf in sheep clothes. For me this doesn't mean that I approve drug use. I know that smoking weed from time to time is not bad (and can be even very good in chronic pain disease treatments) but more often than not I've seen it not work like that. I can't really speak for the US situation since the country is so much different in the way the US legal and penal system is set up.

MRR: The European hardcore scene seems very organized in regards to tour promoters, fanzines, and networking amongst labels, distros, etc. so what is your opinion of the US within these parameters?

JOHAN: I don't know if it's that different. I've been on two US tours. One was with Mainstrike and one was with The Oath. The first one wasn't exactly a big success. Main problem was kids that didn't seem to bother about taking responsibilities when they do a show. Little or no flyering and promotion was the main cause for playing some really, really small shows where the band was sent on the road with $10 (really!) and no drinks or food or anything. With The Oath on the other hand it was really well organised and things worked out perfect! Biggest difference is that bands in Europe get food and drinks and people that do shows arrange a place to sleep and all that. It may look like small things but when you're on tour and you get a good meal and you know before that show that you don't have to worry afterwards about whether or not you can lay your head to rest, makes SO much difference. Other than that, I don't know.. we like our label and zine to be organized because that works so much better and it adds to the fun as well...

SUZANNE: I guess in general you could say that people in the US live more by the hour so there's a less need to organise. I think the 24-hour economy (that we don't have.. yet) is part of the cause, maybe there's a more carpe diem attitude and we Europeans live more in the past, present and future. In any case what I experienced in the US is that not much is well organised at hardcore shows, things that here are natural, like food, lodging and payment. On the other hand financially it's easy when you're young to just screw around, studying a bit or doing nothing, playing in bands, doing a distro whatever.. Whereas in the US you don't have that kind of social system to take care of you so you need to work that 2 or 3 jobs and if you want to do a band next to that you'd have to work your ass off to make it a success.

MRR: What do you think would make the European hardcore scene better?

SUZANNE: I guess worldwide it would be so much better if people would try to lose the 'labels' put on each other and be aware that everything is just perception and expectations towards one another.

JOHAN: People shouldn't talk so much shit about eachothers little cliques and different scenes... But I think that's the same all over the world. I like so many different styles of music why should I put myself in a position where I can only like straight edge bands, or only crust bands? That's ridiculous! Oh, and it would be great if small (and some big ones too!) DIY distributors take their responsibilities and pay labels in time and all that. That's actually something that bothers me for quite a long time... labels pay recording costs, they pay for pressing plants, printers, advertisement and they pay for postage to send records to some distributor who end up paying the labels some money after a month or three if they even feel like sending money at all... Of course not all of them are like that. But it would be great if something could change in that matter... but again, that's also more of a global thing than just a European one.

I think that all too often people in the hardcore scene lack a sense of humour and need to laugh at others and themselves more often, would you agree or disagree? What was the last prank that you pulled on someone?

JOHAN: Oh, totally agree! That's why I like Good Clean Fun so much! They're able to bring a positive message with tongue-in-cheek humor that's hilarious. At the same time they managed to talk about homophobia, animal rights and drug abuse (among other things) and kids notice that. Even though we might be really serious about what we believe in, it's good to step back every now and then and look at it from an outsider's point of few. That's always a good thing.

SUZANNE: I'm all for pranks haha! Yesterday, the kids from Reaching Forward were here to discuss the new record (when and how it was supposed to be released etc). My kitchen prince, Johan, was cooking (as always a GREAT dinner) and Johnny and Harm from Reaching Forward were joking that it should be mentioned in the contract that Johan has to cook them a meal once a month. Then later on I made up some fake contract, signed and all (while in real it was just a printed out e-mail where we set our appointments on) and I asked Harm to sign it and that the little notes said: "Harm should give the Boss (that's me) some good bodily enjoyment once a month." Haha.. I guess for a moment he shit his pants haha!

MRR: What are your top ten favourite drugged out or alcoholic bands?

JOHAN: Pfew.. a top ten is hard, but on number one, easily: Ozzy Osbourne and old Black Sabbath. Even though Ozzy might be all clean and dandy nowadays, he earned his medals in being drugged up and fucked up for sure. Then, I like the Dropkick Murphy's, who, I believe aren't really straight edge either. Other then that: I don't know: honestly, I couldn't care less if a band is straight edge or not (even though it sure helps! Hehehehe, just kidding). I mean, there's some seriously genius music created under the influence of much intoxication.

SUZANNE: Mmm... Brian let me guess... you're not straight edge are you? You seem to be pretty fond of alcohol haha! But serious: I have no clue. I never liked it when bands drink alcohol on stage, I think that's just a no-go for bands or artists (okay, besides Ozzy Osbourne maybe). I do have this great MP3 on my computer desktop: a live performance of The Mountain Goats with Simon Joyner doing "Stay Here And Drink!"

MRR: How much would you pay for a mini Pushead skateboard deck you fuggin geek !?!

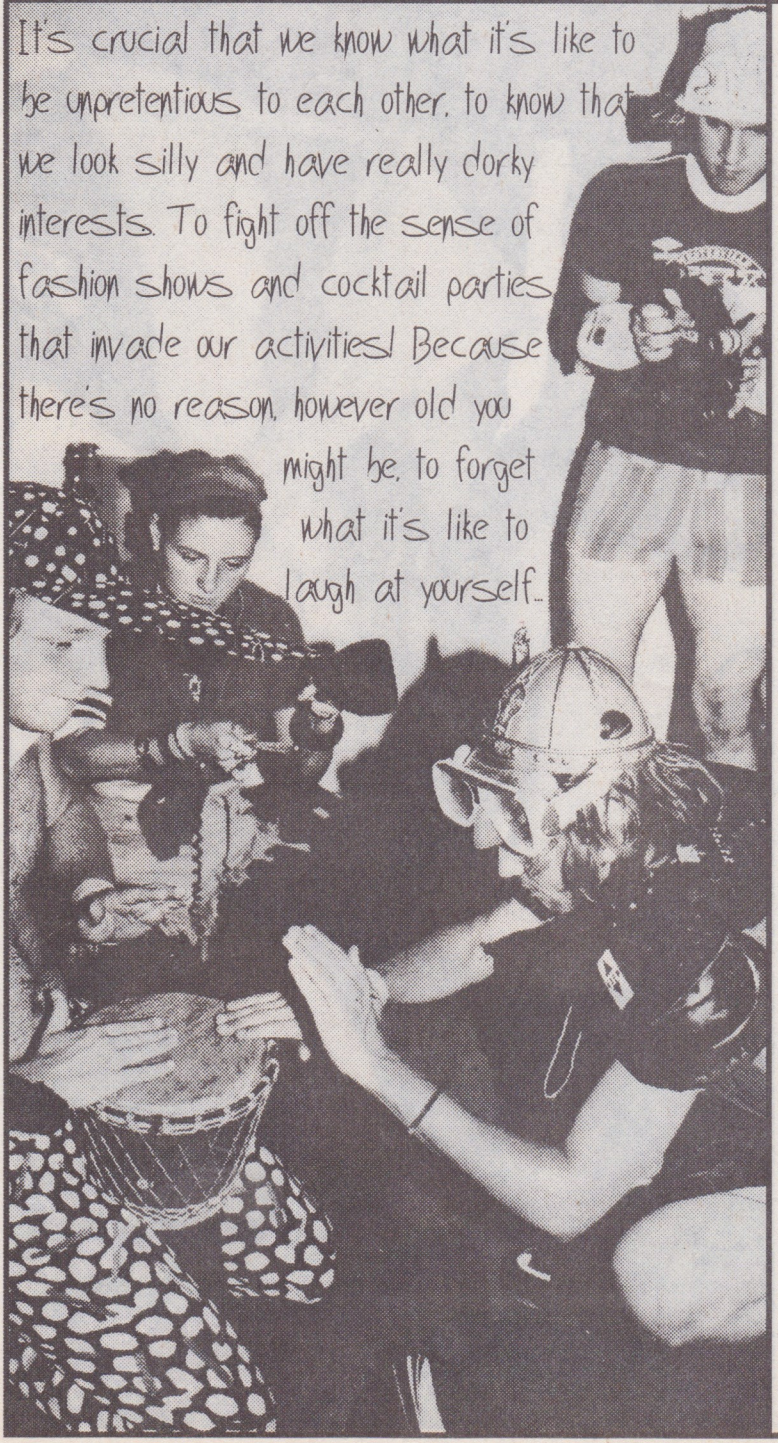
JOHAN: Hahaha. I love Pushead art but I'm not a big collector at all. When I'm able to get something it's fun, but I'm not out there bidding on e-bay to get my hands on anything. I think the most money I've ever spent on a record must be $20 or something. But I definitely LOVE pushead's art!

MRR: Any final words before your time is up, both in this interview and on earth?

JOHAN: Well, thanks for giving us the opportunity to do this interview. It's an honor. I consider *MRR* an institute and to be asked for an interview is awesome. Other than that: stay young. Don't give up on punk or hardcore past your twenties. I want to see more granddads and grandmas at shows! And well, if everyone just tried to be a good person this world would already be a much better place (yeah: I know, I do have the tendency to talk like a hippie every now and then!). Final words for me on this world: take care!

SUZANNE: AARRGGGHHH.... Finally it's DONE! If anyone wants to get in touch with us: Reflections Records, Spoorwegstraat 117, 6828 AP Arnhem, The Netherlands. E-mail: info@reflections.demon.nl Website: www.reflectionsrecords.com

It's crucial that we know what it's like to be unpretentious to each other, to know that we look silly and have really dorky interests. To fight off the sense of fashion shows and cocktail parties that invade our activities! Because there's no reason, however old you might be, to forget what it's like to laugh at yourself...



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I have a secret. I did not conduct this interview sans bias. Yes there was a time many lifetimes ago when I did laugh at the Soophie Nun Squad. Not because they were funny. I mean I laughed at them. Who's playing tonight? That Soophie band again oh shit, not those little dorks." But somehow we all learned to love them, we had to, either that or sink in the Sargasso Sea of lost dreams and good haircuts. Our hometown has always been a place where a Little bit of Rock (ha ha) has gone a long way and Soophie's been running the gauntlet for almost nine years. And now here I am, at the point where I understand religious affiliation only through dancing my ass off in little basements, shouting "Stop just stop everybody stop and do the Cinderblock" until my throat gives, and I'm not even in the band. Yet Like Gremlins doused in water 5 turned to 7 turned to 9, and the Millineum rolled into a Space Odyssey, many of us are left asking "What's real?" Well all I can say is keep on reading kid's. On the lineup for the record, the group at the time of the interview is Eli Monster, Marantula Dustin, Mark, Mikael, Mr. Masterson, Nate Annonymous, General Nuisance, and Lant.

MRR: In one of your songs there's a singalong that boasts the words: "Soophie nun squad we rule the world!" Is this simply self-promotion or something deeper? If that did one day come true, how would the central ethos/pathos that drives kumans change?

Nate: Well, we wrote those words seven years ago, when we were about sixteen years old. At the time it was simply an anthem for a bunch of kids who didn't fit in with the rest of high school or the rest of the community, stepping out and rising above it all together. Not to mention that literal rule by Soophies was preposterous at best. But now I guess it's the impossibilities that make it so exciting, that there's this band of ten kids that live two thousand miles away from each other in seven states, still dropping everything to play, fighting personal problems and debilitating diseases, confounding enemies with our dance moves. It seems ridiculous that we could still make Soophie work today, under these conditions, but it's like we don't even question that it's gotta happen now. There's no option. Soophie Nun Squad is every one of our friends, it's for all of our parents too withered and proud now to roll in the grass and draw with crayons and yell at the top of their lungs.

MRR: I hear that your drummer was eleven when you guys started and now he's 20. What is the main vein that has kept this journey fluid where have the transitions been and what's kept you going for so long?

Mr. Masterson: It's just like the movie BIG. We all laugh as Tom Hanks longingly looks out the window at the three little girls that have so ironically knocked the old woman off her bike ..and even as the old bag of bones descends to the cursed cold concrete, the young girls rejoice and sing "shimmy shimmy co co bop shimmy shimmy ro-ock." We nearly wet ourselves with laughter. Later on, however, that same song irrigates even the most stoic faces when the man-child's dad tries to sing it but chokes on his own mortal blood while looking aghast at his son who could always be reborn anew or a-old and he will always posses eternal life in our most cherished cinematic memories. "Art thou Prometheus? You that liveth in our hearts forever! You that run places and comfort us with the reassurance that our lives are just a box of chocolates..you that doth weareth the Fed-Ex hat and are for so long stranded on an island shaped like Gorbachev's legs and prove to the industrialized world as did Survivor before that man can overcome nature."

MRR: If Soophie were to make a guest appearance on Oprah and she asked you "is punk dead?", what would you say?

Mikael: I would say, "Oprah, girl, take a look around." Then I'd make some flamboyant gesture, sort of as if I were attempting to envelop the entire studio audience in my arms and give them a hug or a squeeze or a even a shake if they looked tired enough. Maybe I'd take Oprah's hand in mine and give it a little tug, just to drive it home. "Oprah, there's things going on in the world that I don't even want to tell you about. Things you wouldn't want to know about. Kids crying and adults yelling and old people doing some feeble combination of the two. All is not right in our little universe, and ain't nobody gonna convince me otherwise." Then I'd really give her hand a squeeze, maybe gather the graying soccer moms in the studio around me: maybe open up a briefcase I had with me and take out a pie chart I'd forgotten I had till that moment. "Oprah, I've seen these things and they scare me. They scare me real good. But there's a voice that I hear every night when I go to bed in my third-floor master bedroom with optional 16-jet jacuzzi and automatic dimmers. The voice almost wakes me up every night, almost rouses me from my comfortable sleep, even as I try to swat it away and convince my almost-sleeping self that it's just the unfortunate after-effects of my very important cultural hunting and gathering." I'd stop here for effect, give the audience a look that says something like, "Ya'll ready for this?" then start again, slowly at first. "And you know what that voice is?" Stop again, another look, just a hair longer. "Punk rock."

Nate: The fact that it's actually totally realistic in 2001 for Oprah to have "punks" on her show and seriously ask that question speaks for itself.

MRR: Pick one: Humpty Dance, Safety Dance or the Robot? Why?

General Nuisance: Thats easy...The Humpty Dance. When I limp to the side like my leg was broken, I start shakin' and twitchin' kind'a like I was smokin' (I don't smoke). Since it's supposed to look like a fit or a convulsion, no two people will do it the same. And since any one can play this game, it promotes individuality where as there is only one way to do the Robot. My fellow Soophies would agree that homogenization is the enemy of the dance floor...and I am not so sure you can do the Safety Dance and still have a nose like a pickle... I'll have to look into that.

Nate: Dancing fascists?" Yes yes, that's us I guess...I dunno, if going to a show, possibly paying money for it but in any event bringing your body and your time forth as a sacrifice to watch some kids from down the street or two states over sweat and jump and yell with you, I just want to assert that you are here and in a few more hours you'll be down at the gas station or up in your room, back to the same old tiredness and excuses. Shows should be entertaining, but as a community of somewhat like-minded kids working to yes, trouble our foes with our very presence, to yes, understand the possibilities with our numbers and conviction to pool our resources and our energy, then it's crucial that we understand what cooperation really is! It's crucial that we know what it's like to be unpretentious to each other, to know that we look silly and have really dorky interests. To fight the sense of fashion shows and cocktail parties that invade our activities! So that's why Soophie chooses to fight in the way we do, because there's no reason, however old you might be, to forget what it's like to laugh at yourself and laugh with all these other strangers, to just understand each other's company for a while...and as Nick from !!! said at a recent house show with the floorboards all quaking and about to blow, "If you're smoking, you're just not dancing hard enough" word.

MRR: What do you fear worse: that you will be taken too seriously, or not seriously enough?

Marantula: Personally there are times when I'm afraid my voice is too quiet or my height insufficient to be taken seriously...but I'm not so sure it is a total fear of mine...with Soophie Nun Squad as a whole I assume it rather difficult to take us too seriously but hope most folks can find honesty somewhere in all the ever important silliness.

The fountain of youth is an ever-lasting quest of searching for the essence of what will make us not turn into our parents

MRR: How many members did you start out with and how many have joined throughout the years? What does it take to be a Soophie? Have you guys ever been ridiculed for being cult-like?

Eli Monster: Soophie started when The Schwa Sound: Mike, Nate, Mark, and myself joined with Dustin to form a five member squad in the dawn of 1993. The Nuns are rounded off at ten presently, I think. And the live act/tour can swell to a rambunctious 21. But the Little Rock flava can add about 79 more to bring the Squad to about 100 members, I'd say.

Nate: We never really adhered to an exact lineup too much. Every year or two somebody will join the formal roster. When we make the collective decision to add someone a lot of times it's implicitly agreed upon, and it just makes sense, and sometimes a friend will just "sneak" into our band, like with Lant, who just became the tenth Soophie this past summer. He's been touring with us since the beginning, we've been skating and drawing comics and jumping on trampolines together since we were nine years old, and one day he declared that he was in the band by using the phrase "we" instead of "you" in regards to the band. It was never questioned. It seems to work like that a lot in North Little Rock projects. Whatever it takes to keep everything fresh and fluid. Yes, we've been ridiculed for being a cult just as we've been ridiculed for being juvenile and diversionary. And perhaps we are but it's still pretty sweet.

MRR: If you were to catch a Soophie in the wild on a random Saturday, what might they being doing?

Nate: Well, if you really want to know, Sufis might be dressed in their ornamental "whirly dervishes", spinning in circles, engaged in spiritually uplifting song and dance, bringing them closer to Allah. Or rather, Soophie, the Lierly family foo foo dog, might be pooping on a little spot of newspaper in the family room right next to the dusty old Sega Genesis or humping the leg of any one of the Lierly family members. Or perhaps a "Soophie", whatever that means, might be going nuts executing one of the dozens of projects we spend all our spare time on together... a lot of time goes into a DIY sketch comedy show that we do with some other kids called Fun and Games. There are tons of other bands we work on, like Tem Eyos Ki and Gioteens and Boomfancy and Harsh Reality. We spend a little time hurting our shins as we try to hold on too tight to our feverish skater days. We break into private hot tubs year round, strip to nothing and wonder why we don't skate anymore as the warm jet massage relaxes our bruised egos.

MRR: One of the positive aspects of the post-everything-modern movement is that it pushes artist/entertainers to go a step beyond, with the philosophy that it's all been done, there's an urgent need to strike through to new ground. How does Soophie do this, particularly on stage?

General Nuisance: Actually I think that the idea that artists/ entertainers have to strike through to new ground is a predominantly modernist notion. I feel that the mindset of the artist has become more universal. The concept of "greater than and less than" seems to no longer be confined to human scale. It tends to enlighten one to the futility of trying to out do another or themselves. This has freed us to do whatever we feel like doing, thus making our work more intuitive and spontaneous. And why not? We are just trying to love on people and promote awareness of personal liberation. We have fun. Serious fun. Living, you've already died. This principle lends chaos to the stage.

MRR: If Soophie were embodied by a place, where would it be? What about a food?

Mr. Masterson: Embodiment is entombment to the spirit world. Even as our mighty savior arose from his empty tomb and went to somewhere he left a reef (wreath?) on the rock door to remind us that even though it was cold and snowy, evergreens are forevergreens when life is simply four long seasons.

MRR: How would you explain the recent convergence of metal and rap in pop music and secondly in your own style? Is this coincidental?

Nate: As rock and rap and R&B and blues all have the same roots. I don't see why it's so unusual that the genres should be so intermingled, albeit curiously dominated by misplaced white boy jock homophobes. As far as Soophie goes, I don't see any more "crustache" influence as I do Muppet musical or sappy early 80's cocaine rock. But it seems natural to have a healthy dose in there. I mean, as Soophie was being born, we were totally ruled by Douncast and Warlock Pinchers and Anthrax and Beastie Boys and Public Enemy. I know metal's all "cool" to be into now, but at the same time I can't hold back the note that a huge portion of Soophie kid's all came from a background in Megadeth and Nuclear Assault. It makes sense that we still try to include ripping solos and wails and all, just as we might get into 808 synthesizers or freestyles or sock puppets.

MRR: Ponce de Leon and the rest of the world would like to know, just where the fountain of youth really is.

Eli Monster: The fountain of youth is an everlasting quest of searching for the essence of what will make us not turn into our parents. As wisdom starts to replace energy, and intelligence begins replacing adolescent health, the embodiment of "youth" to me is represented by a positive attitude and finding loopholes in the adult mainstream. As college loans, bank accounts, and health problems bring us neck and neck with the Leviathan itself, maintaining independent, D.I.Y. practices in our lives keep us not only out of the shark pool, but part of a network of socially active, productive citizens in our own morally constructed community. Along with the spirit of fantasy and constant adventuring we're bound to stay young till we die. Also to stay a kid you can't drink coffee, do drugs, have sex, work, wear a tie, or a watch, have credit cards, cell phones, exercise equipment, lawns, computers, or briefcases. So if a couple or more of these fit you, sorry grandpa/ma. (I'm sorta serious). "If this boats a rockin', it's probably the shocks. Celibacy rocks."

Lant: To find this fountain of youth, you speak of, you need not look any further than your favorite place to poo. Yes. That's right, the secret to staying young is your poop. One time I did an experiment and didn't look at my poo for a whole year! Now I have this huge beard! It's ok though, I like it. But I was livin la vida locust. I could'a ended up with a mortgage or a career or something. So there...always look at your poo. Don't just glance, either. Actually study it. If you don't believe, me do the experiment for yourself. Pounce delay-on.

MRR: Pick one-Battlecat, Azriel, or Heathcliff.

Marantula: ah ha my inside tells me to side with the precious Battlecat. He wears a costume and I bear a stunning resemblance to Teela. I wouldn't want to be associated with Sonia from Heathcliff or the Smurfs' own Smurfette. Our cartoon generation wavered in strong/intelligent/interesting female characters. Just as our cereal heroes do. Soophie ran into this while preparing costumes for our "misunderstood cereal heroes" show. There aren't any cereal heroines. So we created the character Emma Goldman Grahams to deliver justice.

MRR: Things seem pretty harsh these days: bombings, earthquakes, irony. What's Soophie's remedy for these dark times?

Annanonymous: Well, that's an interesting question. Recently I've come to think of Soophie as a microcosm of sorts: a township, an oceanside hamlet, a virginal tribe with a good backbeat and startling (given the aforementioned virginity) reproductive skill, doubling its population every 2 years or so. Each member seems to me to exhibit some innate (or innane) purpose with regard to the "town's" integrity, and seems to have drifted to that purpose with a sort of specific gravity that is unexplainable. And, being one who finds everything unexplainable, and after puzzling over what role I have taken on since passing through Soophie Naturalization, I have come to see myself as the High Priest of the group. That is, I do the blessing, the praying, and watch as everyone gorges on wafers and wine while I sit in the van scraping the thick layer of pasty Tums' remnants from my tongue onto my t-shirt collar. The ultimate sacrifice? Indeed. Amen. As for the earthquakes, bombings, and heart-numbing irony, I guess as High Priest it's my duty to facilitate healing and coping skills, and to bring the group around to some understanding of the "big picture." Are the Babylonians being moved at God's behest to destroy us? Are the temples we've built to big-booty-beats in-line with those guidelines set forth by Leviticus, Exodus, and Vassar Feminists? These questions beg answers, and their root is in my calling the unpronounceable call of religion. And the answer that gives me voice is always the same, both cryptic & alienating: "My name is Anna & this is my first gay Thanksgiving. Gobble, gobble."

Soophie Nun Squad:
7205 Geronimo/ N. Little Rock AR 72116 USA or soophiebones@hotmail.com

Fun and Games can be ventured at www.funandgamescomedyshow.com

TOTALITÄR

Interview by Michael Thorn with Poffen and Andreas.

TOTALITÄR FRIMODIG VARMFRONTSGATAN 18 128 34 SKARPNÄCK SWEDEN TOTALITAR@HOTMAIL.COM

MRR: Let's start out with a little band history- when did you start, why did you start, who plays what and why don't you ever plays shows anymore? Also what does the name Totalitär mean?
The band was formed in February 1985 when the three (still remaining) original members choose the name Totalitär and decided to stick to the d-beat stuff we all loved.
Under ordinary circumstances the band definitely would have disbanded in 1989 when none of the members were interested in rehearsing anymore, partly due to the fact that we'd moved to different cities. Instead we choose to keep a low profile and do whatever we wanted for the moment. And live appearances just seem too much for us these days. We're glad to keep it together to record every second year or so, it's definitely much better compared to nothing - which is the only real option. Totalitär means totalitarian, we thought the name sounded cool. (see discography)
MRR: Why is it important that all your lyrics be in Swedish, and not in English like so many other European and Swedish bands?
Primarily because it would be silly to try to project meaning into a borrowed and disabled format when not necessary. We're Swedish - our language is Swedish and our content as a band is Swedish. We live and comment to the society that's close to us. There's absolutely no nationalism to that notion - it's just a matter of using the best tools available work.
There are Swedish bands that manage to write good lyrics in English, but more often than not - the result is cliché at best.
MRR: Are you active in other ways in the punk scene, how? If not, why not?
No, not really, apart from some of us who also plays in other bands such as Misgovernment, Brainbombs, Meanwhile, Swinehood and Krigshot. We occasionally visit gigs, reads fanzines and buy records, but other than that we're really not that involved.
MRR: How has the scene in Sweden changed since you first started- how has it stayed the same? Do you think these changes are for the better or the worse?
No one of us is deeply involved in the scene anymore - so our perspective is somewhat limited. In one sense the scene is probably much bigger today, but it's also much more divided into different fractions. When we got involved it wasn't uncommon that people had the logos of both Discharge and Asta Kask on their jackets. Today it seems the scene is divided into cliques that very rarely mix.
Many more records are released - it used to be much harder for bands to get their stuff out. Fifteen years ago you had to release the records yourself, but today there are many more interested labels around. Also, there's a bigger international interest for Swedish hardcore - which makes it much easier for the bands to release records and go on international tours.
Apart from that the scene itself doesn't seem to have changed that much.
MRR: On the split LP with DISCLOSE, the song "Vi Brutaliseras" deals with the topic of neo-liberalism and the spread of that philosophy- can you explain what neo-liberalism is, why is it important? How do we combat it?
Neo-liberalism is an ideology that's pervaded most of the world without a trace of democracy. The wave of privatization and deregulation in Sweden and elsewhere has lead us to a new society very few people asked for, and very few gain from. The core idea is to pave the way for huge corporations to decide on issues that affect us all. It's a very undemocratic development.
In Sweden one example is the tendency to privatize the social welfare system - which means the rich will get their own insurances. This means you must have money to pay for social assistance when you need it. Those who can't afford will be left with a deteriorating service.
On a larger scale the neo-liberal ideology has lead to a mad Casino economy, where fictional money is used as tools to make fast earnings, without any consideration of the effects. It's also given almighty power to a system that can crash economies and local currencies.
But there are resistance forming in all parts of the world - the fight is not over.
MRR: There seems to be a very negative focus to you lyrics- that almost say that we've the forces we struggle against have already won and that there is no hope. Why is this and do you have any hope that we can resist the dehumanizing nature of modern life?
I think our lyrics reflect the unfairness and brutality that reign in the world today - and in that sense the focus is definitely negative. But I don't think we've said there's no hope. In that case it would be pointless to show anger - and we could resort to copying the atypical punk themes instead.
Any will to change starts with frustration and anger - and the forming of Attac and the discussions about how the so-called globalization affects the world is pointing to a turn.
MRR: How has the prison system changed in recent times and why is it important for you to talk about it?
The atmosphere is more and more turning back to ideas of revenge rather than understanding. It's not only immoral, but also irrational - prisons don't solve problems any better than an-eye-for-an-eye-method does in private matters.
The enforcement of longer sentences and an attitude where all the blame is put on individuals instead of looking at crime for what it is - a social phenomenon - is very primitive.
It's important to talk about it because people are getting hurt for no use what so ever. We should put more efforts in dealing with social problems in a more humane and rational manner.
MRR: Are you active in protests/demos/political activism? If not, why not?
Definitely active, but perhaps not in organized politics. We're not active members in any political organization or taking part in direct action. That doesn't mean we think there's anything wrong with that. This is partly due to laziness and also because we're a bit older and have other priorities in life.
MRR: Why is it important that your lyrics have a "political" focus? Are they that way just because they go along with the music that you play or are they that way because these issues are really important to you?

JALLO - TRUMMOR

LANCHY - GITARR

ANDREAS - BAS

POFFEN - SÅNG

Of course the lyrics are part of the total approach - which is aggressive. But the issues are also important to us. We don't think of ourselves as a "political band" though it seems the punk scene love to put that sort of tags on us. The prime reason for us to still record every second year or so is because we have so much fun while doing it. But if we can use the space with something we consider worthwhile at the same time - all the better.

MRR: Is there still a large Nazi/nationalist problem in Sweden? Does it show up in the punk scene much?

The Swedish punk scene has always been clean of Nazis. But yes, the nazi movement is still here - but one shouldn't exaggerate - they're a very tiny minority that stands no real chance in gaining real power. But they create hell and terror for minorities and must constantly be reminded that their activities are not tolerated.

MRR: How has the EEC changed Europe/Sweden- Do you think it represents a further Americanization of Europe? How does that Americanization show up in Sweden?

The Americanization of Sweden has less to do with the EU than it has to do with television and popular culture and globalization as such. It's also a very selective influence - it feels as it is primarily the rubbish created in the US that ends up here. Jerry Springer and McDonalds - thanks a lot.

MRR: Future plans/Other things you want to add/closing comments/when are you coming to the U.S. (please please please!) etc

Thanks a lot for the interview. We doubt we'll ever make it to the US as a band - though both of us really would like to go. Many thanks to the following people for their support; Ken Sanderson, Judy, Ben and Jeff Alburn/Tom Belldritt.

MRR: A discography if you can....

The band started in 1985 back in our old hometown in the north of Sweden, Hudiksvall. Three of the original members are still in the band; Lanchy-guitar, Poffen-vocals, and Andropov-bass. The "newest" member is Jallo Calzone on drums who has been with us since 1990. Totalitär very rarely plays live these days, neither do we rehearse on a regular basis anymore. This is mainly due to the fact that we live far from each other, but also because we are quite satisfied with not playing too often. We prefer to get together when we really want to. We have never "split-up" and "reformed", we've just done what has had the highest priority for the moment. And will keep doing so. Apart from the following releases we have also appeared on a few compilation records and on numerous compilation tapes.

Multinationella mördare.	EP 1987 (own label) sold out
Luftslott.	EP 1988 (Looney Tunes) sold out
Vänd dig inte om.	EP 1989 (Finn records) sold out
Snabb livsglädje (1986)	EP 1990 (Finn records) sold out
Live in Derby.	Tape 1991 (Finland) sold out
Sin egen motståndare.	CD 1994 (Finn records)
Split w/Dismachine.	LP 1995(Your own jailer)
Ni måste bort.	CD 1997 (Finn records)
Multinationella mördare.	EP 1997 (re, Crust)
Klass inte ras	EP 1998 (Prank records)
Vansinnets historia	EP 1998 (Crust)
Split w/ Autoritär	EP 1998 (Yellow dog)
Sin egen motståndare.	LP 1999 (Prank)
Dom lurar oss	EP 2000 (1000 db)
Split w/ Disclose	LP 2001 (Your own jailer)
Coming releases:	
Spela bort allt du har	EP (Död och Uppsvälld)
Allting är på låsas	EP (Really Fast)
Live England 1990	EP (Revuelta)

TRUE NORTH interview, *part deux.*

Mike Taylor's first interview was either too drunken or too noisy, so a few weeks later we sat down at the Bahn Thai lunch buffet to try again to decipher phrases like *"the future of hardcore"*. TRUE NORTH is Dave, Mark, Matt & Ryan. Interview by Travis Fristoe.

What makes TRUE NORTH different from previous bands?

Ryan: We each have a lot of input as far as what we do and how we do it. That's a big one for me. A lot of bands tend to have a single person who calls the shots, but I think this band is pretty fair with regard to how we sound, what we do, and how we do it.

Mark: For Ryan and I, the politics behind the music are still there but we have a good time at shows. It's more than just a statement and us playing. The lyrics are still there, but we don't have to beat people over the head all the time being serious.

Hence the beer coolers? Can you have the message and the party?

Mark: The message *is* at the party, Travis.

Matt: What about you, Dave? How is this different from SHELFLIFE?

Mark: Or how is it different from THE DEFECATORS?

Dave: Well, our logo isn't a turd on wheels.

No, but it is a toilet!

Dave: Actually this band is quite similar to other bands I've been in. Input is shared and distributed equally.

How successful do you think your experiments have been? Specifically, with the documentary shown before the FUGAZI show? And the oral history of Florida punk shows before the last DISCOUNT show?

Matt: I don't know.

Ryan: The effort is remembered if not the execution.

Matt: When you play a big show like that, where it's going to be some kind of event, most people go there with an idea of what's going to happen. Whether they're going for the band or just to be around a large group of people. You pretty much get there ready for 2 or 3 groups to stand there, rock out and do their "thing". So I think when you do something extra, it's disarming. Inevitably, some people will think it's dumb or pointless. Plus, when you do it at big places like the Florida Theater or Market Street (2 of the bigger bars in town) it's hard to manage so many factors. Like the sound wasn't there for either show, but it was fun to try.

So do you have anything like that for the future?

Matt: I have visions.

Mark: Matt has a lot of visions.

Matt: I want to make a…

Mark: Trojan horse? And wheel ourselves into a show?

And come out with a horn section?

Matt: Whoa. These are secrets!

Ryan: Press 'pause' on the tape recorder! People react positively and negatively. I'm just glad people are reacting at all.

Do you find it a similar reaction to talking before songs?

Ryan: Yeah.

Matt: *"Shut the fuck up"* and *"rock the fuck out"* and *"stop playing"*…

Ryan: And that's usually the other people in the band.

Dave: I think people like the visual stimulus rather than just talk.

Ryan: Talking to the audience puts a lot of light on them. I can see people getting uncomfortable while we're talking—people looking at each other, feeling like they have to respond. That's a good thing though.

Y'all want to talk about the toilet at all? Whose idea was that?

Mark: We were making t-shirts and had a dumb design based on toilet clip art. I put it in front of music notes because I thought it would be funny and I showed it Matt. And for some reason, Matt embraced the toilet.

Ryan: Matt's embraced the toilet many times.

Mark: From there it just became this huge, funny thing. And the fact that Jennifer [redacted] [No Idea records] hates it makes me find it even funnier. It's a way to express that we don't take ourselves that seriously. We know that bands like us suck real bad. Including us.

Dave: Hey!

Mark: Except the rhythm section. It's the guitars that suck.

Dave: Well said.

I'm supposed to "ask you about your pain"…

Matt: How much tape you got?

Ryan: Are there that many pages in Maximum Rock-n-Roll?

Dave: Ryan & I had the idea of the beer coozies months before they happened. Ryan designed the beer bottle and chains breaking, but we wanted to have a quote, some text, to go along with it. What were some of the other ones? *"Part-time alcoholic"* and *"liver don't fail me now"*…

Matt: *"We don't like to sweat, and neither does our beer"*.

Dave: So Ryan and I were walking…

Ryan: to go get some beers…

Dave: And there was a bumber sticker on a truck with that saying, advertising some pharmaceutical company. I thought it encompassed how we're white, middle-class, privileged kids..

Mark RODRIGUEZ: [perplexed look at being lumped in as "white"]

Dave: It's part of the argument as well. A lot of people like to feel sorry for them-

selves. We do too. It's just a reality check. A very sarcastic statement.

Ryan: Especially while you're drinking.

Dave: Exactly!

With the "we speak in code" record, since the layout is so specific to Gainesville, I was wondering how you think people outside of our community view it?

Matt: When I was going around taking all those pictures it was specific to Gainesville, but at the same time the places I chose to photograph weren't inherent to Gainesville. They could be anywhere.

Starbucks, Bank of America…

Matt: Those places are everywhere we go. Every town we roll into (or even towns shown in the media) looks the same thanks to these corporations. The fact that they're in my town too is kind of depressing.

What about living in a college town? You all have graduated…

Dave: I haven't graduated. I have a semester left.

Matt: Close enough. There is a stigma, that's for sure. When you're a white kid under 30 here, it's assumed you're in college and when you're around town you have to deal with that kind of attitude. It is awkward. There are advantages to the town we live in—it's small, it's cheap. Things are going on relative to its size. Per capita, there's so many young people in the peer group we operate in. A small town can be comforting. You get as much action here as you would in most large towns, in the sense of organizing.

Politically? Culturally?

Matt: Sure. It's limiting in the fact that we live in north central Florida and everything emanates from a state-funded university system.

Ryan: I think it can be overwhelming when you realize that a lot of the friends you moved here with have moved on. basically, annually you lose a group of friends. Gainesville is a transient town. We came here with that notion. As much as I love Gainesville, when I moved here I never thought I'd stay here this long. Now I love the people *and* I love this place. But most of the people I moved here for or with are leaving.

How do your jobs or your involvement in setting up shows effect how you feel about playing music?

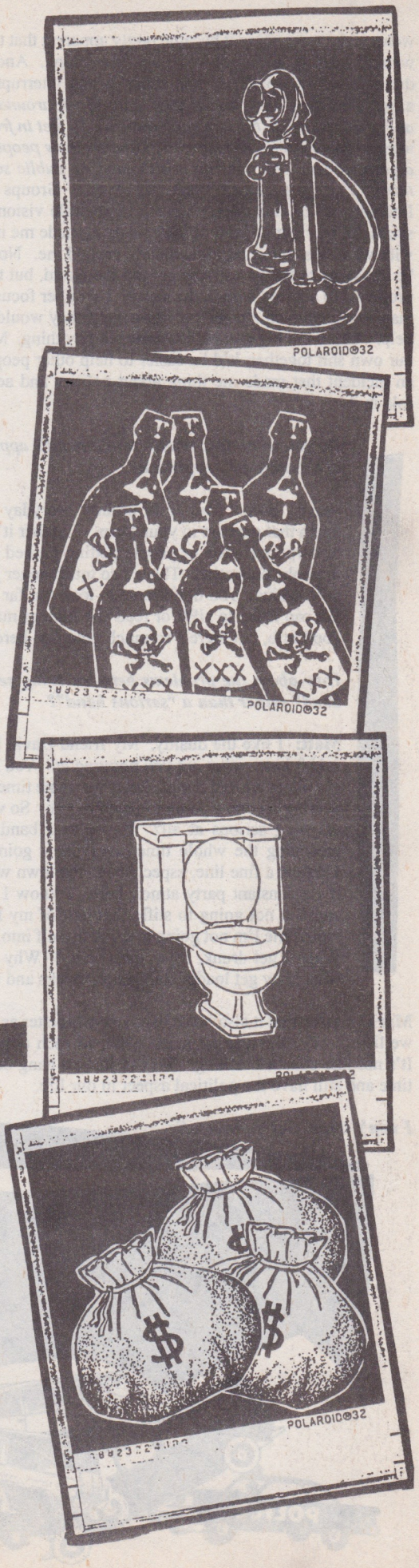
Matt: I'm really proud of the fact that we all work at local stores. It lends a little more credibility than if we were clocking in at Wal-Mart.

Dave: I've worked for corporate places before and it's sad to me when these lines blur—when these independent businesses take on more of a corporate mentality as far as how they treat their employees. I agree with matt but not every local business is great…

Ryan: Back to us all basically being graduated, I think we all have pretty strong feelings about where we want to work and how we want to spend our time. We all have the flexibility of being able to travel and speak our minds and have our voices count.

Mike wanted me to ask y'all about the reservation.

Matt: Okay, this is a story from many years ago. Mike asked a question about activism. When I was younger I was a lot more overtly active, in the sense that I was involved with larger organizations. Wear the t-shirt, wave the banner, sign the petition, that kind of stuff. The reason I got out of it was because when I was 19 I worked for amnesty international and I went to the national conference, which was in Oklahoma City or Tulsa. Part of it was on an Indian reservation. We went there and we were talking about prisoners of war around the world. With amnesty international, it's set up so that you don't work on your home country for bias reasons. So if you're an American member of A.I. you don't work on American cases in order to preserve a non-bias attitude. When we



were on the reservation it became pretty apparent that the people there weren't thrilled at all with what we were doing. And at some point during a workshop, these men came in and interrupted. When we asked what they were doing, they said, *"look around you. you talk about human rights but you can't even see 10 feet in front of you. you want to come out to the reservation and see how people live. I live in a garbage can. We have no health care, no public schools, no anything."* It just helped open my eyes. Groups like Amnesty International or Greenpeace have a large-scale vision and you can't see the thing right in front of your nose. It made me more concerned with what was going on immediately around me. Not that I want to be oblivious to things halfway around the world, but there's so many problems to address here in the states. I'd rather focus on here rather than some name on a page, not knowing if they would even want my help. With these big groups, it's almost a pity thing. Maybe if we got our own shit together, it'd be easier to help other people. It was just an incident that made me think about politics and activism and my role in it.

Do you think this relates to the band's approach in terms of a community approach?

Matt: Sure. You walk around everyday and there's so much that goes on in your town. Whether it's gentrification or corporatization or people getting pushed around, or cuts in public education. There's so much anger just in your 10-mile radius. You don't have to look too far to get irritated. We can listen to NPR or read any kind of magazine and get good info, but there's so much going on here.

How about the problems between being seen as a "party band" rather than a "serious band"?

Matt: I like the duality. My friend David [Hayes] always said it best: *what are you pointing at?* You have to be serious about a lot of things, but at the same time if you're overbearing no one's going to listen to you. So what's the point of being serious at all? If you're a band & you're just preaching the whole time, everyone's going to walk out. There is a fine line, especially in the town we live in where it's a constant party atmosphere. I know I like to partake and I'm not going to stifle that half of my life. But at the same time I'm not going to drink myself into oblivion either. When I get drunk, I get more angry! Why do other bands when they get loaded, talk about chicks and weed and beer?

Mark: I think that it also helps us to operate better as a band because we like to have fun and we relate better to each other in that sense. It's not like constant talking. We can just go hang out, have a good time and still have the political aspect in our life.

I don't think they're mutually exclusive. I was just wondering if the party overrode the other parts…

Matt: I had a depressing thing happen the other day. This kid came into the store [Wayward Council, the collective record store where we all volunteer] and we started talking. It was the night we were doing the benefit for the Coalition of Immokolee Farmworkers and he asked me about the benefit. So I explained and he said, *"Everyone in this town is so full of shit. All these bands talk about stuff and they just talk to hear themselves talk. They're not really doing anything."* I was trying to figure out why he felt that way. He told me a story about a specific person, and on some level there was validity to it. But someone is at least trying to do something! When bands get up there and say something, there's merit to it in the sense that they feel passionately about it. You have the chance to put the seed in someone's mind. You never know who you're going to effect and how it's going to change them. So you should always take that opportunity. Not that you're an expert but just that you express these things. And maybe no one's listening. This kid was so jaded to it. At least that benefit was starting discussion and that's important. His comment to me was: *anytime someone says something political, I turn my brain off.* I don't even know how you could say that.

Dave: Well, that's a product of certain bands. Maybe he's come across people that don't look inward or think and act critically on a smaller or personal scale. I think we've all been turned off by people who are overly passionate about something, or really in your face about it. That person who's overbearing isn't looking for a middle ground. For me personally, there's a big difference between hearing you [Matt] talk about something versus maybe some of our other good friends.

Matt: The whole dynamic of band /audience is awkward, especially on a smaller level. Taking the time to break it down a little more is so important. It's a time for sharing, for everyone. Sean Penn, Fast Times at Ridgemont High, was talking about the classroom being *our time*. It's not the band's time rocking out for some kid. Or the kid just rocking out to some band. It's their time *together*.

So when y'all open the van doors…

Dave: Now out on dvd!

-end?

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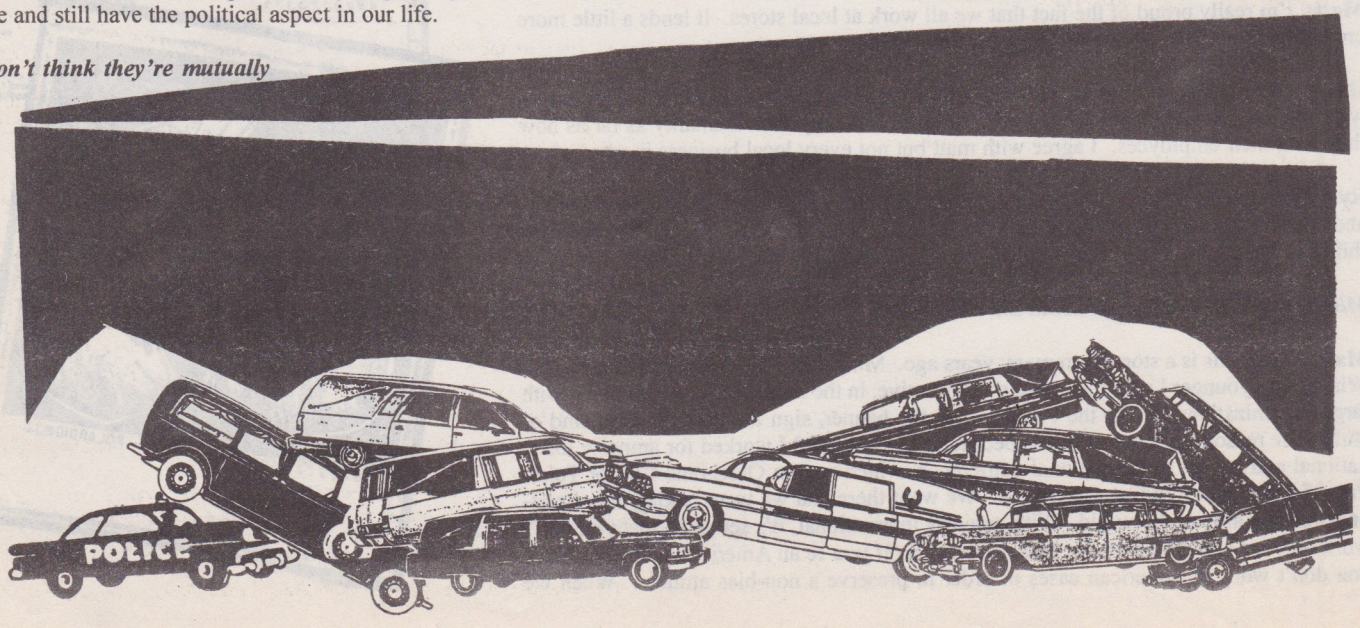


THE WONTONS

Interview by Angela Miller

On a mosquito-filled night in Texas I interviewed Austin, TX garage/glam-punk rock'n'roll band The Wontons about the international language of rock and their recent tour in Japan and Taiwan. The Wontons are lead singer/guitarist Dean Hsieh, formerly of Estrus records' The 1-4-5s; drummer and pyrotechnics wizard Dwayne Barnes, formerly of The Kiss Offs; and bassist Kevin Thuerwaechter. The Wontons have released three 7" records (two EPs and a single, on labels from Germany to Texas) and have recorded a full length album "Hex Appeal" (currently seeking a label). They have a rad website at www.thewontons.com from which you can join their email list, buy merch, and see pictures from their past US and Japanese tours.

MRR: So, why did you want to tour in Asia? What brought you there?
DWAYNE: Well, the obvious answer would be a plane.
DEAN: A 777. But also, I had been there before, with the 1-4-5s and the last line-up of the Wontons.
KEVIN: I wanted to go to Asia for a variety of reasons, both musically related and for tourist stuff. But we've had the good fortune to meet a lot of really cool Japanese bands, entertain them, and play host to them when they come to the States. It's always been good fun, and they extended the invitation to go to Japan so of course we couldn't wait to do it.
DWAYNE: And in the garage scene there's a big Japan fascination…
DEAN: The scene there is pretty good.
MRR: Do you have any idea why? Why there are so many cool bands in Japan?
DEAN: I think they are less pretentious, and when the bands play they go all out, they're rocking out and doing what they want to do. It seems like rock and roll is so jaded here. There are a lot of expectations put on bands: you have to be cool, you have to be this or that, you have to be a certain way. In Japan maybe the expectations are different. Because in Japan it seems like their expectations are that you dress up, be goofy, have a good time and play good music.
DWAYNE: And totally commit. Most bands in America, if they totally commit, well… In Japan, if a band gets up there and acts like, "I just ate a bucket of shit! Rar!" all their show, you'll walk up to them after and they're like "Oh, hello." They are the most polite people in the world, and they're very friendly. But I think American bands keep that persona off-stage. The Japanese scene is weird, because their culture is very proper, but when they start rocking, they'll jump around, they'll pick you up and bang your head on the ceiling while you're trying to play guitar…
DEAN: I have personal experience with that.
DWAYNE: And having that mixed with just really nice people makes me want to go back.
MRR: What's up with the Japanese tour names?
DEAN: Heh heh, it's kind of an inside joke with our Japanese friends. I was Ero-Hakushaku, which means "Erotic Count". And Kevin's is Ero-Daisho, which is "Erotic General." Actually, first it was "Erotic Sergeant", but he got promoted to Erotic General. Dwayne was Ero Shinshi, which means "Erotic Gentleman." I never understood that one.
DWAYNE: I think it's right. It fits.
MRR: What was the funnest show of the tour?
DEAN: I think the funnest shows were the first show and the last show, both in Tokyo.
DWAYNE: Coincidentally, not because Tokyo was the coolest scene.
DEAN: The first show we were fresh, we were excited, and we played with the 5.6.7.8s and the Lottie Collins…
KEVIN: And the Minnesota Voodoo Men.
DEAN: Who have a single called "Too Much Texas Driver" and we're trying

to get them to come play Texas. But they were great, and nice bands, and that was a great time. And then the last show was the big blowout, so everyone was going nuts and we played a set requested by our Japanese friends and they all got up on stage. Yori from the Lottie Collins, who was pretty much our manager…

KEVIN: He led us around.

DWAYNE: Translated for us, fed us…

DEAN: At the end of the set we got him onstage to play a couple songs with us.

KEVIN: With the addition of Yori on guitar and vocals we ceased being the Wontons for those two songs and became the Cho Maybes, which is Tokyo slang for "Super Maybes". Which was funny, because in Japanese, it seems like everything is "maybe." It's a really polite part of their vocabulary.

DEAN: They won't say "no" to you straight up, they usually just say, "maybe."

KEVIN: If you really shouldn't do something, they'll say, "Maybe no."

MRR: What was the worst show, or worst experience?

DWAYNE: That would be our second show in Tokyo. It was an all night show. The thing is, the trains stop running at midnight. So all shows either end by 11, so you can get home, or they start at 9pm and have 7 bands or so and you don't leave the club until the trains start running again, at 5 or 6 in the morning. One really cool, but weird, thing about the tour was that we played with the 5.6.7.8s and all these bands that are pretty big deals when they come here, but they were like, "No way, you're playing last, you're the headliners, you're the big deal." That was true even for the all night shows, so that night we got there early, after having walked 20 minutes to the subway, carried all of our gear, taken a 40 minute subway ride, and walked 20 minutes to the club, with it raining the whole time… and then we had to wait until 4:30 in the morning to play our set.

DEAN: And by then we were pretty drunk.

DWAYNE: We were basically beat to shit.

KEVIN: We had one good thing on our side, which was that at that time of the evening or morning or whatever the audience was just as drunk as we were. And they seemed to like it.

DEAN: We played another all night show in Kanazawa with a bunch of bands, Domenico Domorate, Shotgun Runners. We had to play at 4 in the morning again, but that show went over better.

KEVIN: We knew what we were in for that night.

DWAYNE: We took it easy, and rested a little better beforehand, and ate a little better.

KEVIN: All the food over there in Japan and Taiwan is just the best eating ever.

DWAYNE: Plates of sushi that you can get full on for about $7.50 US; soba noodles—and in Taiwan I ate sweet fish sausage and gelatinous pig's blood.

MRR: Like pig's blood jello?

DEAN: It's supposed to be good for you.

MRR: But Kevin, you're a vegetarian, right? Did you find stuff to eat?

KEVIN: I am a vegetarian. I talked to Matt Marillo from the Jewws and Junior Varsity—he's been to Japan three or four times, and he's been vegan and vegetarian for 15 or 16 years. He recommended I eat some fish now and then, which I did and was fine. It's hard to avoid and there's not a lot to choose from otherwise.

MRR: What other bands did you play with?

DEAN: We played 7 shows total and went all over Japan, we played with so many great bands, it's hard to name them all… the Bossmen, Go-Devils, Panther, the Stucks. We played with Estrella 20/20 and Kabochack in Shizuoka. Although, for me that might have been our worst show because I got injured.

DWAYNE: There's a picture on our website.

DEAN: We took off our shirts and I jumped into the crowd, and I was trying to get back. There was a stupid barricade up in front of the stage, so I was trying to get over the barricade and fall onto the stage on my back. And it would have been fine, except that I didn't realize that there was a row of stage lights right underneath the barricade, so I landed on the stage lights…

DWAYNE: His back looked like one giant square hockey with glitter confetti on it.

DEAN: One of the more painful moments.

MRR: What was the show in Taiwan like?

DEAN: Well, we ended up going to Taipei because we got these tickets where it was super cheap to go to Taiwan and then fly to Japan. So we all ended up there and had no idea how to get a show in Taipei. I looked in the paper and found this club, and Dwayne just went in and was like, "Can I talk to somebody here about playing a show?" And amazingly enough the guy was nice. Then the other bands we saw there were totally not our scene, but after the third band finished I got on the mix and said in Chinese, "We're a band from America, please stay and check us out!" And once we started playing, people got into it and started dancing around, mushing, and a couple of guys rushed the stage…

DWAYNE: Really rowdy.

DEAN: Then during the last song I jumped out into the audience and they picked me up, carried me around the club while I was still trying to play guitar…

DWAYNE: And this club had, what, an 8 fit ceiling?

DEAN: Yeah, so I was face to face with the ceiling, trying to make sure my guitar didn't get destroyed. And afterwards people came up and told us they really enjoyed the show. They don't see bands like that, real rock bands.

KEVIN: They really don't. There was one guy who really had the punk rock look, he spoke just a little bit of English, but he was very friendly and very appreciative. He said, "I'm Taiwan punk! Thank you for coming to play in Taipei, please come back!"

DEAN: That's one of the main things why the music scene in Taipei isn't so great, because not a lot of bands go play there. The only thing they've got is Tower Records. I think the Japanese had a better clue of what other people were thinking about rock and roll even in the '60s and they just carried on, but Taiwan is more isolated. A lot of people there who are listening to music in a club don't even know what they are listening to. They are just thinking this is the latest, hip thing and they're here at this club dancing to it. But it's not an in-depth knowledge, and the Japanese bands had more of a connection with music as far as the spectrum of rock and roll and independent and punk stuff.

DWAYNE: The Japanese music scene has more of a finger on the pulse of the heart of rock and roll than most American people do.

MRR: So the whole idea of Japanese culture being so formal—was it like that even when you hung out with other people in bands and people your own age?

DWAYNE: Well, one thing that Dean brought to my attention that I didn't notice was that Japanese bands, they come here and it's like, "Hi, I'm Yukihiro, I'm Suds." And we go, "Hi, I'm Dwayne." We go over there and I'm Dwayne and they're Yukihiro and Suds and all these people, and we would call Yukihiro Yukihiro, but the only other person who called Yukihiro Yukihiro was his girlfriend.

DEAN: Everybody else called him Yasuda-san, which is his last name, or Yassan if they're a little closer to him. But there's a formality there that we are exempt from.

KEVIN: It didn't apply to us, as Westerners.

DEAN: I know Japanese, so I would notice that they would say things differently to each other than to us.

DWAYNE: It's probably as much that they know that we don't understand the customs, so they're not going to ask for our last name, but it's also a sense of freedom that they can come here and interact with people and say, "yes" and "no"—without "maybe" and "Hello, Dwayne".

DEAN: With a lot of my Japanese friends I have felt that. They really love America for that sense of freedom.

MRR: Did you go to any cool record stores?

DWAYNE: What was that record store that we went to that your friend owns?

DEAN: Answer Records in Nagoya, owned by my friend Coinage.

MRR: Do they sell American music?

DEAN: Yeah, it was mostly American music. Well, they stock Japanese punk and hardcore, but it's a lot of imported and old vinyl. Really if you want rare rock and roll vinyl, it's probably easier to find in Japan than here. There is so much shit over there, it's amazing. I really wanted to buy some GO, Group Sounds, '60s stuff there, but the records, whether they are vintage or reissue, are still $20 or $30 for a full length. And I just couldn't justify spending that much money.

KEVIN: And musical equipment stores… they have so much vintage gear over there, and people are really serious about having a cool guitar.

DEAN: It's the real vintage shit. And it's expensive here, but it's really expensive there.

KEVIN: But they'll shell out the money for it, they take great pride in it, which I think is indicative of how dedicated they are to the roots of rock music and to '70s punk.

MRR: What were the bathrooms like? Were the bathrooms in clubs cleaner than American bathrooms?

DEAN: Club bathrooms were fairly clean, yeah.

KEVIN: A funny thing about the Western-style toilets in Japan was that the flushing handle seemed to have 2 positions of flush, 2 different Japanese characters. I guess you flush it one way for one thing –

DEAN: Number one and number two. Actually the characters say "big" and "small".

KEVIN: And when you're walking around on the street, people are giving away advertisements in the form of little plastic wrapped toilet tissue packages. And it's a good idea to take a few of them, because you're expected to carry your own.

DEAN: Then the Eastern toilets are basically a hole in the ground…

DWAYNE: It's more like a urinal laid on its back in the floor. The hole-in-the-floor thing is misleading.

KEVIN: If you're ever faced with one of these, the way to do it is to face the metal pipe that carries the water, and hold on to it so you don't fall into the thing.

DWAYNE: I would not recommend holding on to that. You face the bell, the pee catcher if you're a guy. I used one the first chance I got.

DEAN: Did you enjoy it?

DWAYNE: At first I was like, this is a little weird… getting the logistics of it, squatting down, but the second go it was fine.

DEAN: Some Asians think that is more sanitary, because you're not touching a part of the toilet that someone else has been touching.

DWAYNE: I can understand that. I've been to a lot of toilets in America that I wished I didn't have to touch.

DEAN: You could learn to hover.

DWAYNE: But that's far more difficult, unless it's one of those handicapped bathrooms and you have the bars.

DEAN: It's all about holding on to something.

DWAYNE: Especially when you've had a few beers.

MRR: Did you drink sake?

KEVIN: We drank sake.

DEAN: Onikorosi, man! It's a drink basically that winos drink.

KEVIN: It comes in a juice box with a picture of a red devil on it.

DEAN: And it fucks you up! If you want to get fucked up, that's the drink of choice.

MRR: Could you get it in a vending machine? Because you could get beer in vending machines, right?

DEAN: It was hard this time.

DWAYNE: We saw no panties in vending machines…

DEAN: Well, I knew that was shut down. It was too popular.

DWAYNE: And it took us a long time to find vending machines with beer.

KEVIN: Cigarettes you mostly buy in vending machines. And they turn them off at 11pm. But you could go into a convenience store and buy beer anytime of the day or night, you can carry it around with you anywhere you please, up and down the street, on the train, you can drink beer.

DEAN: And we did take full advantage of that. We also had the Taiwanese liquor…

KEVIN & DWAYNE: Gasoline!

DEAN: We nicknamed it Gasoline for it's smooth flavor. We had this birthday party for Dwayne in Yokkaichi and Tatsu from Antonio Three was drinking hard liquor non-stop. And we were like, "No, this is Taiwanese liquor. It's really strong." It was 110 proof. And he says, "OK," and takes, like, a 2 minute swig…

DWAYNE: Well, it was more like a three second swig, but he was drinking all three seconds. And if that sounds like wimp shit, you go out and try it right now!

KEVIN: Guzzle continuously.

DWAYNE: And don't choke. He took a three second pull, brought the bottle down with a smile, and he just went, "Yeah!"

DEAN: Of course, the next day he did say, "Oh yes, very hard time at work today. Threw up many times." So the day after wasn't so great.

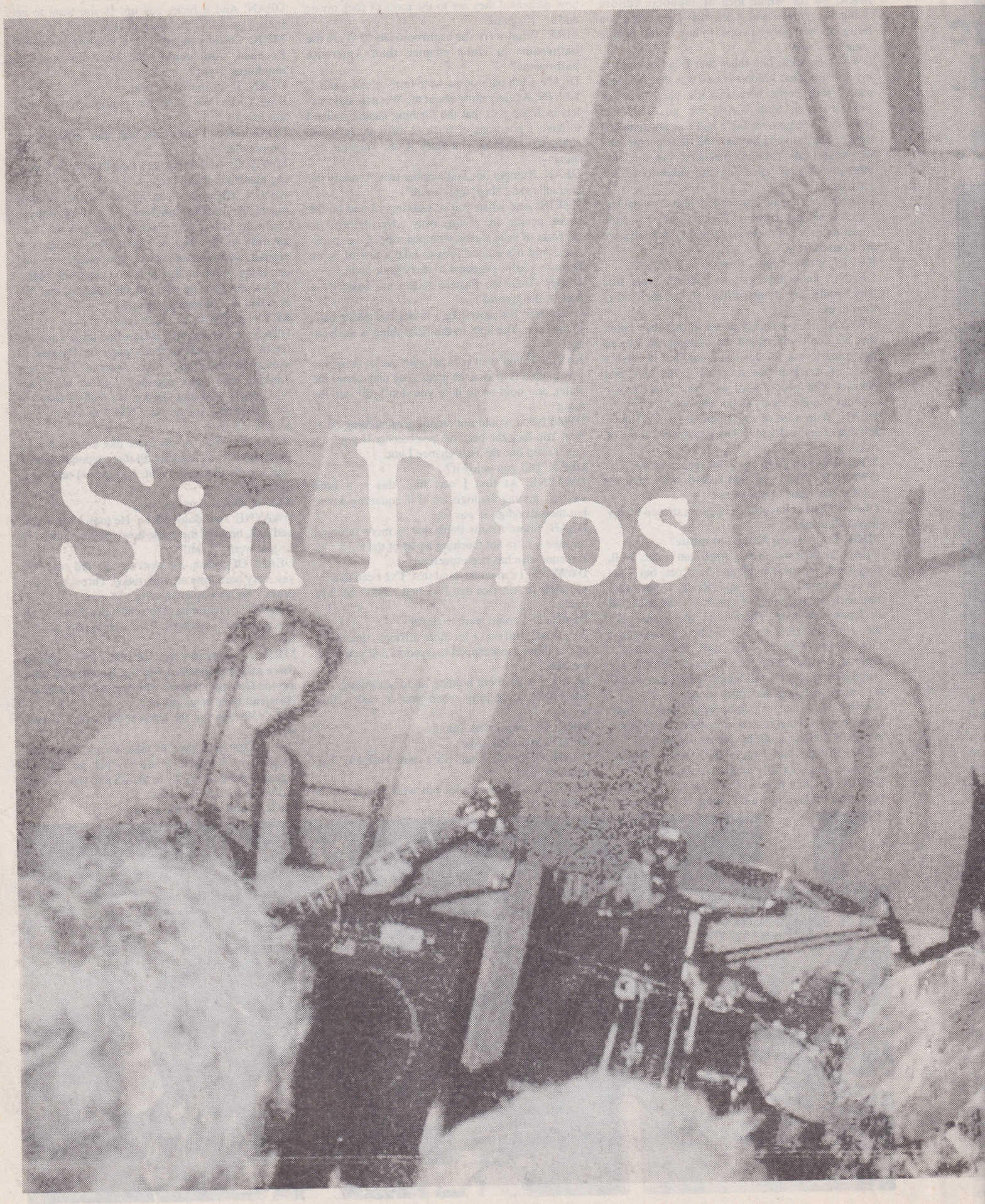
DWAYNE: I really have to send a big thanks to all the Japanese tomodachi. That was fuckin' beautiful.

MRR: It seems like you all really knew people there and they hooked you up. But do you have advice for other bands who want to go Japan? How can they book shows?

DWAYNE: Get on the internet and email. People are nice.

DEAN: You just have to meet people and make friends with bands. I would say just go and see Japanese bands that play in the US and talk to them and make friends with them.

MRR: Good advice for anyone.


Sin Dios

LIBERI
Marshall

Sin Dios... aiming to make people think for themselves and spreading a message of anarchist ideals.

MRR: After more than 10 years in the spotlight, what can you say about SIN DIOS to introduce the band to the people who do not know you yet?

We could briefly say that we are an HC-Punk three-piece band aiming to make people think for themselves and spreading a message of anarchist ideals to be analysed and discussed inside the anarchist movement. We can also describe SIN DIOS as a musical anarchist leaflet with a DIY HC-Punk sound track behind it.

MRR: Youve been touring around the States, Mexico, Puerto Rico... How have you felt all these different cultures youve been in? A brief story of the whole tour...

Weve been touring twice around the Americas. Once in the year 1999 when we were only in Mexico, traveling around the whole country through 17 gigs. Second time was in the year 2000 where we played in Puerto Rico (2 gigs), L.A. (1 gig) and Mexico (9 gigs). Before speaking about the cultures we met there, we should point out that all these gigs/tours have been made by collectives and individuals into anarchism-punk and/or anarcho-punk, and all done in a DIY spirit with no external intervention from managers, councils, nor any other parasite. This shows that when the unruly people get together and organized theyre able to work out any given project. For us Mexico was a huge shock: a large, beautiful, and rich country but at the same time so poor, so exploited, with high violence, social insecurity, and pollution levels. Behind that heaven-and-hell contradiction we experienced one of the most brave and rich world wide scenes weve ever met. We dont pretend that all punx or anarchists are nice people, and in fact there are problems most of the times, but we really felt a great sense of organization. Different collectives working together; activism, social struggle, and punk altogether. There are very good bands and individuals living in Mexico and we encourage everyone to get more updated about that scene. Puerto Rico was a surprise for us. That island is so wonderful both in landscapes and their population, and it is very curious to experience the internal struggle between the Latin and Anglo cultures. The scene there is not that much political but you can always find great bands, many gigs and people aiming to get things done. Los Angeles city was like a concrete monster for us, where cars are more important than people. A city of highways and smoke in the air. We met there people that made us feel like at home. The gig there took place in an alternative artists venue (Labour Fruit) and we gathered many latin people there. Hugs and kisses for KONTRAATAQUE, AVERSION, and EL GRITO with whom we had some amazing hours!

MRR: When Spanish people want to get into the States were treated as White/European... do you agree with that or maybe do you think that here we have more in common with the latin people of the USA?

Being there just for a couple of days it is hard for us to get a picture of a country with more than 200 million inhabitants; as we know the States is an amazing mixture of different cultures. But what we think is that, just because of cultural reasons, we have more in common with people from El Salvador or Argentina than with a WASP, a German, or an English person. First we have the same language which enables us to communicate and get together easily, and on the other hand there are the traces of our cultural and religious heritage, as the values of a Calvinist society and a Catholic society are quite different and even opposed. Even though these facts make us closer, you can never know because what really matters is the person themself and our relation amongst people is not about where we come but how we live our lives. If were running along the exploiters or running together with the ones who refuse to be exploited.

MRR: Do you think that a vast part of the North American HC-Punk scene showed interest in the Latin and Spanish scenes when LOS CRUDOS got that well known? Aint that a bit hypocritical, I mean, there were bands with a lot of records and gigs over their shoulders and didnt get any attention from the States/Europe people until that - Latin Boom - so to speak.

I think that the Los Crudos shock made people to get to know bands singing in Spanish, bands forgotten, playing in ghettos before that. In several cases it led to a hype labeled as - HC Latino - being so cool to listen to bands singing in Spanish. As hyped as it was, once the people got bored it disappeared.

MRR: Do you think is there some sort of - colonialism - inside the HC-Punk scene? It seems the relevant role Spanish language is getting nowadays is, somehow, worse for us? I mean, people not learning English as many English-speaking people are not learning Spanish no matter if they live here?

Unfortunately, no matter how hard we try, the HC-Punk scene is a mirror of the society we live in today. On one hand we have that colonial arrogance that blinds these Anglo people, and on the other hand we have that - Shocked Colonized - phenomena... the one who loves even more whats coming from the cultural metropolis than any closer thing. We never lived Punk

that way because we were always attracted by a multicultural way of Punk, we had the same interest for bands coming from Finland, Italy, Japan, France, Australia, or Mexico than for bands coming from England or the USA. This is great because it shows that the culture we were creating was an open one. Unfortunately other scenes arose, where the rotten smell of being proud of your culture over the others created subdivisions and placed bands into class A, class B, class C. Doesnt it sound like fascism? Spanish language is getting more attention nowadays, but it is no good to fight the evil with another evil thing. So, lets defend our culture and mix it with the others, that s the only way arts and culture gets richer and socialized.

MRR: Talk about some of your latest records - INGOBERNABLES - and the 2xLP.

- Ingobernables - is for now our latest studio full length. Its got 14 tracks (15 in the LP) recorded in the dutch Bunts Studio with the great help and friendship of Menno Baker who realized the kind of sound quality weve always wanted to have. The booklet included is a thick one with 108 pages where we continue developing the issues written in our lyrics, we feel necessary to write these sort of texts as a complement of the ever short song lyrics. That record was released in Spain through La Idea/Potencial HC (CD and Cassette), and Dont Belong (LP). In Brazil it was released through Esperanza Gravaciones, in Mexico by JARcore Records, in Argentina through Civilizacion Violenta, and in Germany by Skuld Releases/Twisted Chords. The 2xLP was released by Skuld Releases too and it is a compilation of our first 3 records: Ruido Anticapitalista, 1991; Alerta Antifascista, 1993; and Guerra A La Guerra, 1997... some of them never released on vinyl before. Its got a 36 page booklet with lyrics/texts in English and also a free poster.

MRR: After some years your records are released again in vinyl format, why did you make that decision? Do you think the difference amongst formats is purely an economical aspect? (USA/Europe/Japan = vinyl. Spain/Eastern Europe/South America = CDs + tapes).

When multinationals decided to change the music format from vinyl to CDs, vinyl got to be more and more a collectors item. It is more expensive to manufacture than CDs and tapes so releasing vinyl here was not that common anymore. We decided to stop releasing vinyl for years because the economical situation in our own country, also the people demanded only CDs and tapes. Anyway, we always wanted to start releasing vinyl again once we got enough money for it. We must point out that SIN DIOS shall always use the most popular format because for us the most important thing is the anarchist propaganda, not the format of our records. But on the other hand we dont want to accept what multinationals are imposing on us and with the help of Dont Belong, Skuld, and Twisted Chords were releasing vinyl again and also with our own label La Idea vinyl shall be pressed.

MRR: Maybe most of the readers will be shocked to know that youre able to sell more than 10,000 CDs/tapes only in Spain, using even commercial chain stores which are forced to respect the maximum selling price printed in your covers (still being quite cheap = $6). How can you explain all that to foreign people reading this? Does it mean we have more than 10,000 anarcho-punx in Spain, or maybe things are not actually that way???

Up to now weve sold more than 14,000 copies of - Ingobernables - CD/tape, which for us is a positive response to our ways of working DIY. We focus the distribution this way: the first three months the record is out it is only and exclusively distributed thru DIY-alternative distros/shops/squats/trade unions. After that our records got into commercial shops, but only in these shops accepting the price we print on cover which is always a price any given worker or unemployed person can afford. Music for us is a social good, not a luxury. When we sell thru commercial channels our aim is to reach these people not having access to the DIY scene. That way we can show them a different way of living and help them to solve their problems by themselves. On the other hand were very happy to know that our records are, more or less, distributed this way: 5,000 copies through commercial channels and 9,000 copies through alternative channels. We aint got 14,000 anarcho-punx/anarchists in Spain (we wish!), but it is true that Spain is one of the countries where anarchism is somehow still strong. Weve got a national organisation named CNT which has gained the respect and admiration of a great part of our society. Today, with the great work and help of many people, the anarchist way is getting stronger everyday. This could be hard to understand for foreign people, but you must bear in mind that during the 30s the spanish working class was mainly constituted by anarchists, and during the civil war an anarchist revolution took place in most of the spanish regions, with almost nine million people involved in it. Getting back to the root of the question, we think that the growing of anarchism must come from several ways and were just a small grain of salt and to top it off were playing the music we like, which is not the most popular music so to speak.

MRR: You re also running a shop to earn your lives with, let us know about it. What do you think about the people who criticise you by making a living off the band and the shop? Business inside the scene reinvest inside the very scene again...do you agree with that?

La Idea is a project of releasing and distributing stuff related with the anarchist movement. With the course of the years we finally open a shop with literature and music which is located in the core of Madrid city. As for now we cannot make a living off Sin Dios nor La Idea because all the money it generates is reinvested in new projects. We ve been working on various other things to survive. We hope La Idea shall be a complete job for us which enables us to make a living by releasing and distributing stuff. Sin Dios shall keep on reinvesting all its money in future records, paying for gear and practice room. Self management and DIY are not empty words for us. That s a social and economical reality. We think this DIY way is something to struggle for. It is so hard to be self employed, but it is always better than working for a motherfucker. If the job youre running (no matter if you release records or cook pies) is without masters, without economical discrimination, with equality - thats great. If the job youre running by yourself is contaminated of the same evils than a current job, thats a pile of shit in our eyes. Thats why we dont think that any given co-operative work is revolutionary in itself. And if were criticised for that or not... if the criticism is constructive, Ill listen to it and think about it, but to be honest the criticism Im interested in is that of the revolutionary organisations-trade unions, revolutionary people you can meet in any given demonstration, meeting, action, or gig. That criticism from pseudo-radical blokes has no value for us.

MRR: What would you say are some things that stand out from the North American scene... these things that we all know about, here in Spain?

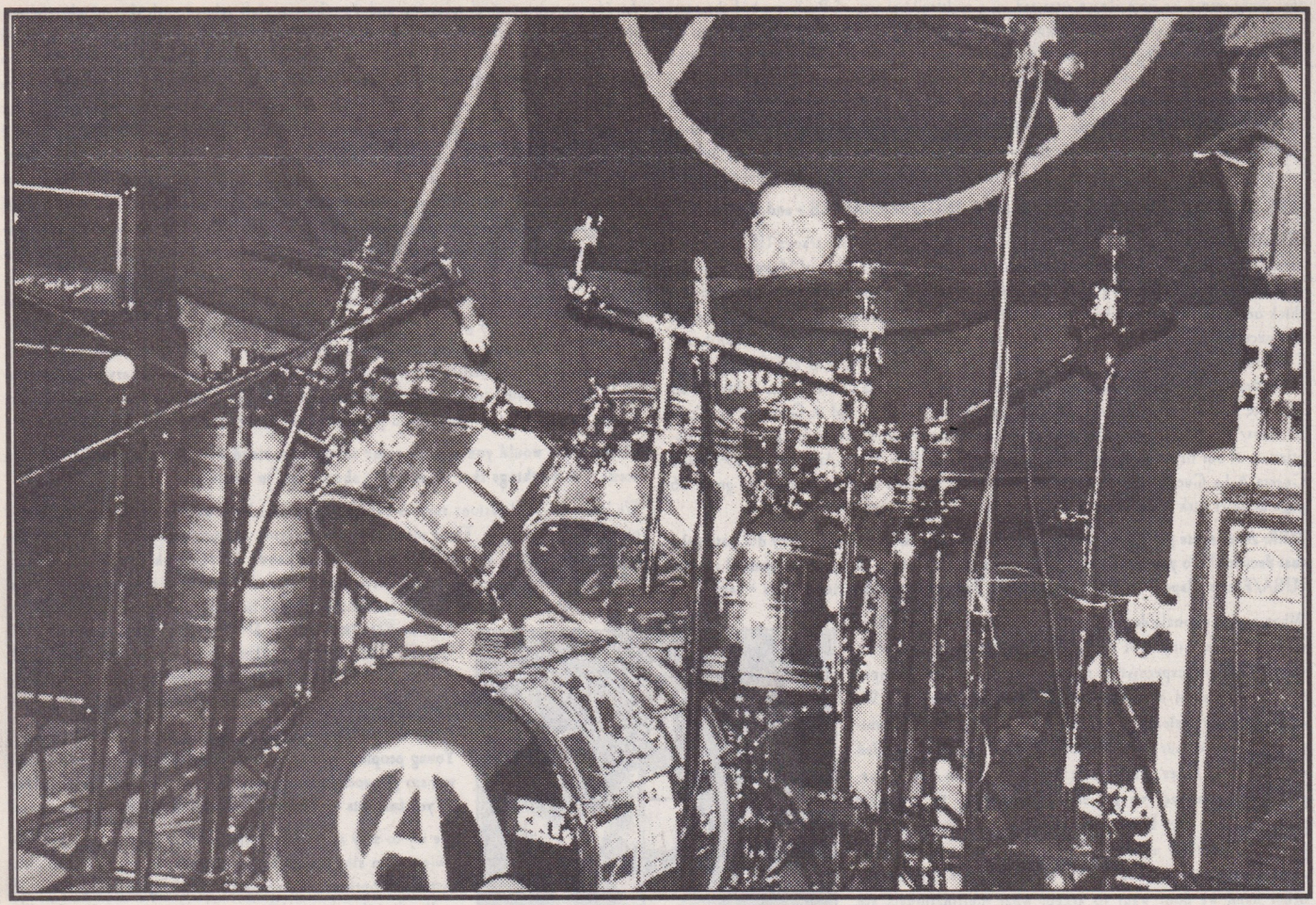
We like a lot publications such as Profane Existence, HaC or even MRR (but it depends on the different ages). These mags have been playing an important part in the transmission of this musical and political counterculture known as HC-Punk. On the other hand, all we know from your scene has been always viewed from these mags points of view, maybe a bit magnified in some cases. In the musical field there are great bands we enjoy such as KONTRAATAQUE, DYSTOPIA, YOUTH AGAINST, MK ULTRA, AUS ROTTEN, HIS HERO IS GONE, CODE 13, AXIOM, RESIST & EXIST, BROTHER INFERIOR, etc... also great labels such as Ebullition, Havoc, and Catchphraze.

MRR: Do you think anarchism shall be someday a sort of hype? Young people very easy to be influenced by your lyrics the same way any pop-rock band can do to them as teenager rebellion? How do you face this - radicality - boom inside the Spanish teenagers?

We try to stay away from being another hype thing. Were not giving them slogans as the power does, we try to create ideas instead of options, thats why all the things we sing about are really thought about. All our records come with a booklet where we question a lot of things and try to come up with the answers. Were not sure if all the kids listening to us will get the real message. We hope many of these people get interested in fighting back not as juvenile rebellion but as a way of life. We got it by listening to CRASS, WRETCHED, and CONFLICT... these bands spirit made us stop to think, question, read and all that turned into political activism. Today, 20 years later, were still struggling. That boom of - juvenile radicality - is something undesired, with a bad effect at a long term because it tends to trivialise the struggle as a teenagers thing and ends up with discontent and repulsion towards any given movement of liberation. With our work were trying to help out people to think by themselves and to make them choose a revolutionary path as a way of life. We dont want zombies repeating what theyve been fed with.

MRR: Many foreign people have heard about the situation with ETA in the Basque Country and independent movements also in Catalonia. Please let us know objectively what you think about this issue.

It is a very tricky issue, very difficult to understand or to take a stand towards from outside, more even if you ask us about it, because were totally against nationalism as a liberation option. We have nothing to do with a Leninist, militarised vanguard organisation, not with their ideology, nor their ways. Their ways are sheer terror most of the times, such as the indiscriminate cars bombing. In an ideological context we dont think that defending your own culture means to construct a nation, because that will end (mostly) in the creation of a new oppressive state as all the others are... the only difference being is an own different language. Speaking on the military action issue; for the anarchists violence is repulsive, being accepted only when it developes social struggle, as something done collectivelly or at least without a military piramid-structure to take strategic decisions. Rapt or indiscriminate bombing were never something anarchist (no matter how hard the propaganda from the powers that be tries to tell us). On the contrary, sabotages, revolutionary struggles, insurrections, boycot, and annihilation of (really) important people have strengthened our movement. Its clear for us that organisation, propaganda and civil action is much more effective than dropping bombs. Thats exactly why the powers that be want to criminalise us as terrorists. Our ways of action are different nowadays, and we dont use mafia or military ways. We must say also that we have many good friends and comrades inside the independent movements scene, these have all our respect because theyre honest fighters, even though we dont agree with them. Instead we encourage them to leave the



national liberation way aside and jump into the human liberation way. Of course we respect peoples self-determination rights, being the Basquian people which should be allowed to decide their future for themselves. We, as anarchists, propose a federal and social republic for all the Spanish territories peoples.

MRR: Youve been criticised and called incoherent from several movements because youre anarchists and libertarian but you still eating animals. What would you tell these people? Why do you think vegetarianism seems to be more popular in Anglo countries than in Spain?

First off, being anarchist is not synonymous with vegetarian or vegan. Linking these terms is common because of some naturist, hygienist, and (sadly) eugenist movements which went along together with the anarchist movement at the end of the 19th century and beginning of the 20th. Vegetarianism or animal liberation struggle, for us, is an ethical issue and not a political issue. We are pro social revolution, not vegan revolution. In that sense, yes, were anthropothentric and while capitalism keeps on with its brutal exploitation over people, well take care of people not animals. Both Pepe and me (Canino), weve been at some point vegetarian... Pepe several times, me just one. Personally, I dont usually eat that much meat because of the capitalist slaughterhouse barbaric treatment, but for me its not a major problem to eat an animal raised and killed by farmers, and I know I wont quit fish never. If thats enough for some Punk people to move away from us, well thats the same we feel for them. Here in Spain the queen is vegetarian *(actually, she eats fish... - ed.)* maybe these people is closer to her than to us. Why it is more popular in other countries (especially Anglo-Saxon and Nordic ones) we think thats because of the fast crappy food culture established in these countries, some other times it seems that their lack of activism in social struggles is replaced for a culture that feels more compassion towards a dog than a beggar sleeping in the street or a child left alone in a orphanage.

MRR: Both Pepe and you are fathers, is it possible to be parent and punk? How do you plan to educate them? Dont you think it is a big dilemma to be aware of all the shit of our society and then send the children to follow the rules that be and - dis-educate - them in school?

Of course were fathers and punx at the same time, things dont change just because weve got a daughter. You charge yourself with the responsibility of taking care of someone who is still vulnerable to all this shit. Instead of capitalisms death culture, creating life is something positive, it is life against death. Not trying would be not fighting. Weve seen how spread amongst the left-wing movement the idea of not having children is. Thats seen as something progressive and even libertarian. For us (not to pretend to tell you what to do), thats the opposite! We think its very positive to do something human beings have been doing thousands of years. We defend the freedom to be fathers and mothers having children or not. About the education, well for me it is not that complicated, even easier to do in daily life than having to write about it. In my experience, Alba (my daughter) has different information sources (some disinformation too, like college or her grandmothers), and my role is expended many times in explaining all things to her and inculcating the idea of having certain responsibilities or rules is not about authority, I try to convince her to accept that. We dont want a robot clone, but a person choosing freely what she wants do with her life, and the wonderful thing of being a parent is that, whatever she chooses, you will always love her.

MRR: Tell us about your future plans.

Well, as for SIN DIOS releases: Split 7s with APATIA NO, INTOLERANCE, PROTESTERA, CEMENTERIO SHOW and ASIDE. Several compilations too. A new LP/CD we will record in Holland in December this year. We want to do a small European tour this year and a proper tour along Southern America next year. With our label La Idea we will release:

*ZOOTIC (Portugal)/MENOS QUE NADA split CD

*RUIDO ACTIVO LP/CD

*CEMENTERIO SHOW LP/CD (together with Beat Generation)
*E-150 CD Discografia (together with Dont Belong)
*Complilation (SEEIN RED/E-150/ZANUSSI/CEMENTERIO SHOW/INTOLERANCE/SINDIOS) CD/LP (together with Dont Belong)

*LOOKING FOR AN ANSWER/KONTRAATTAQUE LP/CD

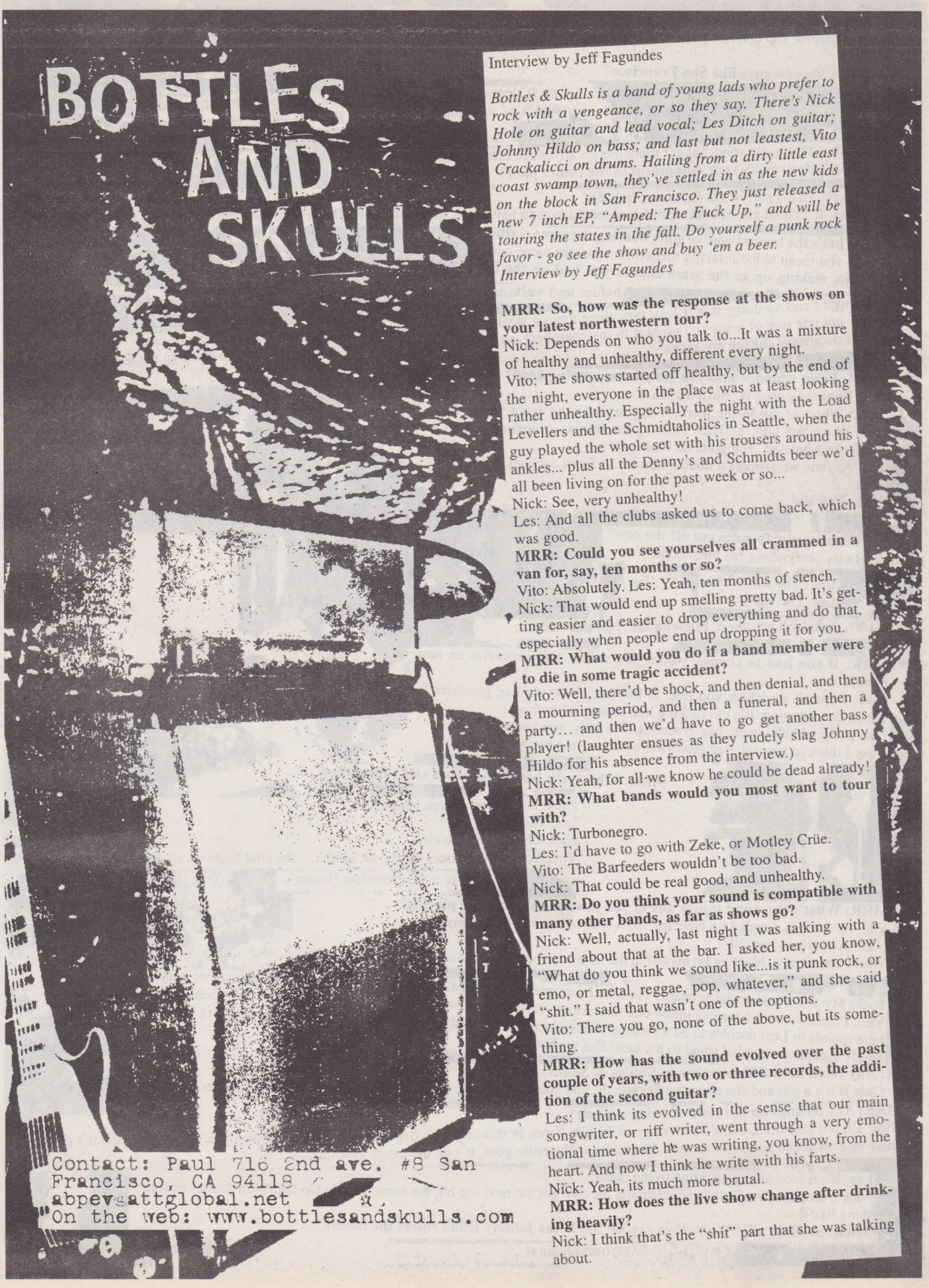
MRR: Farewell...

Many thanx for the interview, and revolutionary greetings to all the people feeling Punk-HC as another way of social struggle. Anarchist embrace. SIN DIOS 2001.

HTTP://WWW.SINDIOS.NET

Revolutionary greetings to all the people feeling Punk-HC as another way of social struggle. Anarchist embrace...

BOTTLES AND SKULLS



Interview by Jeff Fagundes

Bottles & Skulls is a band of young lads who prefer to rock with a vengeance, or so they say. There's Nick Hole on guitar and lead vocal; Les Ditch on guitar; Johnny Hildo on bass; and last but not leastest, Vito Crackalicci on drums. Hailing from a dirty little east coast swamp town, they've settled in as the new kids on the block in San Francisco. They just released a new 7 inch EP, "Amped: The Fuck Up," and will be touring the states in the fall. Do yourself a punk rock favor - go see the show and buy 'em a beer.
Interview by Jeff Fagundes

MRR: So, how was the response at the shows on your latest northwestern tour?
Nick: Depends on who you talk to...It was a mixture of healthy and unhealthy, different every night.
Vito: The shows started off healthy, but by the end of the night, everyone in the place was at least looking rather unhealthy. Especially the night with the Load Levellers and the Schmidtaholics in Seattle, when the guy played the whole set with his trousers around his ankles... plus all the Denny's and Schmidts beer we'd all been living on for the past week or so...
Nick: See, very unhealthy!
Les: And all the clubs asked us to come back, which was good.
MRR: Could you see yourselves all crammed in a van for, say, ten months or so?
Vito: Absolutely. Les: Yeah, ten months of stench.
Nick: That would end up smelling pretty bad. It's getting easier and easier to drop everything and do that, especially when people end up dropping it for you.
MRR: What would you do if a band member were to die in some tragic accident?
Vito: Well, there'd be shock, and then denial, and then a mourning period, and then a funeral, and then a party… and then we'd have to go get another bass player! (laughter ensues as they rudely slag Johnny Hildo for his absence from the interview.)
Nick: Yeah, for all we know he could be dead already!
MRR: What bands would you most want to tour with?
Nick: Turbonegro.
Les: I'd have to go with Zeke, or Motley Crüe.
Vito: The Barfeeders wouldn't be too bad.
Nick: That could be real good, and unhealthy.
MRR: Do you think your sound is compatible with many other bands, as far as shows go?
Nick: Well, actually, last night I was talking with a friend about that at the bar. I asked her, you know, "What do you think we sound like...is it punk rock, or emo, or metal, reggae, pop, whatever," and she said "shit." I said that wasn't one of the options.
Vito: There you go, none of the above, but its something.
MRR: How has the sound evolved over the past couple of years, with two or three records, the addition of the second guitar?
Les: I think its evolved in the sense that our main songwriter, or riff writer, went through a very emotional time where he was writing, you know, from the heart. And now I think he write with his farts.
Nick: Yeah, its much more brutal.
MRR: How does the live show change after drinking heavily?
Nick: I think that's the "shit" part that she was talking about.

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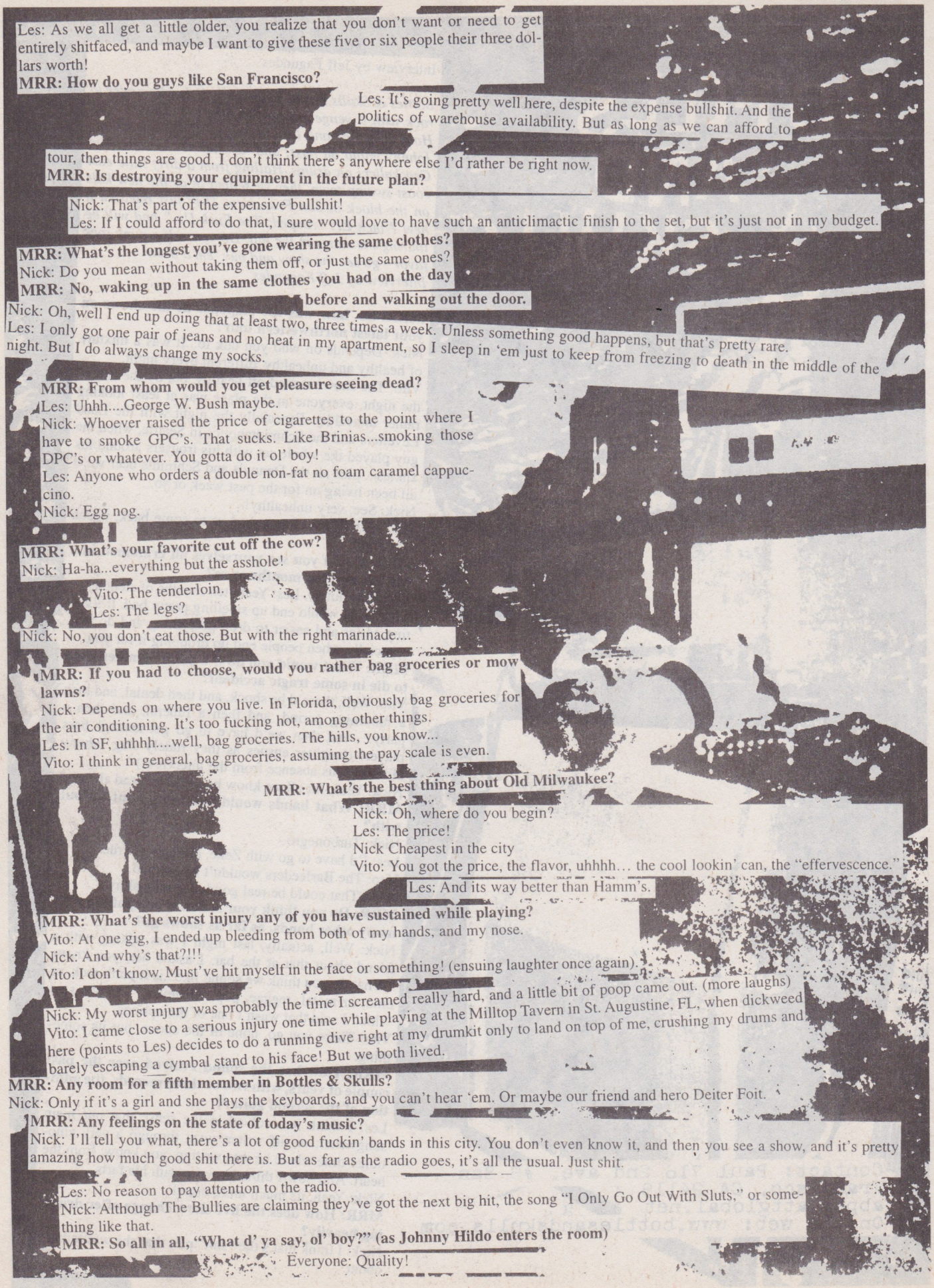

Les: As we all get a little older, you realize that you don't want or need to get entirely shitfaced, and maybe I want to give these five or six people their three dollars worth!

MRR: How do you guys like San Francisco?

Les: It's going pretty well here, despite the expense bullshit. And the politics of warehouse availability. But as long as we can afford to tour, then things are good. I don't think there's anywhere else I'd rather be right now.

MRR: Is destroying your equipment in the future plan?

Nick: That's part of the expensive bullshit!

Les: If I could afford to do that, I sure would love to have such an anticlimactic finish to the set, but it's just not in my budget.

MRR: What's the longest you've gone wearing the same clothes?

Nick: Do you mean without taking them off, or just the same ones?

MRR: No, waking up in the same clothes you had on the day before and walking out the door.

Nick: Oh, well I end up doing that at least two, three times a week. Unless something good happens, but that's pretty rare.

Les: I only got one pair of jeans and no heat in my apartment, so I sleep in 'em just to keep from freezing to death in the middle of the night. But I do always change my socks.

MRR: From whom would you get pleasure seeing dead?

Les: Uhhh....George W. Bush maybe.

Nick: Whoever raised the price of cigarettes to the point where I have to smoke GPC's. That sucks. Like Brinias...smoking those DPC's or whatever. You gotta do it ol' boy!

Les: Anyone who orders a double non-fat no foam caramel cappuccino.

Nick: Egg nog.

MRR: What's your favorite cut off the cow?

Nick: Ha-ha...everything but the asshole!

Vito: The tenderloin.

Les: The legs?

Nick: No, you don't eat those. But with the right marinade....

MRR: If you had to choose, would you rather bag groceries or mow lawns?

Nick: Depends on where you live. In Florida, obviously bag groceries for the air conditioning. It's too fucking hot, among other things.

Les: In SF, uhhhh....well, bag groceries. The hills, you know...

Vito: I think in general, bag groceries, assuming the pay scale is even.

MRR: What's the best thing about Old Milwaukee?

Nick: Oh, where do you begin?

Les: The price!

Nick Cheapest in the city

Vito: You got the price, the flavor, uhhhh... the cool lookin' can, the "effervescence."

Les: And its way better than Hamm's.

MRR: What's the worst injury any of you have sustained while playing?

Vito: At one gig, I ended up bleeding from both of my hands, and my nose.

Nick: And why's that?!!!

Vito: I don't know. Must've hit myself in the face or something! (ensuing laughter once again).

Nick: My worst injury was probably the time I screamed really hard, and a little bit of poop came out. (more laughs)

Vito: I came close to a serious injury one time while playing at the Milltop Tavern in St. Augustine, FL, when dickweed here (points to Les) decides to do a running dive right at my drumkit only to land on top of me, crushing my drums and barely escaping a cymbal stand to his face! But we both lived.

MRR: Any room for a fifth member in Bottles & Skulls?

Nick: Only if it's a girl and she plays the keyboards, and you can't hear 'em. Or maybe our friend and hero Deiter Foit.

MRR: Any feelings on the state of today's music?

Nick: I'll tell you what, there's a lot of good fuckin' bands in this city. You don't even know it, and then you see a show, and it's pretty amazing how much good shit there is. But as far as the radio goes, it's all the usual. Just shit.

Les: No reason to pay attention to the radio.

Nick: Although The Bullies are claiming they've got the next big hit, the song "I Only Go Out With Sluts," or something like that.

MRR: So all in all, "What d' ya say, ol' boy?" (as Johnny Hildo enters the room)

Everyone: Quality!

SCARRED FOR LIFE

SCARRED FOR LIFE

SCARRED FOR LIFE

Long Beach's Scarred For Life is comprised of veteran punks from the SoCal scene who still believe in the d.i.y. spirit of punk. They've appeared on several compilations and have two releases, the "Born Work Die" LP and the "Far From Home" 7", both on Know. This interview took place at the Scarred For Life rehearsal room in downtown Long Beach just before their west coast tour with Varukers. Interview by Pat Wong

MRR: When did the band begin?

Clyde: Demian Cane had put together musicians for this project previous to 1997, but for all intents and purposes, we use the beginning of 1997 as the beginning time line for this version of Scarred For Life.

Demian: So the line-up as it remains today is Clyde - Guitar, Mike - Bass, Raygunn - Screaming Banshee from Hell, and Chrischarge - Drums.

MRR: (To Demian) What's your role in the band these days?

Demian: With these musicians in place, I just sit back and enjoy what I hear. I've traveled all over the world spreading the Scarred For Life disease, and turning people on to this music. I've roadied for the best, and I've maintained friendships with my partners, Iggy, Rat, Biff, and Marvin from the Varukers, Terry "Tezz" Bones from Discharge, The Business, Battalion of Saints, Brandon Cruz from Dr. Know, Ron Martinez and Jeff Harp from Final Conflict, you know, just to throw out a couple of names. As long as this band keeps turning out music that moves me, hopefully other people will have a chance to get into this style of music that hardly anyone plays these days. Especially in Southern California. About two days before they went into the studio to record the 7" tracks, I was at Scarred For Life's rehearsal, and Clyde and Chris were about to give the song "Far From Home" the boot. I was asked for my input. I asked them what it was that they didn't like about the song, because it sounded good. Luckily, they decided to go ahead and record it. It has a slightly different feel than most of their other songs, but it's still a sound punk rock track. I travel a lot for work, but when I'm in town, I'm Clyde's main roadie. At sound check, and during their set, I always walk around the venue to ensure that the levels are equal. Alan's been doing an excellent job helping to keep these guys focused. Basically, if there's something that needs to be done, I'll do it, or make sure that it gets done. Whether it be getting liquid for the band before they hit the stage, or dealing with a promoter that's trying to screw 'em, I'm on it. And I'm not afraid to tell these guys when something sounds like shit, but we haven't had to pull out that card yet.

MRR: So tell a little about who's in the band. I understand that the legendary outspoken Chrischarge has joined the band. Has this marked a major improvement to the lineup?

Chrischarge: I don't know who's feeding you your information, but I'm not fucking legendary, whatever that means. Now there's this guy in Oakland, Aaron Jones. I've heard about him. He's a legend, I mean there've been books written about the guy. But if I'm a legend, it's for all the wrong reasons, I guarantee it. I have a penchant for fucking up.

MRR: Well let's just say that I've heard that you can be a fairly menacing figure. So tell me, has Chrischarge been an improvement to the band?

Demian: Yes, a MAJOR improvement. Very true Chrischarge was the last addition to the band. I don't think that you could as for a better line up. We're all on the same page. HARD, FAST, AND LOUD!

Mike: The legendary Chrischarge used to sing a couple of songs with us as an encore. Now he drives the car, and he also provides a crash cymbal assault for Long Beach's very own KONTRAKLASSE.

MRR: What is the story behind the name, Scarred For Life?

Scarred For Life alludes to any of the environmental and genetic conditions, which essentially permanently mark or "scar" a person throughout his or her lifetime.

MRR: What are the politics of the band? Who writes the lyrics? Who writes the music?

Demian: FUCK POLITICS!

Chrischarge: I don't think that there's a sworn political agenda that we all subscribe to as a band, but I do think we all have similar perspectives in where we're coming from politically as punx.

Mike: Some might say alcohol and pills. As for those who read our lyrics, we are an active voice against those who commit atrocities world wide.

Clyde: I have written most of the music, with the exception of "Into Oblivion", which is a collaboration between Mike, RayGunn, and myself. "Your Tomorrow" is a song that I helped Joey "Snoopy" Leachman get out of his head, Mike and I co-wrote/arranged "Break The Mold" and "Far From Home" and Mike wrote "Another Victim".

Mike: I have had a lot more time on my hands lately, and I

SCARRED FOR LIFE

have written some songs that will be included in our next full length release.

Clyde: Yeah, I'm anxious to hear them recorded, because they're very powerful songs. They have a hint of the Swedish influence in them, and it will also mark Chris' debut on a full length.

RayGunn: I've written the lyrics to all of the songs with the exception of "Feeding A War", which I added and deleted lines here and there from Clyde's original text.

Clyde: Yeah, Raygunn is free to create lyrics at will. We call it adding the "O-Raygunn-O" to the songs.

MRR: You guys have quite a bit of history within the band. What are some of the bands you guys used to be in?

Raygunn: Glycine Max, Dogma Mundista

Clyde: Pig Children, the Original HFL, Bonecrusher

Mike: Disrupters

Chrischarge: None you've ever heard of.

MRR: "Pig Children"? Wow! That was one of those So Cal bands that I use to see on all the flyers in the '80s. Any chance of a Pig Children reunion?

Clyde: What happened in the past, is in the past. We never really broke up, we just migrated in different directions. Pig Children's drummer, Johnnie Cat, has been in and out of prison these last couple of years, and it would be hard to do anything without him. He has re-located to Central California. Mike Kanel, Noah Lysek, and I did mess around with a set when I was still covering the guitar spot in Bonecrusher. And it sounded fucking good, if I may add. However, Demian is getting married in the next year, and we may throw a set together for his marriage celebration. Rob the Slob owns three or four recovery homes, and is doing the humanitarian thing on that end. Other than that, we're not gonna jump on the nostalgia bandwagon, and hope to capitalize on the younger punk rockers. That's not what we were about back then, and we're still not about that today.

MRR: Didn't Pig Children have an incident with C.O.C. back in the day?

Clyde: Damn, Pat! How old are you? Where the fuck are you getting your info. from? Heheh Okay, let's clear this up. This was really a one-sided thing on their part. You see, back in the mid '80s there was this club in Anaheim called Flashdance. Well apparently, when Corrosion came through, they perceived that we were giving them a hard time. So, when we were on Tour in 1986, they tried to cock-block us out of shows on the East Coast. They contacted Johnny Stiff, the guy outta New York who was instrumental in helping to book our tour, and told him that we were "picking on them" when they were out here, and that he shouldn't help us book shows. It was a bunch of bull-shit, you know what I mean? They couldn't hang with the Pig Children Tribe, and got upset. Everyone who hung out with us back then, whether they were sober or got fucked up, enjoyed having a good time. We had a good time fucking with cops and corporate Amerikkka. In the words

of Mike Muir, "and if I offended you, well I'm sorry but maybe you need to be offended, well here's my apology, and one more thing, FUCK YOU!" Put it this way, we ended playing anarchist gatherings, and benefits for worthwhile issues such as Big Mountain when the government was again stripping away the land from the Hopi and Navajo Indians. C.O.C. ended up growing long hair, playing for the same jock rock mentality bullshit that, in the '80s, infiltrated and numbed the senses of thousands of our youth, and contributed to the demise of the underground mentality of our genre. So who stayed true to the cause? You decide.

MRR: Aren't you being hypocritical? You just quoted Mike Muir from Suicidal Tendencies, who crossed over and played for "long hairs" also. But, you're down on C.O.C.? What's up with that?

Clyde: Mike and Sucidal Tendancies have played powerful punk rock music. Period. His lyrics are relevant to what our genre's about. I've nothing against people with long hair, but I used that "long hair" term earlier loosely, to describe the fucked up cock rock mentality that scarred my memory back in the day. It's not that I'm down on C.O.C., but someone in the band, or affiliated with them at the time tried to fuck up the east coast leg of our tour. It was pure DIY on our part, and that was fucked up on their part. Let's get re-focused. This is a SCARRED FOR LIFE interview.

MRR: You guys only have one album and a 7" out, but you've managed to tour Europe in 2000. How was that?

Chrischarge: Ask Demian.

Demian: Most Excellent! Can't wait to go back!

Mike: The best experience of my life.

Raygunn: Albert from KNOW Records, has sent bands over using the promoter Robert Dietrich from Gate To Hell. Albert had asked us if we would be interested in going over, and we told him that if we could fit it into our work/school schedules, why not?

Clyde: Yeah, Albert hooked us up by sending GTH a "Born Work Die" cd, and Robert wrote back saying that he could probably do something for us. Robert and I started corresponding via email, until we came up with dates that would work for Scarred For Life and Gate To Hell.

Chrischarge: I skipped a whole semester of school for that tour. It probably set me back about a year and a half, but it was the chance of a lifetime, and I don't regret it for a minute.

MRR: I understand that a benefit show is in the works to help the people at Skuld Records in Germany. How was the political climate in Germany?

Chrischarge: Germany has a great punk scene. Over there, things seemed to be oriented more towards doing things for themselves, rather than waiting for someone to provide a commodity, like people tend to do in the US. Everything is done within the context of "we're punx!" Leipzig was a great example of that. There were like fifteen hundred people totally wasted and going off, but no fights that I saw. People knew how to have a good time as opposed to hanging out and trying and impressing the other "scenesters" around them.

Clyde: The punks definitely know how to RAWK! No security at the shows, and best of all No fights. There seems to be a big problem brewing with the Right Wing extremists. There were protests going on all over the place, but that seemed the norm, as opposed to an anomaly. As for the SKULD benefit, we're trying to get a show or something together for our new friend Kleister. It's still in the works. It's a downright fucked up thing that the fucking pigs did to Kleister and SKULD. It was an attack on human rights, and freedom of expression.

MRR: Any crazy tour stories?

Mike: Well, let's just say "I think we should smoke something".

Clyde: Europe was a beautiful experience. I would caution every band to hook up with a good promoter, because we saw some other bands, going through A LOT of shit, because their promoter didn't have his shit together. Thankfully, ours did. If anyone wants to hear crazy tour stories, come and start up a conversation at a gig, because there isn't enough space in *MRR*, to write about the whole experience.

MRR: I heard some of the band went backpacking in Europe after the tour?

Chrischarge: Three of us went to England and met up with a few friends over there. Then three of us went on an Amsterdam bender for three days.

MRR: So you guys led the nomadic life for about a month?

Chrischarge: Other than that Amsterdam thing, it was a lot of drinking cider in London, and spending a god awful lot of money at the pub, and drinking Absinthe Vodka.

MRR: Absinthe Vodka? Is that pretty potent stuff?

Chrischarge: Ya.

Clyde: When we arrived in Prague, Ales, the 007 Club's promoter, came up to me and said that after the show, he had a present from Iggy and the Varukers. Ales walked behind the bar, and pulled out a bottle of Abscinthe. The shit's like 150 proof!

Raygunn: Yeah! Red Bull and Vodka! "CHEERS ALES!" After the show, we drank, partied, and played foosball till the sun came up, at this fucking cool bar in downtown Prague.

Clyde: These guys ended up taking the bottle with them to London.

Chrischarge: If anyone knows how to drink that stuff other than straight out of the bottle, drop us a line and PLEASE let me know....

MRR: Seems like you guys are heavily influenced by a lot of the '80s English political punk bands. Is that odd, being from California where one often thinks of the proto-typical punk as a surfer-skater type of guy?

Chrischarge: Well, that stuff just kind of represents a lot of what had drew me towards punk in the first place. I wasn't there like these guys were, but there seemed to be more of an honesty in the music that is lacking now. There are tons of bands that are doing cool shit now, don't get me wrong, but a lot of stuff seems recycled from things which preceded it. I know a lot of that stuff even happens to myself. It's increasingly harder to have that same energy and be just as original.

Clyde: I can't help being influenced by music that I grew up with. Again, we reference an environmental condition, which has "scarred" me for life. Is it odd? I think not. I try to write music that evokes an emotion, much like Discharge, or the Varukers did to me when I first heard them in the early '80s. Or Black Flag or the Dead Kennedy's for that matter. There was an angry, aggressive feel to it. California launched some great bands that wouldn't be stereotyped as your prototypical surfer-skater type guys.

MRR: That's true. I guess I was thinking of beach punk bands like Circle Jerks or Suicidal Tendencies with a fan base of pool skaters and punks.

Mike: Well, not everybody from L.A. looks like they're from L.A.

MRR: It seems that punk, whether it's an image or music has always been fairly broad. So who still skates in the band?

Raygunn: I still use my skateboard as a means of transportation. There's nothing wrong with skateboarding.

MRR: Do you think the Citizens Arrest "A Light In The Darkness" EP is worth all the hype?

Chrischarge: I think the LP's better. But it's a great hardcore record.

Mike: Citizens Arrest?

MRR: Mike's joking right? You guys also seem to open for some of the best touring bands out there. I know you guys played with Aus Rotten before you had any record released. Then you got to play with Varukers and Cocksparrer and Demon System 13, etc.... A lot of local bands feel that Scarred For Life haven't paid their dues yet. Any response to that?

Demian: We've all been coast to coast on a piece of toast, and we've all been around the block more times than the ice cream man, so I think we got it coming!

Mike: Dues? Hmmm. Maybe we play better music than a lot of local bands.

Chrischarge: These guys have been around forever. They deserve it! Hell, I feel that hey, I'm 25 and I kinda lucked out on being able to play with these guys. But they definitely have.

Clyde: Raygunn and I have been playing around in touring/working bands since 1980-81.

Raygunn: Both of us have been in bands that have toured the U.S.

Clyde: One of Raygunn's bands (Dogma Mundista) had even toured Mexico. We've both supported the scene in one way or another, whether it be by playing in bands, or attacking corporate Amerikkka.

Raygunn: Throughout the years, we've helped put on shows. THAT, in and of itself supports our local scene! D.I.Y. in its' purest form.

Clyde: So, we've opened for a couple of big bands that have come through town, and other bands have a problem with that? Some of the

bands that have come through have actually requested that we play with them while they're in So. Cal.

Raygunn: Throughout the years, we've provided food and lodging for touring bands, and have remained FRIENDS. So it's natural that when they come through again, or THEIR friends' bands come through, they want to hang out with US, because they know that everything will be cool. Bands from all over the world know that when they tour the U.S. and get to the So. Cal. area, they'll be taken care of if they hook up with us. They won't be hanging out with some assholes, who couldn't really care less about making sure the band is taken care of, and just trying to look COOL to their friends.

Chrischarge: Well, I say I'd have to agree with Raygunn. I've opened my place up to people, numerous times over the years, and yeah, it builds friendships. I can think of one situation in particular about two years ago. There were two bands in Long Beach on tour. One was from Europe, and the people who booked the show didn't even offer a place to stay, let alone point them in the right direction! I let 'em stay at my place, even though I was flat broke and totally out of my head. I think all I had at my house to offer them was coffee. But you know people remember that kind of stuff, and it's not always displayed for everyone to see, so some people may feel that way. But if anybody in our area feels that way, feel free to approach us and let us know!

Clyde: That works both ways also. If and when we tour again in Europe, the U.K., Sweden, Germany, or wherever, we know that if we hook up with someone that we've hung out with over here, we'll be taken care of over there. Remember that simple 'Do unto others' rule? It applies to Punk Rock also, whether we admit to it, or not.

MRR: Any favorite bands, or bands that you'd like to play with?

Chrischarge: Totalitar, Sick On The Bus, Meanwhile, and this band in Santa Cruz called Hate Brigade.

Mike: My new favorite band is KONTROVERS. They are from Sweden.

Clyde: VARUKERS, SICK ON THE BUS, UNCURBED, BAFFDECKS, DISCHARGE, BROKEN BONES, RESTARTS, CHAOS U.K., EXPLOITED, G.B.H., SUBHUMANS, BLACK FLAG, DEAD KENNEDY'S, S.O.A., CRUCIFIX, NO FUCKING MORALS, WHY THINGS BURN, MINDFLAIR, just to name a few.

Raygunn: CRESS

MRR: Yes Raygunn, I noticed that Cress back patch of yours.

Demian: DISCHARGE, SICK ON THE BUS, VARUKERS, BROKEN BONES, BATTALION OF SAINTS of course!

MRR: So is Raygunn staying out of trouble these days?

Clyde: Raygunn and trouble are synonyms.

MRR: That's what I thought. So that about wraps it up. I'll let you guys go. Any final words?

Clyde: Thanks Ron Martinez for ALL of your help, and for helping to keep our So. Cal. scene alive. Thanks Albert from KNOW Records for believing in us, putting up with our shit, and releasing our material. Thanks Demian and Jeff "Boner" Warkentin for taking care of business, And a Great Big Thanks to Robert Dietrich, Tanya "Militia" Plottech, and Herr York "Ozzy" Kairies from Gate To Hell, for booking our European Tour, and giving us the experience of a lifetime. A Big "FUCK YEAH!" to the VARUKERS, for remaining *the most* ass kickin' band in the world, for forever.

Demian: Scarred For Life is currently working on new material for another full length release. LOOK OUT BEOTCHES, cuz this one's gonna knock you on your fucking asses! Believe me, Scarred For Life's like a drug. Once you get turned on to it, you can't stop.

Clyde: Oh yeah, and thanks Demian for getting Scarred For Life together.

Chrischarge: I second any previous thank you's or recognitions. Thanks to everyone we met, and or helped us out in Europe. Special thanks to: Alan for the roadie help, Ramon "The Bone" Chacon for lending me the drums, and the rest of the guys for asking me to play in Scarred For Life in the first place. Also, thanks to Alex and Cheryl for the hospitality in London, and Sean and Caroline for bailing us out on our last night. Cheers!!! Lastly I'd like to add a hearty "Fuck You" to all of the barfly scum in Long Beach who talk about how they supposedly used to be punk rockers. They're the punk answer to studio gangstas, just bangin' on wax. Just 'cause you hang out at a bar with the Misfits on the jukebox, it don't mean shit!

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CONTENT TO WATCH IT ALL FALL APART: PART II OF THE STORY OF:

FLOWERS in the DUSTBIN

BY LANCE HAHN

Starting with the faint sound of a music box, the band comes in one at a time starting with a tribal drumbeat. The guitar and bass interplay is the most involved arrangement the band ever made, all the while never impeding the actual tune and melody that make the song so perfect. Reminiscent of "Atmosphere" by Joy Division but with much more direction, the song keeps surging and surging until the drums finally kick in to a 4/4 beat releasing the band into full charge. The song is the band's perfect marriage of their unique music with Gerard's unique and compelling vocal performances.

Gerard, "A particularly emotional fan of ours came up to me at one gig and said she'd seen this graffiti on a wall that just said 'the reason why'... 'now I know what it means' she said and that kind of inspired the title-we took it all so seriously, I guess it had to end..."

With the release of their first 7", Flowers In The Dustbin began a spree of gigs and tours. One such gig ended in a night of debauchery with the band impossibly drunk onstage, Chas and Simon rolling around on the stage while Gerard berated the crowd of students.

The record on Mortarhate did also lead to a few opportunities into the more above ground music industry. During this time, fans of the single at Cold Harbour Records became interested in the band, eventually "signing" them for a single and album. The band had somewhat stumbled onto yet a third different record label excited to release music by the band. Though perceived to be a more above ground type record label, Cold Harbour was in fact an independent. Whatever "big business" practices that they were accused of had more to do with them being former employees of EMI rather than any sort of parent company influence. This application of workman-like ethics of professional record labels being applied to independent labels, being a lot less common than it is today, is probably what caused speculation and reservations about the label.

Gerard, "They were loads straighter-refugees from EMI who fancied going it alone. And we were loads more desperate, subconsciously aware that it was all over soon unless we got another record out. We were supporting the Cardiacs at Croydon Underground and their manager at the time was one of the Cold Harbour people. We'd begun to lose the plot, just getting out of it to avoid the cold reality of our various failings as a band. They offered a way out and we, having lost the energy to focus on anything but the vague possibility of making a living at music, took it. I think at this point, we would have been happy to sell out to an extent, just to avoid having to get jobs. But of course, having lost the spirit, there was precious little chance of the public inventing it for us."

Chas, "I wouldn't put it as bad as that. Initially Cold Harbour offered us the chance to maybe make a living, and it was by then becoming harder just to live on the dole and make music. But we hadn't got a clue as to how to get a record label to sign us-we never tried to get anyone to offer us a deal or anything-(I mean we made 3 demos and then just took them home and listened to them. Naive?-We cornered the market). But this bloke from Cold Harbour liked "Nails Of The Heart" and offered at least a chance to make records, which we took because we had no idea of how to get a record deal with anyone else. I dare say that from similar beginnings successful relationships have occasionally sprung-this wasn't such an occasion. They did get us the Fuzzbox tour which was one of the stupidest pairings of all time and pay for us to record an album-in our rehearsal studio on 8-track.

"Certainly we weren't doing ourselves any favors on the consumption front at the time but I think the decline described by Gerard occurred later..."

The subsequent tour with Fuzzbox was one of the bands few apprehensive toe dips into the pool of the professional music world. But moving outside their modus operandi didn't work well with the band. Taking a tour of the UK with popular indie band, Fuzzbox (a faux punk band featuring four girls wanting the credibility of Rubella Ballet and the mainstream success of Cyndi Lauper), the band stepped heel first into the miasma of the punk professionals.

Gerard, "The tour with Fuzzbox was our only real foray into the 'proper' music business and was an education I wouldn't care to repeat-it shocked me how much emphasis there was on business rather than music."

Chas, "Absolutely-it was great fun but by then everything was being spoilt-for me anyway - 'cos I had started to take the idea of a career in music seriously so instead of just enjoying myself I would worry about whether the guy from *Melody Maker* would slag us off just because one of us pissed on him in the dressing room and whether we were playing to the right audience.

What a fuck up that tour was-they were a joke band billed as playing "a festive fun night out"-as one reviewer put it "For a festive fun night out Flowers in the Dustbin are about as appropriate as the pledge'-exactly. Fuzzbox rehearsed the "mistakes" they would make on stage-they made the same mistake every night and had a mock row about it.

In retrospect my happiest memory is bundling into the van and driving off as a guy came out of the Astoria in London and shouted-who are you?-Flowers in the Dustbin-well you'll never play here again-I'm not sure, but I like to think we laughed." By this stage, the band was at a loss as to which way to head next. Their attempt to try and work with the mainstream took more emotional and psychological energy than was worth. At the same time, their cynicism of the anarcho punk scene was at an all time high.

Gerard, "...though I'm still in touch with people from Crass, I seem to remember spending more time disagreeing with them at the time than being inspired by them. As Chas puts it, they made it easier by virtue of us not being the only ones out there and by bringing people together. But once 'the people' came together, I realized I had very little in common with most of them on other, more important levels."

This disillusionment with the crowd and their motives and reasons led to a kind of odium that only exists in certain situations between artist and audience. Not so much an artist's hatred for an audience so much as obliviousness.

Chas, "We came across so many people who felt they had to ring up Crass for permission before they did anything and I recall just wanting to shock and upset those people as much as I had once wanted to shock and upset my parents. In retrospect we were perverse, we would never play a song just because people liked it- a song would get better and better each time and then it would peak and start to get stale and I'm sure no-one else thought so but us and then we would drop that crowd-pleaser and introduce some half baked song because it was new and we would alter the order of the set list from gig to gig so we didn't get bored.

"If you want to go down well then play your best songs to death and work out the order which works best and stick to it.

"We didn't care."

Gerard, "I think, with hindsight, this was massively selfish and pretentious on our part, not to mention arrogant."

Chas, "As I recall, we aspired to arrogance as a result of the Pistols' influence. I think what a band really requires is a synthesis of the sort of attitude we had with an appreciation of what will make the audience happy- our problem was we completely failed to temper this approach with either reason or humility (although I seem to remember Si being the voice of reason in this direction)."

So, in the midst of these emotions of exhilaration, despair and ennui, this line-up came to an end with guitarist, Simon. He split the band without acrimony sighting other outside interests no longer avoidable, including an eventual move to the United States. The ending of this line-up in 1985 signaled the end of the first important stage of Flowers In The Dustbin; it was their rites of passage from a fun project taken seriously by a group of friends to a serious project being made by a band with a sudden infusion of longer term goals and means to those goals.

Chas, "I remember having a particularly good time most of the time between 1982 and 1985. We were doing pretty much exactly what we wanted and that's an exhilarating thing-but the world made it hard and when you are doing the opposite of what everyone is under constant pressure to then you are bound to suffer doubts and depression. "Outlaws in the Woods" I think is the perfect celebration of what we were doing- come to think of it though I never knowingly wrote a happy lyric!

To replace Simon's unique guitar style of bright open chords and harmonic picking counter parts, the band decided to fill their sound out with a new guitarist as well as the addition of keyboards in the form of Anje and Jon (who had actually joined just previous to Simon departing), respectively.

The new line-up had a cleaner sound with the keyboard (more farfisa than Hammond) adding an additional quasi-'60s element to the bands catchy sound. Eager to get back into gigging and recreate their earlier momentum, pressure was also on the band to produce material for Cold Harbour. Recording an entire album worth of material on an eight-track studio purchased for them by the label, their first (and, as it would turn out, only) release on the label came in the way of a three song 7" EP titled "Lick My Crazy Colours".

"Lick My Crazy Colours", while being very different from previous Flowers In The Dustbin songs, was still a victory in the evolution of the band's sound. Driven by a trance-like rhythm, the subdued vocals lure you in over a song so odd; you can't believe that it's catchy. The mood is strangely ominous reminiscent of "More Trouble Every Day" by Zounds or a depressed Roxy Music. But the lyrical word play confounds the listener with bright and colorful images creating another juxtaposition so common in many of their more anthemic songs.

The b-sides were old ("Stranger In A Strange Land") and new ("The Continuing tragedy Of Mr. Smith"). "Stranger In A Strange Land" was a left over track from when Simon was still in the band. A different version then the one that appeared on "All The Best People..." this more understated version still mixes well with the newer, cleaner sound of the record though certainly left no room for any doubt that the band were still as defiant as ever in terms of content.

Another facet of my twisted personality
Explodes the screen of a TV imposed reality, like
An angry bitter man once walked 'round Beverly Hills
A cathode ray messiah with a disciple desire to kill
Chop chop went the axe of Lizzie Borden
Put theory into practice of all her parents taught her
Tortured souls walking up the aisle of death
Sucking eagerly at every TV breath

Gerard, "I'd read and enjoyed the book.... if I remember correctly I might have been led to it by an interest in the Manson family. But song-wise, I just thought the title was good (though I believe it was later used by Iron Maiden, aaargh!). I personally have no interest whatsoever in Sci-Fi / Fantasy-give me the real world any day."

Unfortunately, as if to reinforce the band's already existing Promethean complex, the label went under before releasing the album. Despite the labels professional façade, there was still enough incompetence to ruin any record label viewed as a financial venture. Worst of all, the band's master tapes may have been destroyed in the untimely end of the label's facilities.

Chas, ""There were two bands on the label and the singer of the other band was fucking the boss. The other guy-the one who liked our music-was an unbelievable balls up-he was late for everything, so, for a joke, a friend got him a clock that went backwards-but being a fuckwit, he put it on his office wall and then he'd turn up even later for things and go "that bloody clock". He arranged for us to make a video for our single and convinced us that we should film it up at an aircraft hanger where advertising airships live that fly over London-we were supposed to play in front while the doors opened (the fact we agreed to this suggests Gerard's analysis is right) but it took longer for the doors to open than for us to play the song, and anyway the finished video (which was crap) arrived at the record company about six months after we released the single.

"I'd call them cowboys but they didn't have the competence. In the end they went bust and the office burnt down (actually that's probably what happened to the LP master tapes-they were on a video cassette for some reason)."

Though sold through the band's mailing list on cassette, the record has still never properly seen the light of day.

By the end of 1986, the band was all but gone. The collapse of their record label may have been a contributing factor. But the band was in a helpless state of disrepair at that point regardless.

Gerard, "We split up because we were all drinking too much, smoking too much dope and had lost any semblance of the original vision that made us any good. Which caused the internal pressures and is a surefire sign the band had run its course. We all went on to other things, but not really musical. I'm a writer and web designer in London, Simon's a barrister in London, Chas teaches British history in the States and Bill is a lorry driver in Majorca."

Chas, "Yeah Gerard's answer is about right-It's a shame because we were really good for a while, and despite what Gerard says I think we were actually a pretty good band for about 4 months when we came off the Fuzzbox tour, we still had some good songs and could play well

both individually and as a unit but by then other things were a problem. By that time Si was out of the band and we never really appreciated how having four friends who are in a band is much much better than trying to recruit people to fit in to your band. We didn't all like the same thing or see things the same way and that was why it was quite interesting when we got together. In retrospect we should have tried harder to keep that. Then there was the fact that it's a good job we never made any money as it's only a question of who would have died first-enough said. As it was I don't think any of us was in a particularly good way by the end of the band-I know I wasn't.

"Finally-we lost because living out your dreams is pretty difficult to achieve-once we started thinking we could make a living out of music and that was the way to escape from the world, we just got sucked into worrying about whether you've won enough fans over and said the right thing and pleased the press from Belgium etc and then you might as well be working in a bank.

"I was in another band after Flowers which made some great demos I think but never got anywhere and I got more directly involved with politics working for a group that took up cases of people fitted up by the police. Now I'm a lecturer. The system, as they say, sucks you in, but it can be a vampire or a cocksucker depending on how you play it and as blowjobs go this one's pretty good."

Gerard, "Reflections? Both immense pride and serious cringing. Was it all too naive? Yes, but in a beautiful way. Am I happy with what the band did? I'm happy with some of the beautiful songs, but I'm not happy we sold our souls for a few crates of beer in the end. More than anything, I feel I did more with my youth than a lot of people, and the spirit is once more untouched."

Chas, "Yeah pride and cringing-but enough of the former to be prepared to answer for the latter. Its funny how at the time we thought the threat to the ideals we started off with was Thatcher's New Britain, Restart, etc, etc and it turned out the threat was really our own freedom to be so lazy sometimes, but then isn't that always what old people think-we enjoyed our youth and now we find the memories of the debauchery are worth little and think if only we'd worked harder we'd have more worthwhile memories of more concrete achievements-maybe.

"Since I gave up being in a band my life has improved hugely but I still regret the fact that I gave up. When I was 17, I left school to be in a band and I am absolutely satisfied that I did the right thing and all those people who never just do what they really want to do might as well kill themselves now and leave more air for the rest of us."

Gerard, "(on the old anarcho punk scene) I wonder if what was essentially a storm in a teacup isn't a bit exaggerated these days, particularly in the States. I never considered us an anarcho-band, the whole scene was too.... well, uniform and not anarchist. We were a bunch of anarchists in a band who hopefully had a bit more strength of character and individuality than to need to fall-in with the strictures of the time and place. That said, I didn't feel particularly alienated from it because I never really wanted in."

Chas, "I don't know about "anarcho scene". I'm glad that I grew up at a time in a city when you could go out most days a week and go and see a band and meet people and that you could wear whatever you liked be whoever you were and there was a place to go and there was a network of squatted venues and cafes and homes. Today people dress in uniforms again and conform too much and worry about what job they'll get when they leave college. I remember walking down the street and people would stare at me and they probably thought I looked ridiculous but I didn't give a shit. In those days you could just sign on for a bit and do something worthwhile, while the people who liked working and having money got on with it-and the world was a better place for it. I'm also glad that beneath the social fun of it there was a political undercurrent however naive and unrealistic it might have been, that encouraged people to question the assumptions and defy the conventions."

Gerard, "I might add that personally I feel the greatest contribution the whole anarcho scene made, as well as the most successful, is the impetus it gave to the animal liberation movement, which is certainly one thing I personally feel the same about now as I did then. We only referred to it once lyrically, on Nails Of The Heart-'killing animals but not taking the blame', but as I've said, we were more militant outside of the band than in it. We weren't naive enough to think that songs were going to change the world; though I think close examination of our words makes it obvious where we stand. Our 'trouble' was that we weren't interested in shouting 'fuck the system' just so our egos could be swelled by loads of blokes waving drunken clenched fists above their regulation mohicans."

"And I'm proud of that."

Chas, "...'regulation mohicans' I knew that phrase would have to come in somewhere...

"As for the band though, the anarcho scene was somewhere where we could play but it had little influence on what we played. Did the word anarchy ever come up in one of our songs? "Vethixo Disco" maybe. We had only one song about war and hardly ever played that and anyway it was hardly typical. It seems to me that a lot of that scene consisted of people in little provincial towns listening to Crass in their bedrooms and producing fanzines about bands they had never seen and seeing bands that rarely played outside their towns. And for those people there was a scene and in some respects it was fairly uniform, but in London there was no real absolute division between anarcho bands and other bands-same with audience. I dare say in other larger cities the same was true. All of that is just an impression. I felt alienated from the anarchist scene in the sense that I had no desire to belong to anything at first and later I suppose I identified myself as a squatter and felt part of that scene (all downhill from there really its better not to belong), but although I would have called myself an anarchist I wasn't interested in joining an anarchist group.

"If there was an anarchist scene then out of that scene came a lot of the influence for environmental groups etc and real political work, not all of which I would sympathize with but there was something to it. A lot us-including Flowers In The Dustbin-could be called middle class drop outs-but so what-you're middle class, you have a choice: rebel or conform."

After six years of working and struggling, the band finally called it quits leaving behind a mystery of untapped potential (not to mention an albums worth of vanished material) while many of the three chord thrash bands that they posed an alternative to went on to become massively successful. Not that the irony is lost on the ex-members of Flowers In The Dustbin. When reflecting on the end of the band and the scene they struggled in, time doesn't heal all wounds and visions of the past seem to be more appropriate in scrapbooks than in history books. Of course, the difference is subjective.

To find out more about what Gerard has been up to since the band split, check out www.abisti.co.uk. It's well worth the read.

DISCOGRAPHY

Vinyl

"Freaks Run Wild In The Disco" 12" (All The Madmen, MADCC7)

"Nails Of The Heart" 7" (Mortarhate, Mort 16)

"Lick My Crazy Colours!" 7" (Cold Harbour, Cold 1002)

Cassette

"Memorial" on the comp tape "Composed Bananas"

"All The Best People Are Perverts" (96 Tapes, 96-14)

REMAINS OF THE DAY

interview by joel axiom

Remains of the Day are a new hardcore punk band with members hailing from Wisconsin and California, but have found a home in Portland, Oregon. They will be playing parts of the US this summer, and Europe this winter, so see them if they play your town. Interviewed by Joel on a fine, cloudy day in the City of Roses. A couple of jackasses by the names of Brian and Jarrod provided background snickering.

MRR: Okay, who is in the band and what do you do?

Derek: I'm Derek and I play bass.

Mark: Mark and I play guitar (laughter).

Keith: Keith and I play drums.

Rachel: Rachel and I play violin.

MRR: How does the His Hero Is Gone rulebook read?

Keith: Ouch.

Derek: I don't know I left mine at home.

Mark: I don't really have a rulebook.

Keith: I think you can buy one on e-bay for 40 bucks.

MRR: Ok, with all that said (laughter), thanks for the input. So you have been musically called everything from G-anx style worship to fitting into an emo category. What's your reaction when someone says something like that? Is there anything you want to debunk or set straight—you know, make it clear that is not the story?

Keith: I like G-anx, I don't know about the emo thing though.

Derek: People basically say—we do it all the time—bands that we listen to, they sound like this and that. It's just something you got to deal with. That type of shit doesn't bother me. It's just weird, all the different comparisons—one day you're getting called G-anx and the next you get called emo. Those are two different sides of the tracks. It's not a steady thing you get compared to; you don't know where to go with it.

MRR: Do you think that kind of band labeling disrupts the musical unity of a scene?

Keith: Definitely. Most labeling comes from people not even giving any thought to what a band sounds like. You just say, oh yeah, and put them off as generic, a crust band, and an emo band. They just don't even bother to think about it. The labeling is definitely bad, the emo thing or being called spiky punks makes you fall into a certain category and doesn't accomplish anything.

MRR: Anything to add? Ok, so what releases do you guys have out and what future projects will you be doing?

Derek: We have a seven inch out, self-titled; we put it out ourselves. Well, Jarrod (ex-guitarist) and Keith did. And we are in the works with a full length on Yellow Dog from Berlin. Also a split with a Wisconsin band called Manuyerism, which should be out in the next couple of months or so. Keith: And maybe a split with Audience of the End from Chicago.

MRR: So you guys have been on tour a few times in the US and In Canada, and you might be going to Europe this year. What was your perspective on the US punk scene? Do you think Europe will be better as far as successful touring goes or did things go smoothly?

Keith: Van repairs were a big problem.

Derek: There is no way around van problems, but touring is also about making a name for yourselves, getting records out.

MRR: But did your shows go well? Did you get fed and put up for the night places.

Keith: Only not in places where we didn't know anybody, but that's why we went there so we could meet more people around the US.

Derek: Yeah, this last tour was a new experience with the Canada thing.

Keith: We didn't know anybody.

Derek: Yeah we didn't know anybody and they didn't know us. It was like, trial and error.

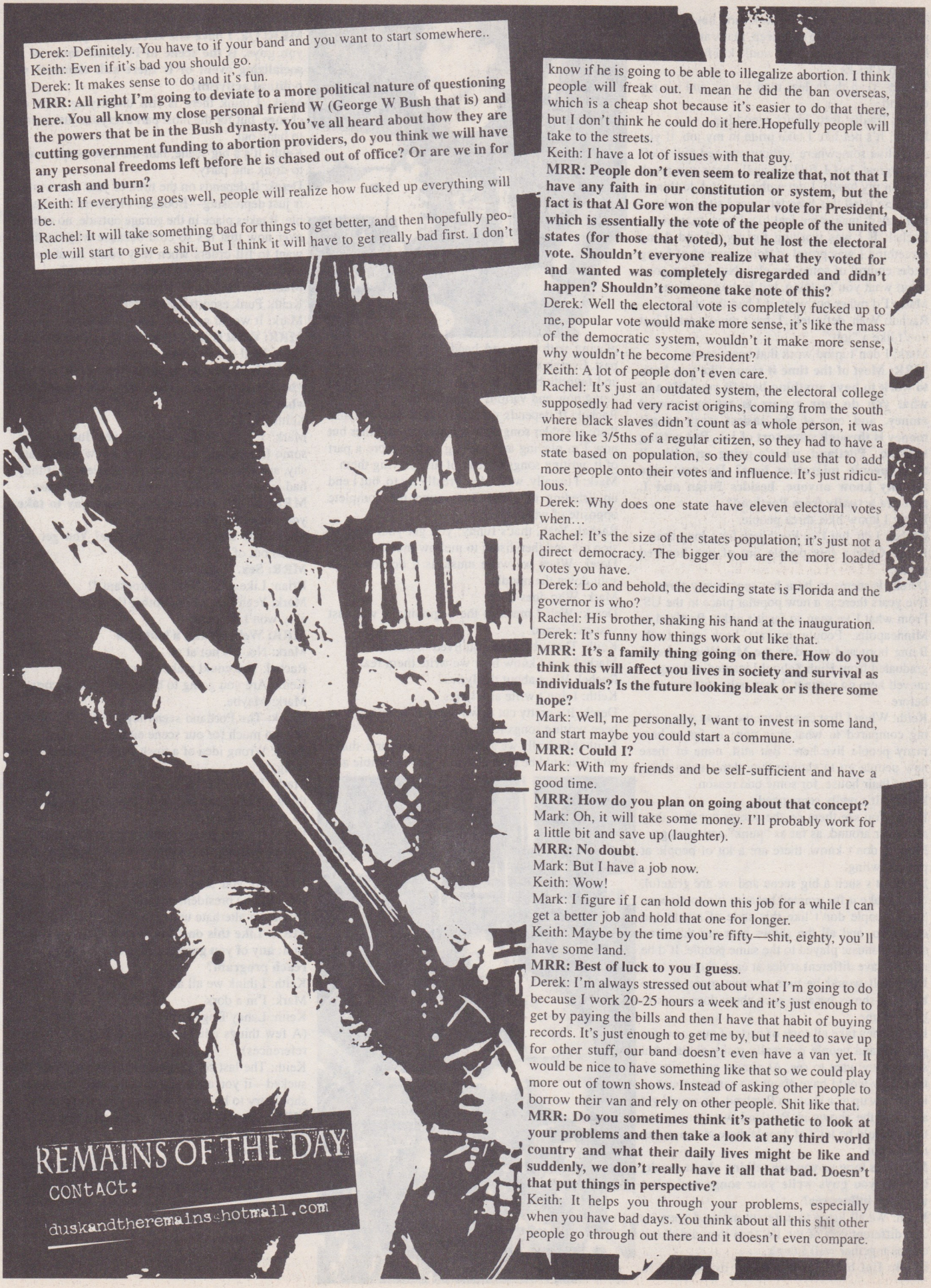
Keith: It was fun!

Derek: You had to learn from your mistakes, what to book and what not to book.

Keith: Everyone's excuse for a bad show was that everyone was moving to Portland, which was kind of weird.

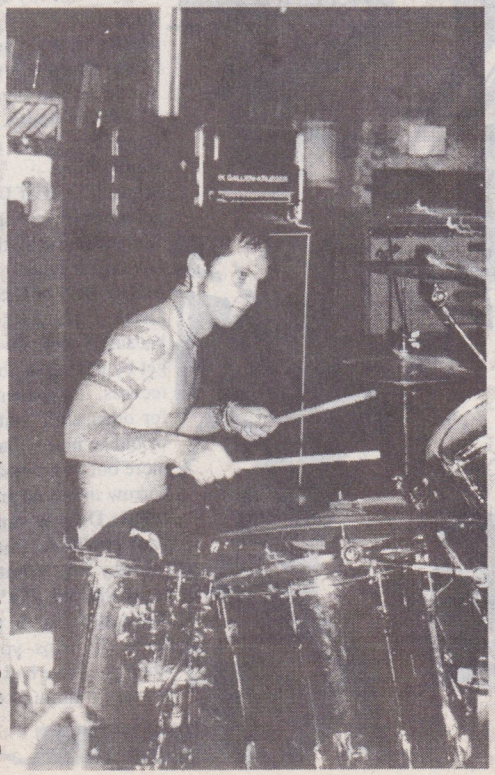
MRR: Actually, I'm going to touch on that in a bit, would you say it's still beneficial for bands to tour in the US?

Derek: Definitely. You have to if your band and you want to start somewhere..
Keith: Even if it's bad you should go.
Derek: It makes sense to do and it's fun.
MRR: All right I'm going to deviate to a more political nature of questioning here. You all know my close personal friend W (George W Bush that is) and the powers that be in the Bush dynasty. You've all heard about how they are cutting government funding to abortion providers, do you think we will have any personal freedoms left before he is chased out of office? Or are we in for a crash and burn?
Keith: If everything goes well, people will realize how fucked up everything will be.
Rachel: It will take something bad for things to get better, and then hopefully people will start to give a shit. But I think it will have to get really bad first. I don't know if he is going to be able to illegalize abortion. I think people will freak out. I mean he did the ban overseas, which is a cheap shot because it's easier to do that there, but I don't think he could do it here.Hopefully people will take to the streets.
Keith: I have a lot of issues with that guy.
MRR: People don't even seem to realize that, not that I have any faith in our constitution or system, but the fact is that Al Gore won the popular vote for President, which is essentially the vote of the people of the united states (for those that voted), but he lost the electoral vote. Shouldn't everyone realize what they voted for and wanted was completely disregarded and didn't happen? Shouldn't someone take note of this?
Derek: Well the electoral vote is completely fucked up to me, popular vote would make more sense, it's like the mass of the democratic system, wouldn't it make more sense, why wouldn't he become President?
Keith: A lot of people don't even care.
Rachel: It's just an outdated system, the electoral college supposedly had very racist origins, coming from the south where black slaves didn't count as a whole person, it was more like 3/5ths of a regular citizen, so they had to have a state based on population, so they could use that to add more people onto their votes and influence. It's just ridiculous.
Derek: Why does one state have eleven electoral votes when…
Rachel: It's the size of the states population; it's just not a direct democracy. The bigger you are the more loaded votes you have.
Derek: Lo and behold, the deciding state is Florida and the governor is who?
Rachel: His brother, shaking his hand at the inauguration.
Derek: It's funny how things work out like that.
MRR: It's a family thing going on there. How do you think this will affect you lives in society and survival as individuals? Is the future looking bleak or is there some hope?
Mark: Well, me personally, I want to invest in some land, and start maybe you could start a commune.
MRR: Could I?
Mark: With my friends and be self-sufficient and have a good time.
MRR: How do you plan on going about that concept?
Mark: Oh, it will take some money. I'll probably work for a little bit and save up (laughter).
MRR: No doubt.
Mark: But I have a job now.
Keith: Wow!
Mark: I figure if I can hold down this job for a while I can get a better job and hold that one for longer.
Keith: Maybe by the time you're fifty—shit, eighty, you'll have some land.
MRR: Best of luck to you I guess.
Derek: I'm always stressed out about what I'm going to do because I work 20-25 hours a week and it's just enough to get by paying the bills and then I have that habit of buying records. It's just enough to get me by, but I need to save up for other stuff, our band doesn't even have a van yet. It would be nice to have something like that so we could play more out of town shows. Instead of asking other people to borrow their van and rely on other people. Shit like that.
MRR: Do you sometimes think it's pathetic to look at your problems and then take a look at any third world country and what their daily lives might be like and suddenly, we don't really have it all that bad. Doesn't that put things in perspective?
Keith: It helps you through your problems, especially when you have bad days. You think about all this shit other people go through out there and it doesn't even compare.



The fact that you have to work forty hours a week and then come home and sleep, that's an awesome life. There are people who would kill for that even though it sucks.
Rachel: Yeah that's less than I work and it's not that bad.
Keith: Totally, forty hours is nothing.
Derek: It's not like I take pride in my job, if you could live somewhere without one and pull it off that's great, but I find I usually have too much time on my hands, I get ambitious and do things, but there is all this time left over I sit around and feel lazy. It makes me feel like I have to work.
Rachel: If I was working for myself and doing something I was proud of doing instead of being under control of some one else. Not feeling good about what you're doing, but feeling positive.
Mark: I'd rather not work if I had the chance.
Rachel: Yeah, definitely, I don't mind work, I just don't like a "job."
Mark: I don't mind work that benefits me.
MRR: Most of the time it seems like you have to work to have anything benefit your life and what you do, our system is set up around money, and one of the easiest ways to get money is through some sort of job. But getting back to Portland, what's going on with all these people migrating here? Do you guys actually know anyone, besides Brian and I, that are actually from Portland?
Keith: I know like, three people.
Rachel: I do, but I've lived here for a long time.
Keith: Only a few people out of one hundred punks.
Derek: It seems to be a hot spot; every three to five years there is a new popular place in the US. From what I've seen so far it's either Portland or Minneapolis. People migrate back and forth. Being born and raised in the Mid West, when I graduated from High School I wanted a change. I moved here on instinct, I was only out here once before.
Keith: When I first came here the scene was nothing compared to what it is now, as far as how many people live here. But still, none of these new people go to shows; they don't even come out of their house, for some odd reason.
Rachel: It's really segregated.
Keith: You see them on the streets but then they are never around, as far as "punk" activities go.
Mark: I don't know, there are a lot of people at punk bowling.
Derek: It's such a big scene and we are grateful, but we take it for granted because it's so diverse. Some people don't like this style of music and others do, and all the shows here are the same styles of music played to the same people. It'd be nice to have different styles at each show.
Rachel: It would be nice to have more diverse bands at shows because each show does seem to be the same.
Keith: They take all sorts of parts of our scene for granted, and people get really picky about what shows they want to see. At almost every city on tour, they would have about the same amount of kids show up as a show in Portland, we would get asked if the shows in Portland were huge, and there should be lot's of people there at shows but there's not.
MRR: As long as you are talking about music, how do you guys write your songs and what are your influences?
Keith: We all listen to different music, I grew up in a different part of the US than they did, but it comes together well I think.
Derek: I'm basically influenced by people I'm

playing with now and bands I've played in the past. Everybody has his or her different influences and favorite bands. But for me it's just what I'm doing now and various projects I'm in.
Rachel: It depends on what songs too, because there are older songs you guys wrote together but now I'm playing and starting to feel more a part of it, writing songs instead of just playing them.
Mark: I usually, well I don't really try to, but I end up listening to bands that sound the complete opposite of what I play.
Rachel: Yeah, that's funny; you get your aggression out and then listen to mellow music.
Derek: When we write music is it do you think split down the middle.
Mark: Who does it?
Derek: Well I mean in the beginning it was just you and Jarrod.
Keith: That's because you lived in Seattle.
Mark: I don't know how we write them really.
Rachel: What about the lyrics?
Keith: I don't write any lyrics.
Derek: It's pretty cut down the middle how we've been writing songs recently.
Keith: Musically we all write our own parts, that's how it should be (conversation gets inaudible and



ends up in laughter somehow).
MRR: Ok, I have one last serious question for you guys, is the scene in Portland more of a socializing event or is there still elements of political activism?
Mark: I think there is still underlying hope of change, but for the most part everyone just wants to hang out.
Keith: It's a big scene; half the time people want to drink and party.
Derek: It depends on the time of year too; winter is just depressing—Books to Prisoners for example. It takes place in the garage outside, no comes over now that it's so cold because why do they want to fill orders when they could be at home comfortable reading a book or whatever?
Mark: We need punk escorts.
Keith: Punk escorts?(laughter).
Mark: It would get more people involved.
MRR: What is the definition of a punk escort?
Mark: Well it's someone who...
MRR: Is it like some attractive punk rocker who takes you on a date, or a chaperone, or what, dude?
Keith: It's legal right?
Mark: It's not really anything yet. Just an idea some friends and me had. You know people are shy, and they want to go to social events—if they had an escort, it would make all the difference.
MRR: So it's a friend you would pay to take you somewhere?
Mark: You don't have to pay 'em! You get the bonus out of...
MRR: Sex. (Laughter.)
Brian: Like a Big Brother program!!!
Mark: Yeah like a Big Brother (laughter). It probably won't happen!
MRR: Well, it's not a bad idea.
Mark: No, It's not at all.
Rachel: You could make it happen.
Keith: Are you going to be one of these escorts?
Mark: Maybe.
Derek: The Portland scene report in *MRR* didn't say too much for our scene either.
Keith: Wrong idea of a town that isn't doing anything.
Mark: I bet if I would have started this escort thing a while back Books to Prisoners would still be going right now.
Keith: It's still going, just nobody is here to do it.
Someone in another room: Mark, it's still going to shit!
Jarrod: If you started your escort service Bush wouldn't be president either.
Brian: An alternate universe.
MRR: Like this one, but better. Ok, last question: any of you guys members of the dork outreach program?
Keith: I think we all are.
Mark: I'm a dork.
Keith: Laney Boggs rules !
(A few things edited out due to bad teen movie references)
Keith: The last scene report in *MRR* for Portland sucked—if you are going to do a scene report you should try to be positive about your own scene!
MRR: Are you going to write a new one?
Keith: Fuck no.
MRR: Fuck no?
Derek: Make it a scene report, not a scene review!
Mark: Wait, I still have a few things more to say...
Derek: Remains of the Day 2001!!

the Ritchie Whites

Ritchie Whites are a five piece powerhouse from Austin Texas. Having only been around for eighteen months with two singles under their studded belt, these boys are nothing new to the world of punk. With members coming from such outstanding bands as the Motards, the Bulemics, and others, they are sure to deliver the goods. Please don't let the aforementioned groups fool you though. The Ritchie Whites use jackhammer power chords with pop sensibilities along the lines of early Dickies, or Buzzcocks. 'Nuf said. Now read on about your new favorite band, kiddies. by Bones DeLarge & John the Ignorant Photos by Suzanne Mcendree & Liz Buhay

MRR: First of all: roll call. Start with what instruments you play and your names.
Toby: My name is Toby Marsh I play bass.
Zak: Zak Random. guitar
Chris: I sing and dance
Allan: Al G. I play skins
Ray: Sweet Ray Valentine. guitar
MRR: Toby, In your travels have you ever found a pair of pants that fits you?
Toby: You mean where my ass doesn't hang out?
MRR: I think I know you better by your crack than I do your face. Or I just get the two confused. Zak when are you gonna decide on a hair-do? Everybody else here has a signature haircut so when are you gonna decide on one?
Zak: I'm gonna wear a hat.
MRR: Mossimo or FUBU?
Zak: Walmart.
MRR: How many ulcers do you have Chris?
Chris: In my mouth or on my entire body?
MRR: Peptic ulcers
Chris: I'm nursing anywhere from two to four considering the amount drugs I take to quell and inflame them.
MRR: How many rolls of Tums do you have around town right now?
Chris: At least four. and some in the pill box in my pocket right now. which you might think would have some cool rock'n'roll drugs in it like Ecstasy and Rohypnol
MRR: I see a Valium right there
Chris: Shut Up! No you don't. There's Tums and Ibuprofen
MRR: And a Soma
Chris: SHUT UP' These guys are gonna roll me in the parking lot for my drugs
MRR: Al, Do you expect people to believe that you wake up looking like that? Or are you pretty open about the fact that you will one day become a fashion designer?
Allan: I'm a fashion to what now?
MRR: I'm just saying you're always very accessorized.
Allan: Well I got a lot of people working for me. They get to look at me when they're done.
Chris: He does wake up looking like that. He never takes that shit off. He never showers and he sleeps with his clothes on.
MRR: Sweet Ray, where did you get the name?
Ray: It was given to me by Handsome Kan Moneyvine of the Eastside Suicides and Teen Cool. formerly with the Reclusives.
Toby: His new name is Rusty Chops
Ray: I never practice my guitar.
MRR: Now introduce yourself as the person you always wanted to be.
Toby: I'm who I wanted to be. I've got no qualms about who I am.
MRR: That's real fuckin original
Ray: Ferdinand Marcos.
Chris: Who's phenomenally rich and didn't do a goddamn thing to deserve it.? I wanna be George W. Bush Jr.
Allan: I wanna be that girl I fucked last night cause she sure had a good time.
MRR: Maria? Your girlfriend Maria. She's gonna read this you know.
Zak: I'm that guy in that movie. . .you know that one that came out last year?
Toby: "Dude Where's My Car"
Ray: Russell Crowe!

MRR: I noticed that the Ritchie Whites are made up of guys from other bands. Can you tell me a little bit about that?
Chris: I used to be in an experimental punk band called Los Tigres Guapos.
MRR: Why do you call it experimental?
Zak: An experiment in learning to play garage rock
Chris: It wasn't straightforward rock and roll like we play now. Noisier. sometimes discordant.
Allan: I play in a band called Teen
Ray: I used to play in the Reclusives then the Bulemics.
Toby: I used to play in the Motards and the Secret Lovers.
Zak: I was a nobody til I joined this band.
Chris: He was in UTI. and he was in the Hassles
Zak: Don't plug those bands.
MRR: You guys have been coined in different reviews and even in your own labels' advertising as sounding like the Misfits versus Social Distortion and do you guys think that's true, if not what are your main influences in the band?
Allan: I think that's true.(laughs)
Toby: I don't listen to either of those bands and I can't see trying to sound like either one of them. I just try to write pop songs like the Beach Boys but of course it's gonna sound a lot different. But of course everyone's different. Everyone else in this band probably listens to both of those bands quite often. And D-Generation and that's fine. That's what creates chemistry is differences in taste.
Ray: I don't see a direct comparison to either one of those bands. but both of those are bands that I grew up listening to a lot. So I can see it as being an influence. But as far as like the stuff I try to write I just want to keep everything simple.
Allan: We just don't wanna end up like those guys.

THE RITCHIE WHITES

Chris: Man I've listened to the shit out of both of those bands. I'd be lying if I didn't say I'd been at least influenced by the concept of writing lyrical melody by a bunch of bands that had ACTUAL singers who sang melodies, rather than monotonous lyrical delivery. I certainly don't go out of my way to mimic either of those bands, particularly in their current incarnations.

Zak: The comparisons are flattering but when I sit down to write a song I'm not thinking of any one band I just think of a rhythm I like and work from there.

MRR: Here's a classic question. Who is your favorite player of the instrument you play, dead or alive?

Ray: I'm gonna say Brian James.

Allan: I'd have to say Rat Scabies cause I never wanted to play drums until I saw that live video from San Francisco where he's jumping off his stool like every song.

Chris: If we're speaking current, D-Generation, Roket From the Crypt. There's too many to single out one. I need a list of 50 singers minimum.

MRR: This question is leading somewhere. Try to give me an answer.

Chris: Joey Ramone, David Johansen, Jon Reis, Dave Vanian, David Bowie, Mick Jagger, Nick Cave, Iggy Pop

Zak: My favorite guitar writing was done by D-Generation. Those songs seem all so simple, well written, and strong.

Ray: Jon Flagerty from Naked Raygun

Chris: Yeah, Naked Raygun for vocal strength and songwriting. Simple and straight forward rock and roll. I love the way those songs come together.

Toby: Graham Mabry, he plays bass on the first two Joe Jackson records. A great bass player.

MRR: So this kinda wrecks my next questions because I'm not getting concise answers but here goes. With your #1 picks put together, what would the band sound like?

Chris Most of them could have worked together and they'd be great. The Damned, Ramones, Naked Raygun, even Mabry. Those guys play great music. Any assembly of those guys would kick ass.

MRR: What would they have called themselves?

Toby: The All-Stars Three.

Chris: The Mostly Living.

MRR: I heard you guys sayin you're going into the studio soon. When and what are you recording? A single or full length or what?

Chris: We're gonna record enough for a full length. We're paying for it ourselves, when its done we'll end it around and see who's interested.

MRR: So what have you guys put out so far?

Toby: We have two singles. One's on Pelado, one's on Rapid Pulse.

Ray: We're gonna be on a compilation out of Dallas.

Toby: Yeah Rubble records vinyl twelve inch with us, Sugar Shack, Titz, the Fells, Pretty Mouth, Bobby Soxx, the Mullins, the Vultures, the Gospel Swingers, Frigg a GoGo, the Hatchbacks, and the Deadites and more.

Chris: We're also gonna be on a comp on Pelado records. It'll be one of the songs off of the *Mark Penner Murdered Tyrone Childs* single, which is on Pelado. The other single is called *Stop Me Before I Kill Again* available from Underground Medicine/Rapid Pulse.

MRR: So what's up with all of the single names about murder?

Zak: We're from Texas

Chris: As far as the lyrics I writel don't know I've got an over developed sense of morbidity. I just write like horror and sci-fi stuff sometimes. The Mark Penner single is about a true crime incident from the late '80s in Tucson, where I was living at the time. It's about an innocent guy being gunned down by a cop in what appeared to be a racially motivated crime. As far as the rest of the stuff I don't know what to tell you've been listening to too much Depeche Mode.

Allan: You don't know what it's like touring with this guy. He's the original third coast gangsta. He has to dodge the shit every night. I gotta get my own hotel room.

Ray: "It's about a murder that you should know about and the rest of the stuff is depressing and makes me wanna reach for the first beer I can find."

MRR: This is for Maximum RocknRoll. No alcohol related anecdotes. It's for the kids.

Chris: Kids: stay in school and drink responsibly. At school.

Toby: I started playing bass so I could be a good role model for the youth of America.

MRR: So you guys have been on the road. Where have you gone so far?

Toby: We made the west coast loop. Up through Denver and around Montana, then to Seattle and down through Portland, San Francisco, San Diego and Arizona and back.

Chris: I think they like it if you call it Frisco (laughs). Don't forget that dazzling show in Costa Mesa. Where the bouncers seemed a little too proud that it used to be a nazi hangout.

Allan: And they had to bleach the blood off of the sidewalk every night. Club Mesa, fuck that place.

Ray: Seattle was the best cause they had go-go dancers.

Chris: Missoula Montana!

Toby: In Chico we were gonna play after this African drum circle.

Ray: At a coffee bar.

Toby: And they gave us two cases of beer to go away.

Chris: They paid us not to play.

MRR: Yeah I know what it's like getting kicked out of cities. When are you guys going on the road again?

Chris: Well we'd like to have some new material released. August about the earliest any of us could get it together to make it happen.

Ray: Same west coast loop.

Allan: And nothin but planes.

Chris: We expect to be flown in, have a backline set up

MRR: Fuck You.(laughs)

Chris: You know all about that Bones. We're hoping to hook up with the Brats booking agent.

MRR: Okay you toured last year. What's the most thrilling place you masturbated?

Zak: The back of the suburban!

MRR: Oh come on I've masturbated in the back of you suburban and I've never been on tour with you.

Toby: This band doesn't jerk off nearly as much as Ignorance Park jerked off on tour.

Zak: Or on stage...

MRR: That's gotta be the truth. This guy right here was all over the place. How about you?

THE RITCHIE WHITES

I started jacking off while thinking about the last few Mortville records releases from the Chumps, Secret Lovers and Ignorance Park and I came when I thought of the next two releases from the Put Downs and the Real Pills
Ray: Buffalo Wyoming. After the van broke down I had to.
MRR: Where in Buffalo? Remember, embellishment is the key to story telling.
Ray: I took an extra long shower
MRR: In the shower? That's the best you got?
Chris: In a truck stop bathroom. Looking at the girls in the ads on a condom dispenser. They weren't really nude girls just scantily clad and sexy and you could tell they wanted me. It was one of those truck stops that has like a hundred bathrooms. So I had all kinds of privacy.
Allan: I do this trick where I kinda stick my dick in between my legs and rub my legs together. While I'm sitting between the other dudes in the truck.
All: Ahh! That's gross! (laughing)
Zak: I didn't. I swear! That's why I was so mad on stage all the time.
MRR: So why the name "the Ritchie Whites?" I think that's one that everybody kinda wants to know.
Toby: Ritchie White is Matt Dillon's character in "Over The Edge"
Chris: It's a movie about teen angst that all of us saw about a hundred fucking times on cable when we were kids.
Zak: 'Cause we're all teenagers
Chris: That's right! We're the oldest juvenile delinquents that you know.
Toby: The fruit roll up generation.
Chris: We took the name from a character in a movie. He's this sort of martyr figure. Kids in a planned community with nothin to do but get high and get into trouble. Check out the movie. It's still good. Makes you wanna be bad. The band name's not about being rich white guys, although we would love to be rich white guys. Except for Ray who would love to be a rich Philippino guy.
MRR: There must be more to the name than just seeing the guy in the movie. Why choose that character?
Chris: Well, he's a bad kid and we are all bad kids too.
Zak: We're bad kids!
Allan: Turn off that tape recorder and I'll show you how bad we are.
MRR: Ouch Stop (noises of a feigned beating of Bones within a fictional inch of his life)
Chris: He's a juvenile delinquent
Toby: He looked really good in those jeans too. He's a young boy and he had such a pretty face.
Chris: About being a kid and thinking your rebellion is pure and unique. And every other kid is feeling the same shit. Or at least that's how we all kinda felt.
Toby: I wanted to get in on the whole '80s retro craze.
Allan: I can remember some of the '80s, like 1989.
MRR: Toby, are you satisfied with waiting for bands to become established before joining them for the remainder of their illustrious careers? Like your career is over and you're gonna just ride along with the young guys.
Chris: I like the 'ride young guys' part.
MRR: Or do you just want to ride young guys?

Toby: I'm just hitting my stride
MRR: Is he (Allan) gonna be the first one in the band to die?
Chris: Oh god I hope not, he's the youngest Don't ask questions like that.
Toby: You want me to predict who's goin' first? Chris could go from a heart attack...
Chris: Goddammit! I knew it was gonna be me that's why I didn't want you to ask that question! I'm like Chris Farley. A big fat clown dying under my own weight. Hopefully on stage.
Allan: I'll probably trip into a tree mulcher or something.
MRR: Do you guys have anything to add?
Chris: If I had to add anything to the over all interview it would be like we like to play simple straightforward rock-n-roll. We hope that it is catchy and has some hooks and some originality. To say we aim for a Ramones-like quality makes it sound like we are in the category with the Ramones clones. The pop punk stuff that's out right now. That's not what we're going for. Just the simplicity of the song writing. The Ramones are it for me.
Toby: Yeah we're not playing anything that's necessarily innovative but would at least like to hope that the songs sound different. Keep em short and catchy. And rock. People are gonna want to tag you anyway as whatever so you might as well not tag yourself ahead of time.
Allan: I tagged myself like two hours ago.
Chris: I would like to add that for the first time in ten or twelve years of singing for a band and being in bands this is the first time I've been in a band that sounds like what I go home and put on the turntable and listen to.
Toby: Hey don't say that I'm stuck with like 500 LTG records
Band: (laughs)
MRR: That's it, interview is over.<click>

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B'67
'N
STRAIGHT-EDGE
HARDCORE

INTERVIEW WRITTEN BY EMIL OF http://www.markt-for-livet.com FANZINE AND SERGEY TSYGANOV. CONDUCTED BY SERGEY TSYGANOV, ALL QUESTIONS ANSWERED BY SERGEY VOLOSHIN (AKA SWING BRO) THE VOCALIST AND FOUNDER OF B'67. WITH ALL THE SHIT THAT PLAGUES THE RUSSIAN FEDERATION, SERGEY MANAGES TO STAY POSITIVE IN THE TRUE YOUTH CREW SPIRIT. FEBRUARY, 2001.

NOTE: When Sergey talks about "Caucases," and "Caucasian(s)," he is referring to the region in the southern Soviet Union, between the Black and Caspian seas bordering Turkey. The Caucuses are the Armenian Republic of Georgia and Azerbajan. It doesn't mean "white" as it does in America.

(MRR) WHO ARE B'67, WHEN DID YOU START PLAYING, AND HOW WAS THE HC SCENE IN RUSSIA THEN?

We got together in 1997, back then there was only one existing HC band in Moscow - SKYGRAIN. They had a lot of influence on us starting a band. Our fist show was in February of 98, and that also was the last SKYGRAIN show. At that time the lineup was Leha "Reich" - bass, Kirill - guitar, Max - guitar, my brother Pasha - drums and me on vocals. Kirill used to be the vocalist of STEP BACK and Skygrain, and then also in Tri Kresta at the same time. Max also played bass in Skygrain and guitar in TRI KRESTA. Leha Reich besides B'67 also played guitar in a band called BOL V RAZLUKE (The Pain in Parting). That's the time when our scene began growing since along with us also formed a few other bands: BOL V RAZLUKE, 095, UNCONFORM AND TRI KRESTA. Basically what happened is that SKYGRAIN changed their name to TRI KRESTA. The lineup was the same they just changed the music a bit. So on our forming of the band there was some progress in the scene.

(MRR) WHERE DID THE NAME B'67 COME FROM?

We began as a sort of a side project, not really that serious, and came up a name that was like that. B'67 is short for Brutal 67. 1967 is the year our first bassist - Leha Reich was born. So because he was the oldest and somewhat well known person in our scene we decided to show the irony in that way.

(MRR) HOW MANY RELEASES DO YOU HAVE SO FAR? ARE THERE ANY FUTURE B'67 RELEASES PLANNED?

We've released two demo tapes. The first one was called *"New Way Of Life"* and there was 67 copies made and long sold out. The second demo is called *"Give Out"*, and it has 2 studio and 4 live songs. Also some of our songs were in a few comps, one of witch is a compilation called *"More Than The X On Our Hands"* on Commitment Records. Another song is on a comp that came with Embrace 'zine from Malaysiya. Two songs are on some Latvian comp, which, to tell you the truth I haven't seen. This is all that's been released so far. It's hard to say what will happen next, we had a split offer from the Polish band ONLY WAY OUT but I'm not sure what happened because the conversation was six months ago and no progress was made to date. Also we've been offered to do a split with OVEREDGE from Singapore on One Voice. We have to record again first, and then we'll see how that'll come about. It's possible we'll do the two splits with these bands, and if not then our next recording will be a full-length album. Although it's really hard to talk about this right now because we haven't practiced in the last 3 months and only began again a few days ago. It's tied to me being busy with work/school and we don't have enough time to practice. I hope everything will turn out and we'll record, but it's hard to say now.

(MRR) HOW AND WHEN DID YOU HEAR ABOUT STRAIGHT EDGE?

It was the early 90's. Back then one of our friends nicknamed - Baibak (drummer of DISTEMPER) had some records of different HC bands. He was probably the first person in Moscow who had those kinds of records. And not surprisingly there were some straight edge bands in his collection. Another one of our friends was in the USA at that time and brought back a few straight edge records and zines. That's when I first heard MINOR THREAT, GORILLA BISCUITS, INSIDE OUT, SIDE BY SIDE, YOT, JUDGE and other classics.

(MRR) WHY DID YOU DECIDE TO BE STRAIGHT EDGE?

The thing is, that in that particular time I used a lot of alcohol, and it was totally killing me, I couldn't stop when I drank so the best course of action was to quit it completely. Especially when I heard that there were bands promoting refusal of alcohol and drugs, etc I decided for myself that it's just a great idea. It was pretty easy for me to stop smoking, since I wasn't addicted to it yet, and the further use of alcohol could've ended really badly for me. I had been arrested frequently and once even got into a fight with cops, basically not controlling my actions. All of this gave me a really good chance to end up in prison because resisting arrest and the officers of the militia is nothing to joke about. So really there was a bunch of problems with alcohol and the time when I found out about straight edge could not have been better.

(MRR) HOW DID YOU COME TO VEGETARIANISM?

My younger brother was and still is vegetarian for about 10 years, and so I was familiar with it. I saw how my brother easily went without meat and that it wasn't hard at all. He was a live example for so it was no problem for me to become vegetarian, it was a little bit after I became straight edge.

(MRR) ARE ALL MEMBERS OF B'67 VEGETARIAN/VEGAN?

Yeah, we are all vegetarians. My brother was also vegan for a while but then stopped.

It was totally killing me, I couldn't stop when I drank so the best course of action was to quit it completely.

(MRR) HOW POPULAR IS VEG/VEGANISM IN RUSSIA TODAY?

In mainstream society it's not popular at all, although the situation has changed here a lot in the last 5 years I think. Five years ago it was pretty hard to be vegetarian here because there weren't any kind of soy products. As of a few years ago there has been some companies making this type of products in big quantities and now you can buy them at any store. The situation is getting way better. A few years ago it amazed me how anyone in Western Europe could buy vegetarian food anywhere , now it's just as good here, if not better. This doesn't mean that vegetarianism became popular, all these products are marketed for people on some sort of diets. But that's not important, it's good that they exist, and you as a vegetarian don't have a hard time finding them anymore. The situation isn't as good with vegetarian restaurants and fast food places though, in Moscow there's only one "Hare Krishna" café and recently one vegetarian restaurant opened, but they have very high prices. Also now there began forming some so called Animal Rights organizations. Right now in Moscow there's an organization called "The Center of Ethical Treatment of Animals". I think sometime vegetarianism will become popular, at least there are reasons to believe that.

(MRR) HOW MUCH INFLUENCE DID THE KRISHNA'S HAVE ON VEGETARIAN/VEGAN PROPAGANDA?

On society as a whole I don't think they had any kind of impact. In most people's eye the Society if Krishna Consciousness is a sect, so most people can't really understand them, even if it's something positive. I think it's thanks to Krishna's that most people have the stereotype that a vegetarian is a sect member. That's why some people are also afraid of becoming vegetarian. The Krishna's had a strong impact on the local hardcore scene though. During 94-98 almost every person in the local HC-crew as either a Krishna or interested in it. A few people were real Krishna's even. But now that fad has passed, it was a fad just like straight edge was for these people.

(MRR) WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE EXISTENCE OF GOD?

I don't believe in his existence because I don't believe in things can't personally see and experience, so until I do I have no reason to believe in him.

(MRR) DO YOU THINK THAT ALL THE PEOPLE WHO ARE NOW STRAIGHT EDGE WILL FORGET ABOUT IT IN A COUPLE OF YEARS JUST LIKE THE KRISHNA'S IN THE HC CREW DID?

Yeah, it's happened with a lot of straight edge people already. A few years ago practically every person from the HC crew was straight edge. During the peak of SKYGRAIN most people at their shows had an X on their hands. It was just fashion for most of them, it was something new people got into easily, and easily dropped later on. I think it's quite a normal process. Right now you can count the straight edge people in Moscow by your fingers. Straight edge and punk in general is a youth culture and people of that age are likely to change their views often, especially when something new comes out.

(MRR) BUT THE MOSCOW HC SCENE ISN'T THAT YOUNG...

That's true but the thing is that there are not too many new people getting into it. There was a kind of a rise when UNCONTORM got together a few years back, and a few people that got into it through them might still be around today, but more of them have left straight edge and hardcore behind now.

(MRR) HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK THE RUSSIAN SCENE EVOLVED DURING THESE LAST FEW YEARS COMPARED TO THE LAST YEARS OF USSR?

It's actually really hard for me to say how've we evolved or progressed. Back that it was a totalitarian regime. The only counterculture, if you can even call it that, was centered on the band GROZHADANSKAYA OBORONA. And now, a punk/hc counterculture is really non-existent, I mean unless if you can call this a counterculture, then it exists in only marginal forms. The "punk" scene is pretty large, but it's mostly bands that are centered on a few commercial bands like NAÏVE and TARAKANY. These bands are sort of the "pillars" of the local "punk movement," their songs are spun on the commercial radio stations and clips shown on MTV. They do commercial projects, start their own labels for other alike bands, which in the best case are copying the western commercial punk style or in the worst copying the style of NAÏVE and TARAKANY themselves. Also there exists another parallel scene. From aside they look radical punks with mohawks and anarchy symbols on their clothes, imitating the SEX PISTOLS and EXPLOITED. But in reality they don't care about anything and are ready to collaborate with pro-nationalist labels just to get a spot on some comp, and they greatly differ the people who concentrated around GRAZHDANSKAYA OBORONA during the Soviet times. Today's GROZGDANSKAYA OBORONA is also nothing like GO of the past, if before Egor Letov (the vocalist) was very outspoken of his anti-fascist views, today he has a diametrically opposite opinion.

It was just fashion for most of them, it was something new people got into easily, and easily dropped later on.

(MRR) WHEN DID NAZI SKINS START EXISTING IN RUSSIA?

Back when I was in high school in the mid 80's, I heard that on Hitler's birthday in downtown Moscow gathered neo-nazis to celebrate it. These people weren't really "skinheads" but most likely were the root of the there surfacing now. So-called nazi-skinheads began existing in the early 90's. As far as I know, the first skinheads of any kind in Moscow were people who stood on the fringes of the HC movement. According to them they were the first since they didn't know about some other skinheads. They were neither nazis nor anti-nazis, just skinheads (i.e. Trads). I talked to one of them recently and he told me that he regrets that he didn't

stress anti fascism at that time. He believes that if they would have proclaimed that they were anti-racist skinheads that that would have planted the seed for future SHARP and Redskin movements. But since that didn't happen the first Redskins began forming just recently and a bug part of them already dropped it because it's extremely dangerous, considering the huge numbers of nazi skinheads who think that Redskins are mooching off their culture and to convince the nazis that it's not their culture is impossible.

(MRR) WHY DO YOU THINK THAT THE NAZI SKINHEADS BECAME SO WIDESPREAD IN RUSSIA?

Nationalist ideas overall are really widespread in Russia. Not only amongst the young people but also a lot of the older people as well. I think those ideas gained popularity after the collapse of the USSR. Right after that not all the republics of the former USSR were on the same economical level, the republics of the Caucuses region found themselves in an especially harsh conditions, because just at the time of the collapse there were wars going on in Azerbaijan, Abhaziya and Armenia, so mass migrations began happening from Caucuses to Russia. A lot of people didn't/don't like it because they think that Caucasians take away jobs from Russians, don't let them sell on the markets, etc. Also there's the huge stereotype that most crime is committed by Caucasians, which the mass media actively supports. So I believe that the mass migrations from the Caucasian republics into Russia begat the nationalistic mood in Russia.

(MRR) DO NAZI SKINS CREATE PROBLEMS FOR THE HC SCENE?

They didn't until recently. Trouble began when Redskins started emerging in Moscow. The thing is that Redskins go to HC shows, and since nazis found out about their existence, they wanted to get rid of them. At one show there was an incident where nazis attacked a group of people afterwards. At the next show they had a slightly better agenda, someone from the nazis infiltrated the Redskins and arranged a meeting time for them where they were beaten with metal pipes, etc severely injuring a part of them. I don't think that nazis want to create problems for the HC scene directly , but since Redskins and members of various anarchist movements attend HC shows, the HC scene is subjected to nazi skinhead raids.

(MRR) BUT PRACTICALLY ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE HC SCENE AREN'T AFRAID TO SPEAK OUT THEIR ANTI-FASCIST OPINIONS...?!

Yeah, that's true. The thing is that for example, DISTEMPER from Moscow and SPITFIRE (ska-punk from St. Petersburg) are very outspoken about their anti-fascist views, for which nazis wanted to punish them, but one of them was killed at a SPITFIRE show, after which nazis stopped nosing about at such shows.

(MRR) HOW DO YOU SEE THE MOSCOW SCENE IN A FEW YEARS?

I think there's been an all time low during these past few years. First of all new bands aren't forming, and very few new people with positive outlooks get into the scene. And recently football hooligans started coming to HC shows, and to tell you the truth I don't know how to deal with them, especially because amongst these people nazi ideas are somewhat popular or sympathized with. I heard that an all-football hooligan HC crew formed in Moscow. Our scene has always been positive and we never had any so-called "tough-guy" bands, but these people might be somewhat like a local version of the NYHC scene. I don't know if that's good or bad, only time will tell.

(MRR) YOU DO A ZINE, "OLD SKOOL KIDS." TELL ABOUT IT.

Only one issue has seen the light so far, and a year has passed since that time already. We really want to release #2, but there's no time right now, although there's already more than enough material. Besides the zine I also do a distro, and it's hard for me to do it all at once, and play in a band. The best way is to give all your strength and energy to one thing, then it will come out most productively.

(MRR) REASONS BEHIND PROMOTING BANDS LIKE PITBOSS 2000 THEN? (OLD SKOOL KIDS #1 HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH PB2K)

Amongst the local hardcore kids the Cleveland scene has always been a favorite. That's why we did a PB2K interview, but I don't have a very good opinion about that interview, even though Kirill (co-zine publisher) has a different opinion about it. He is sure that all they talk about is nothing more than provocation, and if someone takes it seriously out of the lack of a sense of humor, that's their problem. When we did that interview I didn't have a chance to read the lyrics from their CD yet, but I've read the lyrics from their early material and they seemed pretty amusing to me, stupid, but amusing. After I read the lyrics to the CD my opinion has changed. I understand that what they sing about is provocation, but there are things with which they really have it a bit much...for example the song where they say that Mumia Abu Jamal shouldn't be released because he will shoot someone else. I think that there are some topics, witch you just shouldn't joke about. I think that there will be no more room in our zine for such tough guy sexist or homophobic bands.

Our scene has always been positive, and we never had any so-called "tough-guy" bands...

(MRR) WHAT DO YOU THINK OF WHAT WENT ON WITH THE US PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS? I KNOW IT'S A BIG JOKE IN RUSSIA AND THE REST OF THE WORLD ALIKE.

It was pretty amusing and our mass media had some fun with it. I also think that our politicians were pretty happy that a confusing situation with the election process like that was happening in a prosperous country such as the US.

(MRR) ANYTHING ELSE TO ADD?

Thank you for being interested in our band, we really appreciate it! If anyone wants to get in touch please write:

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OLDSCHOOLKIDS@YAHOO.COM

Letter from Inside the Black Bloc

Mary Black•July 25, 2001

I'm running as fast as my asthmatic lungs will allow in the midst of what can only be called a mob. My friend from back home and I hold hands so that we won't loose each other, but I'm holding him back a little. He's in much better shape than I am and he'd probably be out of range of the tear gas by now if it wasn't for me.

A phalanx of riot cops is getting closer and I let go of my friend's hand, so that at least one of us can get away. He darts ahead of me onto a side street. I'm small, and now I'm by myself, so I'm not attracting much attention from the cops. I raise my hands in the air to show that I'm giving in, and let the cops push me in the direction that they are pushing all of us — conventional protester and black clad rioter alike — down a blocked side street.

Probably there is no way out of this alley; it's a trap, but the tear gas is too thick at this point for me to resist. I'm fumbling for my gas mask, but I'm going where I'm being told to go. I'm aware that some folks I've been marching with are being picked out of the crowd and thrown to the ground. Folks are trying to pull people out of the hands of the cops. One guy gets yanked back from the police line and runs; he gets away, but the friend I came here with is tackled. The last time I see him that day he's face down on the cement, two big undercover cops straddling him. Like most of the folks around me, I run.

We're retreating, but only as much as we have to. And in a few minutes we'll find our group again and advance back toward the area that the cops have declared off limits to all but a small group of extremely wealthy, extremely powerful, mostly white, mostly men.

If words like "advance" sound militaristic in tone, that's probably because I'm a part of a group that at least appears paramilitary. Our clothes are uniform issue and intentionally menacing: black bandanas, ragged black army surplus pants, black hooded sweatshirts (with optional red and black flag or slogan-covered patches) and shiny black boots (or for the vegans in the crowd, battered black converse).

I'm part of a loosely affiliated international group of individuals known as the Black Bloc. We don't have a party platform, and you don't have to sign anything or go to any meetings to join us. We show up at all kinds of demonstrations, from actions to free Mumia Abu Jamal, to protests against the sanctions in Iraq, and at just about every meeting of international financial and political organizations from the WTO to the G8. Although most anarchists would never wear black bandanas over their faces or break windows at McDonalds, almost all of us are anarchists.

Most folks I know who have used Black Bloc tactics have day jobs working for nonprofits. Some are school teachers, labor organizers or students. Some don't have full-time jobs, but instead spend most of their time working for change in their communities. They start urban garden projects and bike libraries; they cook food for Food Not Bombs and other groups. These are thinking and caring folks who, if they did not have radical political and social agendas, would be compared with nuns, monks, and others who live their lives in service.

There is a fair amount of diversity in who we are and what we believe. I've known folks in the Black Bloc who come from as far south as Mexico City and as far north as Montreal. I think that the stereotype is correct that we are mostly young and mostly white, although I wouldn't agree that we are mostly men. When I'm dressed from head to toe in baggy black clothes, and my face is covered up, most people think I'm a man too. The behavior of Black Bloc protesters is not associated with women, so reporters often assume we are all guys.

People associated with a Black Bloc may just march with the rest of the group, showing our solidarity with each other and bringing visibility to anarchists, or we may step up the mood of the protest, escalating the atmosphere and encouraging others to ask for more than just reforms to a corrupt system. Spray painting of political messages, destroying property of corporations and creating road blocks out of found materials are all common tactics of a Black Bloc.

The Black Bloc is a fairly recent phenomenon, probably first seen in the U.S. in the early '90s and evolving out of protest tactics in Germany in the '80s. The Black Bloc may be in part a response to the large-scale repression of activist groups by the FBI during the '60s, '70s and '80s. It is impossible at this point to form a radical activist group without the fear of infiltration and disruption by the police and. for some, taking militant direct action in the streets with very little planning and working only with small networks of friends are the only meaningful forms of protest available.

Although there is no consensus among us on what we all believe, I think I can safely say that we have a few ideas in common. The first is the basic anarchist philosophy that we do not need or want governments or laws to decide our actions. Instead, we imagine a society where there is true liberty for all, where work and play are shared by everyone and where those in need are taken care of by the voluntary and mutual aid of their communities. Beyond this vision of an ideal society, we believe that public space is for everyone. We have a right to go where we want, when we want and governments should not have the right to control our movements, especially in order to hold secret meetings of groups like the WTO, which make decisions that affect millions.

We believe that destroying the property of oppressive and exploitative corporations like The Gap is an acceptable and useful protest tactic. We believe that we have the right to defend ourselves when we are in physical danger from tear gas, batons, armored personnel carriers and other law enforcement technology. We reject the idea that police should be allowed to control our actions at all. Looking at Rodney King, Amadu Dialo, Abner Ruima, the Ramparts scandal in Los Angeles and the Riders in Oakland, many of us conclude that abuse by the police is not only endemic, it is inherent.

We live in a society that is racist and homophobic and sexist and unless that is taken out of our society, it cannot be taken out of the cops who enforce the rules of our society. In an even larger view, we live in a society that has agreed to give some people the right to control what others do. This creates a power imbalance that cannot be remedied even with reforms of the police. It is not just that police abuse their power, we believe that the existence of police is an abuse of power. Most of us believe that if cops are in the way of where we want to go or what we want to do, we have a right to directly confront them. Some of us extend this idea to include the acceptability of physically attacking cops. I have to emphasize that this is controversial even within the Black Bloc, but also explain that many of us believe in armed revolution, and within that context, attacking the cops doesn't seem out of place.

There have been hours of debate in both the mainstream and left-wing press about the Black Bloc. For the most part, the media seem to agree that the Black Bloc is bad. The mainstream media's current consensus is that the Black Bloc is bad and extremely dangerous. The progressive media's most common line is that the Black Bloc is bad, but at least their aren't many of us. Everyone seems to call Black Bloc protesters violent. Violence is a tricky concept. I'm not totally clear what actions are violent, and what are not. And when is a violent action considered self defense? I believe that using the word violent to describe breaking the window of a Nike store takes meaning away from the word. Nike makes shoes out of toxic chemicals in poor countries using exploitative labor practices. Then they sell the shoes for vastly inflated prices to kids from the first world. In my view, this takes resources out of poor communities on both sides of the globe, increasing poverty and suffering. I think poverty and suffering could well be described as violent, or at least as creating violence.

What violence does breaking a window at Nike Town cause? It makes a loud noise; maybe that is what is considered violent. It creates broken glass, which could hurt people, although most of the time those surrounding the window are only Black Bloc protesters who are aware of the risks of broken glass. It costs a giant multi-billion dollar corporation money to replace their window. Is that violent? It is true that some underpaid Nike employee will have to clean up a mess, which is unfortunate, but a local glass installer will get a little extra income too.

As a protest tactic, the usefulness of property destruction is limited but important. It brings the media to the scene and it sends a message that seemingly impervious corporations are not impervious. People at the protest, and those at home watching on TV, can see that a little brick, in the hands of a motivated individual, can break down a symbolic wall. A broken

window at Nike Town is not threatening to peoples safety, but I hope it sends a message that I don't just want Nike to improve their actions, I want them to shut down and I'm not afraid to say it.

The biggest complaint that the left has expressed about the Black Bloc is that we make the rest of the protesters look bad. It is understandably frustrating for organizers who have spent months planning a demonstration when a group of scary looking young people get all of the news coverage by lighting things on fire. Yet what is missing in this critique is an acknowledgement that the corporate media never covers the real content of demonstrations. Militant demonstration and peaceful protest alike are rarely covered by the media at all, let alone in any depth. Although I too wish that the media would cover all styles of protest, or, more importantly, the underlying issues inspiring the protest, I'm also aware that militant tactics do get media attention. And I think that is a good thing.

I started my activist work during the Gulf War, and learned early that sheer numbers of people at demonstrations are rarely enough to bring the media out. During the war I spent weeks organizing demonstrations against the war. In one case, thousands showed up to demonstrate. But again and again, the newspapers and television ignored us. It was a major contrast the first time I saw someone break a window at a demonstration and suddenly we were all on the six o'clock news. The militant mood of anti-globalization protests in the last couple years has undeniably contributed to the level of attention that globalization is now getting in the media. And although the Black Bloc is not the only reason for this, (a myriad of creative, innovative strategies have helped to bring the fickle eye of the media in the direction of the left), I believe that George Bush II felt compelled to directly address the protesters at the G8 summit in Genoa because of the media coverage that our movement is finally getting.

...and as I watch the increasingly deadly force with which the police "enforce the law" at demonstrations around the world... I find it increasingly ironic that my actions are labeled as violent and dangerous while even the left seems to think that the police are "just doing their jobs."

A second complaint that I have heard from the left, and in particular from other, non-Black Bloc protesters, is that they don't like our masks. I've been yelled at by protester and cop alike to take off my mask. This idea is impossible for most of us. What we are doing is illegal. We believe in militant, direct action protest tactics. We are well aware that police photograph and videotape demonstrations, even when they are legally disallowed from doing so. To take off our masks will put us in direct danger of the police.

The masks serve another, symbolic purpose as well. Although there are certainly those who wish to advance their own positions or gain popularity within the militant anarchist community, the Black Bloc maintains an ideal of putting the group before the individual. We rarely give interviews to the press (and those of us who do are generally frowned upon or regarded with suspicion). We act as a group because safety is in numbers and more can be accomplished by a group than by individuals, but also because we do not believe in this struggle for the advancement of any one individual. We don't want stars or spokespeople. I think the anonymity of the Black Bloc is in part a response to the problems that young activists see when we look back at the civil rights, anti-war, feminist and anti-nuclear movements. Dependence on charismatic leaders has not only led to infighting and hierarchy within the left, but has given the FBI and police easy targets who, if killed or arrested, leave their movements without direction. Anarchists resist hierarchy, and hope to create a movement that is difficult for police to infiltrate or destroy.

Some of the critiques of the Black Bloc by the left come from our own acceptance of the values of our corrupt society. There is outcry when some kids move a dumpster into the street and light it on fire. Most people conclude the protesters are doing this to give themselves a thrill, and I can't deny that there is a thrilling rush of adrenaline each time I risk myself in this way. But how many of us forgive ourselves for occasionally buying a T-Shirt from The Gap, even though we know that our dollars are going directly to a corporation that violently exploits their workers? Why is occasional "shopping therapy" more acceptable than finding joy in an act of militant protest that may be limited in its usefulness? I would argue that even if Black Bloc protests only served to enrich the lives of those who do them, they are still better for the world than spending money at the multiplex, getting drunk or other culturally sanctioned forms of entertainment or relaxation.

I have my own criticisms of what I'm doing and of the efficacy of my protest tactics. Property destruction, spray painting and looking menacing on TV is clearly not enough to bring on a revolution. The Black Bloc won't change the world. I dislike the feeling of danger or at least the fear of danger at protests for those who do not want to be in danger — particularly for the kids, pregnant women and older folks I see there. I really hate the annoying use of pseudo-military jargon like "communiqué" and "bloc" by my "comrades." But mostly I hate hearing myself and my friends trashed by every mainstream organizing group from the AFL-CIO to Global Exchange and in every left-wing rag from *Mother Jones* to the beloved Indymedia.org. Although this is not true for everyone in the Black Bloc, I respect the strategies of most other left-wing groups. At demonstrations I attempt to use Black Bloc actions to protect non-violent protesters or to draw police attention away from them. When this is not possible, I try to just stay out of the way of other protesters.

Despite my concerns, I think that Black Bloc actions are a worthwhile form of protest. And as I watch the increasingly deadly force with which the police enforce the law at demonstrations around the world (three protesters were shot dead at an anti-WTO demonstration in Papua New Guinea in June, two protesters were shot dead at an anti-globalization demonstration in Venezuela last year, and Carlo Giulliani, a 23 year old, was killed by police during the G8 summit in Genoa), I find it increasingly ironic that my actions are labeled as violent and dangerous while even the left seems to think that the police are "just doing their jobs."

I will continue to participate in protest in this way, and anyone who cares to is welcome to join me. Bricks are easy to find and targets are as close as your local McDonalds.

This statement was written by my friend Morgan. I met her and Sherman on July 19 and we got to hang out for a while. They were interesting people and I got to see them again later as we were all in Genoa Italy to protest the G8. They happened to sleep in the Diaz school on the night of the 21st. It easily could have been anyone, even me. I was at the Media Center across the street at a meeting and e-mailing my friends telling them I was fine. We were about to leave but I went up stairs to ask my friend a question. Suddenly the police came running down the street and brutally beat three people, they are still in the hospital with severe injuries. The police smashed into our building and threatend us and made us sit on the floor. We were so scared for our selves that we didnt realize what was happening across the street. The police were beating those at the Diaz school in a most viscious manner. The police let us go and left the building. We were in shock but soon shifted our attention to the school. Slowly medics began to bring the wounded out of the school. It was the most brutal thing Ive seen in my whole life. I felt the police were sending a message, they hadnt attacked just some sleeping activists but all of us. I couldnt understand how they could do this to us. We were so powerless screaming out of all the windows of the Media Center- "Assessini" and "Genova Libera" at the top of our lungs. We just watched as the medics slowly brought out the bloody, the injured and the unconscious. Ambulance after ambulance came. When it was all over the police moved back. I ran into the building unsure what I would see. Where the police had beaten people in the street they had washed away the blood. In the school they had not. Blood was dripped on the stairs, smeared on walls and radiators and lay in pools on the floor next to empty sleeping bags and destroyed belongings.

The next morning their friend Angeline came and found their packs and some stuff of theirs. As I went to set some stuff down I saw a huge smear of blood on Morgans backpack. It is still imprinted in my brain. Thats all I could think of for a long time. It was with great joy that I was able to again see Morgan and Sherman four days later after they got out of jail. Charges had been dropped (lack of evidence) for 92 out of 93 who were arrested at the school. They were in good spirits but were concerned about that last Lithuanian guy. They were also worried for those beaten much worse than they were and all those still in jail. We all feel that as much as possible must be done to raise the political cost, to the Italian government, of such a horrible and unprovoked act of agression. We cant let this happen again!
love and solidarity,
Tristan

NIGHTSTICKS...
a first hand account of the

STATEMENT OF
MORGAN KATHERINE HAGER
STATE OF OREGON (County of Multnomah)

I, MORGAN KATHERINE HAGER, being first duly sworn, do depose and say as follows:

The following is a summary of what I recall about the incidents of the morning of Sunday, July 22nd and the events that followed. Even though I was injured and afraid at the time, my memories are clear (although some minor details may be inaccurate). This statement focuses on what I directly experienced or saw. When I refer to events I didn't directly experience or see, I have so indicated.

Sherman Sparks and I, together with our friend Angeline, traveled to Genoa and participated in the peaceful protest marches there. We at no time engaged in any violence against persons or property. The G8 ended on Saturday, July 21st, and about 9 or 10 p.m. on Saturday night, Sherman and I went back to the school in Genoa where we had slept the night before. We were looking for Angeline. Angeline was not there, so I checked my e-mail and sent an e-mail to my parents, telling them that everything was fine, the protests had ended, we were safe, and we were going to leave Genoa first thing the next morning. We considered joining Angeline, who was sleeping at another location (one of many camps in and around Genoa), but by this time we were too tired to find another place to sleep. Anyway, we thought the school would be the safest place to sleep. The camps didn't seem to be safe because we had been told the police had visited them on a number of occasions and the encounters were not pleasant, although not violent. Also, the school was across the street from the Indy Media Center that housed the media, took care of the injured, etc., so we perceived that the closeness gave the school some protection.

Sherman and I lay down in our sleeping bags on the first floor at about 11:00 p.m. We fell asleep. I can't remember if Sherman woke me, or if I woke because of all the noise. Regardless, I woke to crashing and yelling outside. There was chaos everywhere. People were running around trying to collect their belongings. There was a great deal of noise: The police were breaking down the doors and smashing the windows. I later heard that someone had barracaded the doors after the trouble started out in the street and at the media center. I quickly began collecting my belongings, but I didn't manage to get my shoes on or collect my belongings before the police entered the room.

Sherman and I were sleeping behind a wall so we did not have a view of the main entrance to the school. Across the room, the people sleeping there had a direct view of the entry. The first thing I noticed was that the people across the room, which was the largest group of people in the room (there were many more scattered throughout the room), were getting down on their knees and putting their hands up in signs of peace or non-resistence/surrender. All of those across the room, about 15 in total, were doing that. Sherman and I immediately did the same thing.

The police rushed into the room. They were dressed in dark clothing, and may have had protective vests, etc. under their clothing because they looked exceedingly bulky. They wore helmets with plastic face covers (riot helmets, I think). They wore heavy boots, gloves, and carried batons (clubs). I am certain no skin was showing on any of them. I later learnd that these police were part of an anti-terrorist force called the DIGOS. I know the Italian press has reported that 20 policemen were hospitalized after the raid on the school, but that is difficult to believe based on what I saw and experienced.

The first thing I recall the police doing was kicking a chair into the group of people kneeling on the floor. I could hear things smashing this whole time. A few police (5 or 7 or so) ran into the room. One came over to our corner and, as I was kneeling with my hands extended, he kicked me in the side of the head, knocking me to the floor. Sherman and another man who had been sleeping near us helped me back up to my knees. Another policeman came to where I was kneeling and started beating me with his club. I was up against the wall, and I curled over with my right side against the wall and my hands and arms covering my head for protection. I tried not to move because I thought he would stop beating me sooner if I lay still. I am not sure how many policemen were beating me. I looked up and saw Sherman being beaten. After they stopped beating us, Sherman and I lay curled up by the wall for about five minutes or so. I think at this point the police were bringing people down from the upper two floors.

I noticed that there was a lot of blood around us, and that blood was smeared on the wall. I think it was our blood because we were both bleeding from the head, and I was bleeding from my hands and wrists. About 5 minutes later, the police ordered everyone in the room to go over against the opposite wall. As I was walking across the room to do so, the policeman who told us to move struck me in the butt with his club. We all curled up against the opposite wall. At this point I noticed that my bleeding right hand was swollen, and my little finger was sticking out at a strange angle. Sherman's eyes looked glazed and he wasn't responding to questions normally.

We sat against the wall as more people were herded into the room and basically piled up with us against the wall. All had been beaten, and some had to be carried down the stairs by others who had also been beaten. I was shaking and couldn't stop. We stayed against the wall for 5 or 10 minutes more until paramedics in orange suits started arriving. (I was told later that they were volunteers — not working for the government). By the time the paramedics started arriving, the original policemen who had done the beatings were

gone and the room was full of different police wearing the Carabinieri uniforms (basically riot police).

Every once in a while, the police would take a few people out of the room, making them walk with their hands above their heads and shouting at them and pushing them out. The paramedics began laying the most severely injured out on sleeping rolls and covering them with sleeping bags. Eventually, they got stretchers into the room. All the paramedics did was pass around some rags with disinfectant because they were not equipped to deal with the number and severity of the injuries.

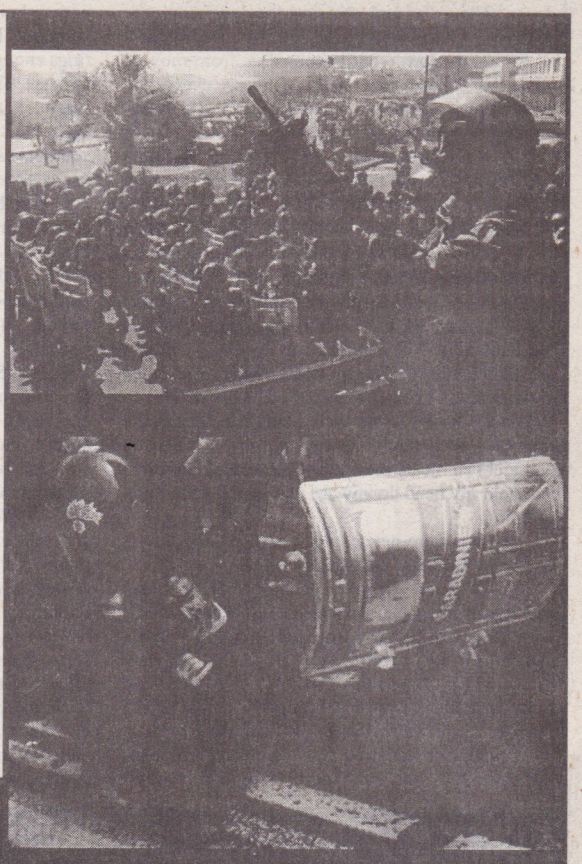
I smelled human excrement and blood in the room as I lay against the wall. The man to our left had a severely broken arm and I could see the bone ends pushing up on his skin. It was enormously swollen and he was in extreme pain. The people to our right: one man was bleeding from the head and waivering in and out of consciousness. A girl curled onto the floor and was shaking.

The paramedics told us that everyone who didn't need to go to the hospital was to move to one side. Initially I didn't want to go to the hospital, so Sherman and I moved to that side of the room. The paramedic stopped us and told us we needed to go to the hospital.

People were being carried out on stretchers and, about 30 minutes later, we walked out behind the stretcher of the man with the broken arm. Outside the courtyard of the school, there were very large numbers of police, and they were lining up as if to create barriers. I saw some media people and saw flashes from cameras, etc. I covered my face. People were in the windows of the media center and behind the lined up police, and they were yelling "assassini" (assassins).

We walked about a block through more police to an ambulance. I could not see where we were going because the windows of the ambulance were opaque. When we got out of the ambulance at San Martino Hospital, I was put in a wheelchair and Sherman was put on a stretcher. Our passports were immediately taken away.

At some point, I was put onto a stretcher bed and pushed into a room where I took my shirt off and they disinfected the wounds on my back, head, and hands. They pulled off as many of my bracelets as would come off. This was extremely painful because both of my hands were so swollen. They took my pants and gave me a hospital gown. They pushed my bed back out into the hallway, which was lined on each side with people on beds and Carabinieri. I lay there



AND JUSTICE?

police raids in Genova

for an hour or two (time is hard to measure) before being taken for X-rays.

During the time I lay there, I talked to several others in the hall. I got up and went over to Sherman, but I was told to return to my bed. Sherman got up to go to the bathroom, and they took his bed away so he had to lay down on a metal bench. I had about seven X-rays: both hands, head, chest, ribs, legs, and back (as best I recall). The person who did the X-rays spoke no English; he would just grab me and push me to get into position. It hurt a great deal. When he was X-raying my hands, he wanted them flat on a screen and he tried to force them flat. I cried out in pain. Neither hand would go flat because of the injuries. Finally, his assistant stopped him and said "roto" (which means broken). After the X-rays, they pushed me back into the hallway.

They told me one bone in my hand had two fractures and that my ribs were also fractured. (After my parents arrived in Italy, I saw another doctor, had new X-rays, and was referred to an orthopedist: three different bones in my right hand are fractured). Both hands and my left forearm were terribly swollen. I was in pain during this time.

At this point, I really started noticing the police (they were the Carabinieri, which are paramilitary riot police). I went to sleep and woke up to see three policemen standing there staring at me from across the hall. I was told that police in the hallways were slapping their clubs into the palms of their hands as threats to those in the beds as they roamed up and down the halls, and also that they were tapping the beds with their clubs.

After another long while, I was taken to have a cast put on my hand and was then returned to the hallway. I was semi-delerious at this point and drifting in and out of sleep.

The American consul came to see me while I was in the hallway. I don't remember the conversation very well. He asked if I wanted my parents informed and I remember saying that I didn't until I knew where I was going to be put. He gave me his card, which I put in my wallet. I woke up being pushed on a stretcher down a hallway into emptier parts of the hospital. It frightened me because I didn't know where I was going. I asked the orderly in Italian several times where we were going and he ignored me. I remember being afraid that I was being taken somewhere to be beaten again. They put me into a room at about 6 a.m. I slept, but kept waking up and realizing that I was in different places. I remember that they took blood. They then put me in a room with a Canadian girl from the school and I slept until about 10 a.m. My clothes had been sitting on a table in the room, and when I woke up everything was gone from my pockets except my wallet, which had been emptied of everything except the money and my identifi-

cation. They also took the card the American consul had given me. At all times, our room was guarded by Carabinieri, who prevented us from moving around or looking out of the window; eventually ordered us to sit on our beds. Basically, the hospital had been turned into a prison.

The Canadian girl and I were taken to get a CT scan. We were then fed. I was not offered pain medication. We were told to dress, and then escorted from the hospital room and handcuffed together. In the hallway, we were turned over to detention center officers. When I shifted around in the handcuffs to try to get them off the cuts on my wrist that was not in a cast, the detention officers tightened the handcuffs. They grabbed us by the handcuffs and pulled us to the transport van. When we arrived at the detention center, they pulled us out of the van by the handcuffs. As we were being led through the lobby of the detention center, an officer came up and grabbed me by the back of the head. He pushed and held my head downward and yelled something in Italian.

We were never told we were under arrest and never told that we had any rights.

We were put into a detention cell (a square room with a stone floor and no furnishings at all) with about 7 or 8 others from the school, both male and female. We were all very afraid that we were going to be beaten again. Eventually they came and took the males away and brought in about 20-25 females, all of whom had come from the school.

During this time, they came and took people out one by one for fingerprinting and processing. They told me to sign some papers when I was being fingerprinted, but I refused. The papers were in Italian.

Some girls who had been in there since the night before had not yet been given water or food. About four hours later, we were each given a ham sandwich and water. At about midnight, they gave us 4 or 5 blankets for all of us (we numbered about 31 by then). The windows of the cell were covered by bars and screens only, and the wind was blowing. It was very cold in the cell, and we were trying to sleep on stone floors with our various injuries.

During the whole time, we were repeatedly told differing stories about what was going to happen to us. Sometimes they said we'd be free the next day; sometimes they said we'd be in jail for at least a week; sometimes they said they were going to start taking each of us out individually for "interviews" to see if we would go free; sometimes they said they were going to take us to a different jail that night to sleep and shower.

In the middle of the night, they started taking people out of the cell one by one again. I don't believe anyone was brought back. My turn came around daylight. I was taken into a room where they took my belt by cutting my belt loops. (They had returned my clothes at some point before this). They told me to take out my earrings, so I took out the ones that I could given the fact that my hands were too injured to do much. They made me take my clothes off and stand in front of a man who then asked me if I did drugs or had any health problems. I was taken to another room where they again demanded I take out the rest of my earrings (the ones that remained were thick metal that I could not bend to take out), and all I could tell them was that I could not and gesture at my cast. A guy came in with a knife and gestured that he would just cut them out. Eventually, the two guards bent the earrings enough to take them off and threw them in the garbage. Then they used scissors to cut my hair off (they left a ragged inch or so all over my head). They then put me into a different cell that already contained some of the girls who had been called out in the middle of the night from the first cell.

About noon, I think, they gave us ham and cheese sandwiches and some fruit. Then I was taken out of the cell again and put in a cell by myself. I didn't know why. One of the guards said that maybe I would go free (which, of course, turned out not to be true). While in the cell by myself, I was visited by the American consul's assistant. She told me that my parents had called. She said there were lawyers who were looking into our cases. After I met with her, I was taken to another van and was then joined by about 20 girls who had been in the cell with me. We were transported to Voghera Prison.

We were all put into another holding cell and called out one by one to go to our cell assignments. I was one of the last to be called, but I had drifted in and out of sleep so I am not sure how long this process took. I am sure it was at least four hours. I was put into a cell with three other females from Spain, Canada, and England.

At this point, differentiating the days is very difficult. Basically, I spent one night in the detention center, two full nights in Voghera Prison, and was transported from Voghera to Pavia Prison at about midnight on the third night.

At Voghera, I was fed regularly, had access to a bathroom, and was taken to the yard twice a day for about 45 minutes. I slept on a cot and was given a blanket. I was again visited by the American consul on the second day at Voghera and at this visit I waived my rights under the Italian privacy act so the consul could discuss my situation in detail with my parents.

The first night at Voghera, the Italian prisoners were released.

During one of the recesses in the yard, a priest came to us with information about charges being made against us, and a list of weapons the Italian police claimed were found in the school. The weapons listed that I remember were things like Swiss army knives, wallet chains, helmets, sticks (I know there were sticks there that had been taken from banners), and metal poles (the Canadian girl I was with said she saw police cutting open backpacks and taking poles out of the frames). They also said they found two Molotov cocktails.

On the third day, I had a preliminary hearing at the prison. This is the first time I saw my lawyer, and was allowed a two minute session alone with him only after I asked for it. I answered questions from the judge and made a statement to the judge about what had happened to me at the school, the detention center, and in prison. I was formally told the charges against me, which the judge said were resisting arrest, being part of a criminal organization, causing bodily harm to the police, and possession of weapons. I understood that according to Italian law, after the first appearance before a judge, I was entitled to a phone call, which I didn't get. I was taken back to my cell.

Later, we were brought down one by one to hear the verdicts in our cases. I was told that I was free to go and would be released in one to two hours. There was no mention of deportation. We waited for many hours in our cell for the anticipated release. Finally, they took us downstairs where they gave us bags with what was left of what was on our persons when we were taken to the hospital. They had us sign a paper saying everything was there. My Italian money that had been in my wallet was gone, and they explained that it had been taken to pay for anything I wanted to purchase in the prison. (I purchased nothing). They said they would keep an accounting and mail the remainder back to me. (My friend Angeline recovered my backpack, boots, sketchbook and coat from the school after the police had finished searching; however, all of my other belongings, including $200 in American money, $300 in travelers checks, and my return airline ticket, were missing).

We were put into another holding cell and then taken one by one to a police van and driven to Pavia Prison. On this ride, the police talked loudly in praising terms of Mussolini and Pinochet. They took us into Pavia Prison and put us into a small room where eventually the German consul came and informed the German citizens of their deportation. Nobody ever told me I was deported. I didn't know what was going on at this point, but we stayed in Pavia for 5-7 hours. One by one, we were again photographed and fingerprinted and told to sign a deportation order. Eventually we were reunited with the males who had been incarcerated at Pavia Prison. We all waited in a room until we were taken to another police van. We were taken to a small airport in Milan (no USA flights) and left there by the police. I heard a rumor that we had 24 hours to leave the country, but was never told that directly. The deportation papers actually said (as translated by the American consul) that we had been taken to the border and were to leave the country immediately from there. This was not true, but we would not have been able to prove to the police, if we had been stopped, that we were left at an airport in Milan with no money, not at the border. None of us had any money, and some had no passports. Two volunteers from a human rights group offered to take us to a safe house to sleep and to try to make arrangements to leave the country. We went to the safe house for the night. Sherman and I were reunited with our parents at the American Consulate the following day.

Sherman and I both saw a private physician and specialists the next day. I suffered extreme bruising on the left side of my body (the right side was not bruised because it was pushed into the wall) and on my back and buttocks. My arms and hands were very severly bruised because I had covered my head with them. Three bones in my right hand were fractured. I flew home with my parents on July 28th.

Although I am grateful for the large amount of media attention the beatings have received in Italy and the rest of Europe, because I am sure the attention hastened our release, I also realize that the focus has been drawn away from the overarching issues and reasons for our presence in Genoa in the first place. I sincerely regret this.

Morgan Katherine Hager

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN to before me this 30th day of July, 2001.

I smelled human excrement and blood in the room as I lay against the wall. The man to our left had a severely broken arm and I could see the bone ends pushing up on his skin. It was enormously swollen and he was in extreme pain. The people to our right: one man was bleeding from the head and waivering in and out of consciousness. A girl curled onto the floor and was shaking.

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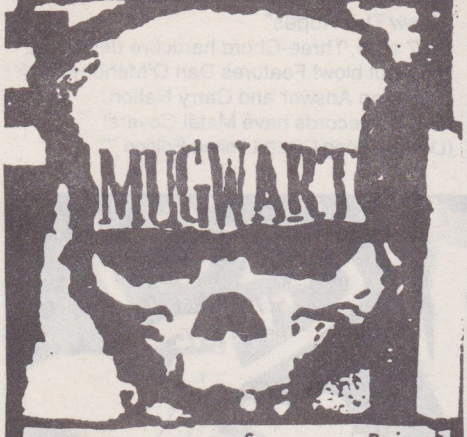

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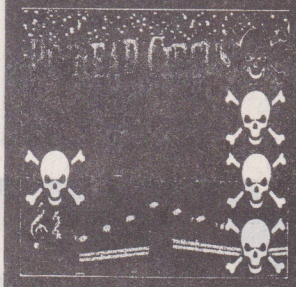

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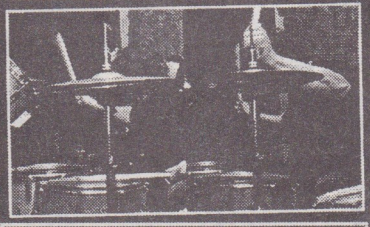

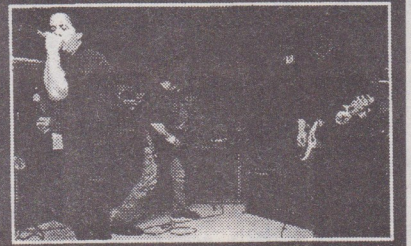

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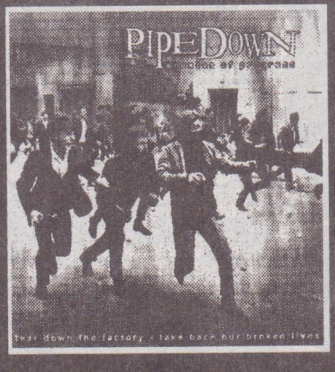

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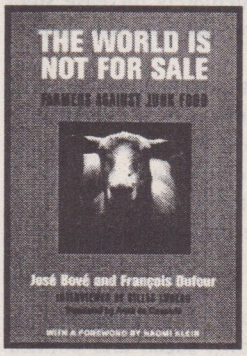
BOOKS

The World Is Not For Sale: Farmers Against Junk Food
José Bové and François Dufour
206 pages • $25.00
Verso Books • 180 Varick Street
New York, NY • 10014-4606



On August 12, 1999, José Bové spearheaded the dismantling of a McDonald's being built in Millau, France. Three hundred French sheep framers participated in this symbolic demonstration to shed light on the economic imperialism oppressing their local communities from abroad, the United States government and multinational companies. Though this act and his subsequent arrest created a platform for Bové to convey his recent frustrations, this was not Bové's first dramatic political stand. As early as fifteen, Bové openly questioned France's educational system and military complex. From the '70s he knew that farming in an organic, traditional manner was a form of protest. This is especially true when one reallocates government land to farming on by squatting. With the recent explosion of livestock diseases, both foot and mouth and mad cow, the reality that farming in an unscrupulous, shortsighted fashion leads to disaster.

François Dufour, on the other hand, was born into a farming family and watched with disbelief as small farmers were pressured into rejecting any prior agricultural knowledge and implementing modern intensive farming techniques. As a fledgling farmer and newlywed, François tried intensive farming and found that this business approach to farming was inferior, impractical and kept small farmers in debt. Dufour has worked for sustainable farming and making the voice of small farmers heard ever since.

The cover insinuates that these two intriguing agrarian figures penned this short volume and now *MRR* perpetuates this misinformation by listing them as the authors. *The World Is Not For Sale* is actually an 180-page interview with José Bové and François Dufour. Thoughtfully digesting this amount of information in the form of an interview proves difficult. Transitions are nothing more than black headlines between questions. Though saturated with facts and insight, the question-and-answer style does not draw the kind of parallels that a thesis-type work by these two men could deliver.

To discredit *The World Is Not For Sale* would undermine the immense amount of information discussed within these pages. Unlike most band interviews, as the questions progress a more profound appreciation and understanding for these farmers and their views evolves. The profundity of which Bové and Dufour have pondered the issues that face the farming community, along with every person as they seek nourishment, is tremendous. From junk food to factory farming to "free" trade they challenge the deceptive preconcepts that more is better and that dictatorial globalization is imperious to individual citizen's concerns. Key historical dates and the basic principles of sustainable farming concisely append the lengthy interviews providing a convenient quick reference.

Anyone with the slightest inkling to be politically active or even aware should analyze what he or she eats and what impact those dietary decisions beget. Eating is voluntarily or involuntarily a political decision. An international outcry for safe food produced without genetic tampering and overproduction cultivates the political landscape for José Bové and François Dufour message to flourish universally. —Tobia Jean

Stand-Up Tragedian • Chaim Bertman
127 pages • $12.95
Creative Arts Book Company • 833 Bancroft Way
Berkeley, CA • 94710

Stand-Up Tragedian is an apt name for Chaim Bertman's first novel, which is by turns both witty and lyrically wistful in its description of a would-be author's travels and travails in various world cities. Though our hero's number of frequent flyer miles grows by leaps and bounds, his number of published pages remains distressingly low. Similarly slim seem his odds of settling down with a lovely lady. He often finds himself resignedly in the company of women who are in love with an undeserving other: "She was seeing a guy named Mark Costanzo. His most attractive trait was that he never said anything. It gives you the feeling of freedom that Zen yogis strive after, she said. He has his thoughts and I have mine."

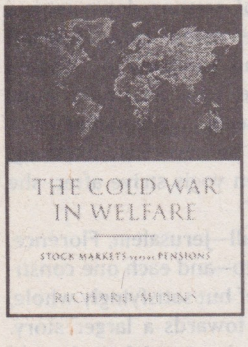
Bertman takes us to six cities in all—Jerusalem, Florence, Ogdensburg, Chicago, Taos and San Francisco—and each one constitutes its own chapter. The chapters are brief but satisfyingly whole; self-contained vignettes which also build towards a larger story. Reading this book is like leafing through a sketchpad full of small, beautiful watercolors. Bertman describes both physical and emotional landscapes with a light, deft touch, creating little moments of evocative poetry. Of Jerusalem he writes, "At two in the morning, the air was still warm. A light salted breeze blew in from the Mediterranean. The night was so still, here in the slums, that we could hear the waves crash, seven city blocks away." Each city holds its own encounters and inhabitants, but often the cities themselves are the best-defined characters: "The underlying sickness of Florence was its antique beauty. This town had needed an enema since 1541." "Chicago had discovered its pectoral muscles during the great Depression—it would take care of its children."

Bertman's knack for sketching places is matched by his

hilariously accurate depiction of writing and its accompanying anxieties. Eric's small measures of "success" are as laughably grim as his failures: "I even managed to sell [a story] to a Bulgarian journal, although they never sent me any copies, and I never managed to find one." He spends twelve years in dogged pursuit of his Great Novel, turning for inspiration to everything from Buck Rogers to the Talmud to sprinkling ripped-up pages of Zola into his morning coffee. "I was obsessed with the idea that I had no talent," he says. "But I hoped to overcome my doubts about the quality of my work with quantity." In San Francisco, fueled no doubt by numerous Zola lattes, he furiously types out a 573-page tome (single-spaced!) which includes "a hundred-page digression about Fa-Hsien, the fourth-century Buddhist monk...a chapter on the brief, unhappy life of Amadeo Modigliani, the dot-com revolution as (yet more) White Man's Burden, bicycle racing, social insects, Inuit transformation masks, schizophrenia, burial practices from around the world, Max Jacob in Paris—it was all relevant!"

Many a writer will laugh in recognition at this desperate bid to write prolifically about anything and everything except one's own experience. As his step-father tells Eric, "I was running from something, from the smell that I give off, probably, which I begin to notice whenever I stay in one place for a few years, an awful stench, he said, the smell of my own existence." Interesting things begin to happen to Eric as he inches closer to the mirror and to writing from his own truth. This is an important moral for a writer to espouse, albeit one that may endanger his sense of privacy, as Bertman gives a nod to in his preface: "This is a work of fiction; any character's resemblance to persons living or dead is strictly coincidental, although the author did work on a novel for some twelve years, in various places, here and abroad, such as those that appear in this, his first novel." —Melissa Klein

The Cold War in Welfare: Stock Markets Versus Pensions • Richard Minns
240 pages • $27.00
Verso •180 Varick Street • New York, NY • 10014-4606



It says something about the state of punk rock when we begin reviewing books about pension funds and Social Security in *Maximum*. It makes me feel like I should be writing this review for I-Used-to-be-a-*Punk Planet* or something. But, as *the title of this book—The Cold War in Welfare: Stock Markets Versus Pensions*—implies, this book is not just about retirement funds and how we're going to spend our old age. Minns' book is an incredibly in-depth examination of the economic and political connectedness of pension funds, world stock markets, and the people who benefit from these connections.

Minns opens the book by analyzing the various ways that retirement and old age pensions are provided for around the world. He separates countries into four basic groups based on how much basic coverage versus how much supplementary coverage (beyond basic) is provided and based on whether retirement is invested in capital markets to bring returns ("funded") or whether returns are the result of other forms of investment ("non-funded"). Here in the States, and in Britain as well, we tend to rely on a system that has a small basic coverage (Social Security) and supplementary coverage provided by pension funds that have been invested either in the stock markets, money markets, or other capitalist ventures.

Minns then turns to examine the implications of this system, dissecting the interconnectedness of pensions and markets in painstaking detail. He looks at the ways that "rogue" companies abuse that system and at the way that the system itself is set up to benefit those involved in the financial markets, as opposed to pensioners. In fact, Minns argues that the entire system is based on "increasing the free flow of capital," ie., making money off money, as opposed to providing security for people in their old age or even providing industry with investment capital.

After establishing this theory, that the relationship between pensions and the market in the US is set up for the short-term benefit of the few who rule world finance, Minns then chronicles one reason after another why this system should be abandoned. For example, investment in the stock market means investing in short-term profit that can be easily divorced from our other values and tends to be investment in things that immediately increase stock value rather than investment in long term projects that benefit society as a whole.

Furthermore? handing over pension funds to financial managers who profit directly from how the money is invested creates a conflict of interest. On an individual scale, this might mean an investor profiting off large scale sales of stock or such. On a global scale, though, the massive amounts of money held in pensions become another form of leverage for the international capitalist class and international organizations such as the World Bank and IMF to enact social change. In other words, he argues, another public resource (our money) is being handed over to the wealthy elite so that they can use it to further their own social and political agendas.

Additionally, Minns argues, world stock markets are unstable (just look at the NASDAQ) and that as more capital concentrates in the hands of fewer people, the potential for large-scale disaster increases. And, the amount of money being invested is so great that it can influence whole national economies and by extension the entire global economy.

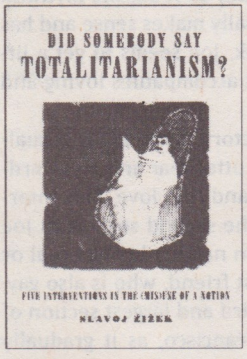
The implications of these analyses are important. Here is a resource we earn as we work and that represents how well we can expect to live in our old age, and it is handed over to the same people we are forced to work for our whole lives so that they can profit from our work both coming and going. Then, as the market's influence increases in our lives, we become reliant upon it and it becomes our protector in our old age, when originally, Social Security was supposed to protect us from the market and unstable economies. Two of the government's main purposes (at least in a socialist view), protecting and insulating us from corporate interests and redistributing wealth, are turned on their heads as the government becomes a direct instrument for making us even more reliant on the corporate class and hands over even more of our earnings for them to use as their own.

Cold War in Welfare is a phenomenal work. Within it, Minns has given an insightful and detailed critique not just of upcoming changes in the welfare state, but of the entire system under which the global economy operates. Throughout, he provides some interesting insight into how monolithic international f nance organizations such as the IMF and World Bank truly operate and includes an awe-inspiring amount of detail and research into facets of the global economy as a whole.

Cold War in Welfare is, in fact, awe-inspiring on many levels—the depth of research, Minns' insight into global trends and changes that will create the world we grow old in, and Minns' ability to "speak the language of the enemy" by holding himself to stan-

dards of proof, documentation, and analysis that few political writers on the left hold themselves to. While retirement and old age and Social Security may seem a lifetime away, the implications of the changes happening in Social Security are effecting us all today. And, although not an easy read and not for those who are intimidated by dense technical language, *Cold War in Welfare* is a very important book, one of the first I have seen that provides such in-depth, well-researched, and insightful analysis into the shadow world of global capitalism. —Doug Grim

Did Somebody Say Totalitarianism? Five Interventions in the (Mis)Use of a Notion • Slavoj Zizek
280 pages • $22.00
Verso Press • 180 Varick Street
New York, NY • 10014-4606



Slavoj Zizek is a crank. And as Robert Boynton divulges in an adoring Lingua Franca profile of the Slovenian philosopher, Zizek revels in his small subterfuges and manipulations, his infamous tendency to reposition himself again and again. Nevertheless, (Boynton claims) "his intellect is so stimulating, that it is wiser to surrender without a fight than to try to trump him at his own game."

Without the unctuous flattery, I think this might translate to, "He's something of a jackass, and because he's something of a jackass you will never be able to approach him or his work seriously because he will never take you or your work seriously." (For example, Boynton is apparently unconcerned that Zizek schedules office hours so no students are ever able to attend and fakes an interest in the pedagogical process. He seems to find this trait charming rather than arrogant, though I imagine his students might feel otherwise.)

Besides a crank, Zizek is also a devotee of Lacanian psychoanalysis and Hegelian dialectics, the intellectual frameworks in which much of Did Somebody Say Totalitarianism? (DSST) is penned. If you have no interest in either of these fields, this is not the book to read for any kind of introduction or "light" reading and this review is likely to make no sense.

While I have a working familiarity with both Jacques Lacan and Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel, there's a reason I don't care to discover more. This sense of avoidance became more pronounced as I tried to read this book in order to review it. I would begin to discover other, somehow vitally important tasks, like scrubbing the bathroom floor or cleaning the cat's litter box or visiting friends in Portland. So, not being interested (let alone an expert) in the intellectual approaches Zizek utilizes, I'm forced to write a piecemeal review.

The premise of the book seems to hold promise: The (mis)use of the term totalitarianism, and the underlying politics of its usage. I'm totally there—at first. The inappropriate hyperbole of such ridiculous notions as "PC fascism" and "feminazi" come to mind. However, the book's theoretical disorganization is both immediate and apparently deliberate. To start, the first chapter, after a brief consideration of Hannah Arendt's place in the academic pantheon, devolves into a psychoanalytic argument about which myth came first—Hamlet or Oedipus—and how the major world religions fare against a Lacanian analysis of the Father-Son. Yawn.

The next two chapters ("Hitler as Ironist?" and "When the Party Commits Suicide") again appear promising. In the chapter "demystifying the Nazi Holocaust as the paramount Evil" Zizek argues that such a move to characterize the Holocaust as the Ultimate Evil depoliticizes historical knowledge and political relations about or around the Holocaust. To this end, he targets the sentimental genre of the contemporary Holocaust comedy—including Oscar-winning Life Is Beautiful and Jacob the Liar—for its complicity in posing the "triumph of indestructible life" (in the "canned dignity" of laughter) as pre- or postpolitical transcendence, obscuring the material and historical realities of the war.

In "When The Party Commits Suicide," Zizek argues against the assumption that the Stalinist gulag is the "truth" of the socialist revolutionary project. Unfortunately, both these arguments again depend heavily upon psychoanalysis and dialectics, so after some initial interest I grew bored once again.

After skipping the fourth chapter (more psychoanalysis about the Real, the Imaginary, and the difference between lack and loss) I came to the fifth, "Are Cultural Studies Really Totalitarian?," which provided the oddest experience yet.

There's a faction in academia that regularly accuses cultural studies of being totalitarian? Really? I've heard many accusations (cultural studies is a rough description of my field) and none of them actually invoked the specter of totalitarianism. But it seems Zizek is merely being provocative, and begins with a lengthy consideration of Freud's The Interpretation of Dreams, which I skipped. In this chapter he disparages cultural studies for being too partisan, and then scoffs at cognitive scientists for being too unimaginative to grasp the cultural studies project (which he has just disparaged).

Though I agree (for the most part) with his concluding sentence—opponents of cultural studies are in the odd position of locating intellectual freedom in an institutional university setting—too many of his arguments in this last chapter are straw dummies or gross generalizations, and his frequent use of popular culture is spotty. In a reversal of his earlier positions, Zizek argues against what he calls the fetish of historical contextualization, seemingly making a case for psychoanalysis and metaphysical dialectics for their "deep [psychic] structures" about "how the universe really works." It's a position making it possible to nicely sum up objections to psychoanalysis as a political project—that its methods depend upon non-material, transhistorical and supposedly transcendent assumptions and thus stalls both adequate analysis and politics.

Which isn't to say there is nothing useful or insightful here, but what there is, has been said before. The conclusion proves to be the most interesting section of the book, in which Zizek criticizes capitalist liberal democracy for its patently insufficient solutions to structural inequalities. Furthermore, he argues the liberal hegemony seeks to suppress the emergence of the Left by projecting the "ultimate evil" upon the populist Right:

> "[The populist Right] are the excluded ones who, through this very exclusion (their unacceptability as the party of government), provide the negative legitimacy of the liberal hegemony, the proof of their 'democratic' attitude. In this way, their existence displaces the true focus of the political struggle (which is, of course, the stifling of any Leftist radical alternative) on to the 'solidarity' of the entire 'demo-

cratic' bloc against the Rightist threat."

In many ways this is the tactic of the Democrats in the 2000 presidential election, but all stripes of leftist scholars have suggested the same, and without recourse to psychoanalysis, thank god. If you want to read dense political theory that is nonetheless relevant, there are so many other sources to turn to, all with more complicated analyses of postmodern subjectivity.

According to Zizek, there seems to be no political strategy that does not fall into traps—intrapsychic traps that seem to suggest no possibility for a left-coalition politics, only a vast field of disoriented individuals wandering the Symbolic Order, which seems perfectly suited to the privatizing impulses of the late-capitalist system Zizek claims to oppose. When he asks how to break this stalemate of cynicism, Zizek suddenly turns to a discussion of the "reality" TV show Big Brother, the Millennium "Y2K" bug and how we must socialize digital networks. And thus he concludes the book, apparently unable to answer (or face) his own query.

This zig-zag, kaleidoscopic impulse has steadily increased in Zizek's work since 1993, a stylistic choice turned theoretical purging. While others apparently find it "impish," I find it disappointing politically and intellectually (and I'm not a stringent, orthodox leftist of any kind).

It makes a girl wonder: if he weren't Slavoj Zizek, but a graduate student or lesser-known scholar, would this manuscript be published? And what if this non-star chose to pooh-pooh his students? Would this non-star be described as charmingly eccentric? It's totally doubtful. Though Zizek occasionally shines in Did Somebody Say Totalitarianism?, its theoretical inconsistency and frequently weak support would probably cripple another author's efforts to publish. Perhaps Zizek should address this—the academic star-system—from which he benefits in his next book.
—Mimi Nguyen

Tramps Like Us • Joe Westmoreland
341 pages • $17.95
Painted Leaf Press
PO Box 2480, Times Square Station
New York, New York • 10108-2480

"In the day we sweat it out on the streets of a runaway American dream
At night we ride through mansions of glory in suicide machines
Sprung from cages out on Highway 9
Chrome wheeled, fuel injected
And steppin' out over the line
Baby this town rips the bones from your back
It's a death trap, it's a suicide rap
We've gotta get out while we're young
'Cause tramps like us, baby we were born to run"
—Bruce Springsteen, "Born To Run"

That's how this novel begins and explains why I immediately felt pulled into it. (I love Bruce Springsteen.) That pull became stronger and stronger the further I got into the story. According to the author, his book began largely as a memoir to his life and experiences, but gradually mutated into a work of fiction. Your guess is as good as mine, however, as to which events are of a writer's invention because I read about them all feeling as though I could believe every word.

The book is structured in three parts: "First Love," "New Orleans," and "San Francisco," which fit together beautifully and offer a sense of chronology to the life story Westmoreland tells. The narration style is a simple and straight-forward first person from the perspective of Westmoreland's self-styled hero, Joe. His words read easily as if I were a new friend, listening to Joe tell me entertaining, funny, and tragic anecdotes about his life as we drive across the country together, and such a style catches you off guard with its glaring insight about so many life discoveries.

And that's what the novel is largely about—life and discovery. So much of the story centers on Joe's running away from people and places that caused him pain and sorrow, searching for something. What he's searching for is the key to it all, the mythical moment of clarity when one's existence finally makes sense and has purpose. Through each section of the book, Joe seems to get a little bit closer to that sense of freedom that accompanies loving and listening to oneself.

In the "First Love" section, his victory is about his sexuality which develops somewhat fluidly from utter fear and awkwardness, to simple confusion, into acceptance and first love. This internal battle appears to be won early on in the second section as Joe moves to New Orleans and is ready to begin naming his bisexual or gay sexuality when he comes out to his best friend, who is also gay. The story becomes truly inspiring in the third and largest section of the book, centered on Joe's life in San Francisco, as it gradually becomes clear to Joe that his journey needs to be inward, moving towards himself, rather than looking for a savior in a true love or punk rock or a new city or a drug-induced oblivion. Such clarity and inspiring insight seems to come with a price of intense, heartwrenching tragedy unfortunately. As Joe's story progresses into the early '80s, so does the early AIDS crisis. I empathized so much with Joe's sadness and remorse as he and his friends become gripped with fear of the unknown disease and then as he watches powerlessly the deaths of many of his loved ones and acquaintances, I sobbed while reading.

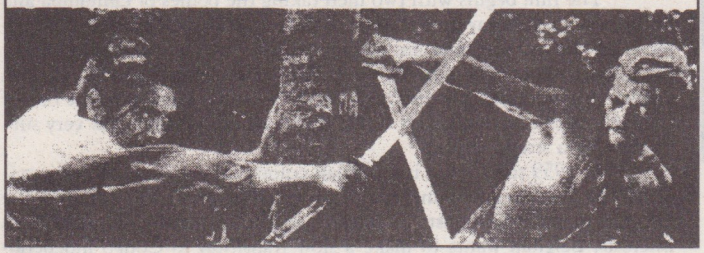
Even through the tragedy, the biggest theme that resonates through the novel is absolutely hopeful and positive—that aforementioned sense of victory, of success. He offers this epiphany:

> Home was something in the future that had yet to be created, not some place in the past. I felt like we might never be rich or famous, but at that one moment...there was a feeling of success. Of victory. We had all come out of our own separated nightmares to a place where just being ourselves was okay, not dangerous. That was a strange new feeling, reason alone to celebrate. (p. 179-180)

Joe runs from a broken home to create something new and succeeds. He finds freedom, family, and himself. If only we could all be so lucky. —Amy Watson

MOVIES

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI



ODD COUPLES

In the Hollywood, Florida of **Bully**, kids do all the things you'd expect: drive around, go on group dates, hump each other. Marty Puccio (Brad Renfro) is something of a lunkhead, the kind of guy with his share of life's bruises but not enough long-term memory to learn from them. Bobby Kent (Nick Stahl), his best friend (by default) from childhood, isn't as big as Marty but makes up for it in smarts. He's also the source of most of Marty's bruises. Bobby the only guy in his group with any chance of getting into college, the only one not destined for a life behind the counter of a Burger King.

Marty's short-list of offenses is already too long. He forces his pal to dance on the stage of a gay bar, then accuses him of being gay—and takes two-thirds of the money Marty earned humiliating himself. After Marty makes love to his girlfriend Lisa (Rachel Miner), Bobby sucker-punches him, then makes love to her himself. When he has the chance, he commits sodomy rape on Lisa's friend Ali (Bijou Phillips). It's Bobby's dynamic that everybody respects, or maybe fears. He's dangerous, and just smart enough to have good currency with his friends. He's also outlasted his welcome.

It's Lisa who mentions to everyone, offhand, that they should band together and kill him. At first they don't believe her, but like any idea whose idea has come, it catches on.

Movies "based on actual events" always have to be taken with a grain of salt, but **Bully**—based on a novel—has an uncanny authenticity. Grainy film stock, hand-held camera, dialog so true it almost seems improvised—Bully comes across less as a movie than a drama that the camera just happens to have been there to capture. The performances don't even come off as acting.

It's doubtful this group of kids has even seen enough movies to know what's involved in killing someone. True to form, they do everything wrong.

The first time, they chicken out; but not the second time. Marty, oblivious to the fact that he'd be the prime suspect if his friend was murdered, takes the point position in pummeling his former pal to death. Their friends, watching from two groups of cars, are there to gape, gawk—and later, squawk.

What's most disturbing for many is how blithely most of them take the murder. Marty broods and Lisa has an Ophelia complex (mainly because they might be caught), but the others go back to sunbathing and TV.

Chalk up another one for director Bob Clark (**Kids**). The world won't be a poorer place without Bobby, but I think I'm better off knowing about him.

Made begins with Bobby (John Favreau) and Ricky (Vince Vaughn) pummeling each other a la Raging Bull. Except this time we're in a dank sports club. With a longer reach and better conditioning, Ricky's technique is mostly easy punches followed by taunts; Bobby is the kind of guy who absorbs he damage and waits for an opening, which—given Ricky's wild-eyed impulsiveness, always appears. It comes out to a draw. It also comes out that they're best friends, every bit as dysfunctional as Bully's Tommy and Marty.

With a cauliflower ear and a face nicked with boxing scars, Bobby has become a kind of parent to his girlfriend's four year-old girl. His pal, on the other hand, is too nervy and reactive to be a parent to anybody or anything; even his one dependent in the film, a hotel goldfish, ends up gulping for air on a hotel room carpet.

When Bobby's promoter-boss Max (Peter Falk) needs someone to assist on a money drop-in New York, he's stuck with these two. With a $1500 per diem, a pager, plane tickets, and explicit instructions, it's hard to image what could go wrong. Max's desk and walls are decorated by likenesses of horses that have made him money, but this latest assignment doesn't look like it'll even show.

Made is one of those indie features that steers clear of cliches and slickness in favor of low-budget grittiness. Co-produced by the co-stars, and directed by Favreau, Made has a real touch showing the world of blockheads who are just a paycheck away from the street—and the fish-out-of-water disaster that ensues when the pair finds themselves in the unfamiliar element of wealth and class.

Much of the film involves Bobby trying to stay one step ahead of his bull-in-a-china-shop pal as he taunts stewardesses, pours on his Elmore Leonard street jingo, or (amusingly) tries to look like the mature one in the pair. The Dean Martin tunes on the soundtrack were probably meant to conjure up some of the Dean Martin/Jerry Lewis madness of yore; but here, the vehicle is character-driven and marginally more satisfying than its '60s forebears.

Nor does it stand much scrutiny. Frankly, it's hard to buy just about any of these relationships, and it's mostly the comic payoff that makes it worthwhile. In any case, **Made** hits a few, misses a few, and like any boxing match that comes out a draw, leaves you feeling almost but not quite satisfied.

Adapted from the off-Broadway "post-punk neo-glam rock musical," **Hedwig and the Angry Itch** should appeal to you, regardless of your sexual predisposition or perhaps, musical taste. It works as well as it does because it's just plain fun, pulling humor out of its most desperate moments.

Hedwig and the Angry Itch tells the story of Hansel, a German child who's molested by his father and loved by his mother despite the child's androgynous ways. Bred on music from American radio and spurred by a vivid imagination, Hansel (soon to be Hedwig) could imagine himself in rock'n'roll if he weren't stuck behind an iron curtain.

His savior of sorts comes in the person of a black G.I. who seduces the boy with the hope of deliverance from East Germany. He even offers to marry Hansel—but only if he undergoes an operation to become a Hedwig. With only a scalpel's blade separating him from freedom, the future Hedwig agrees to the mutilation, the source of what will become her "angry itch."

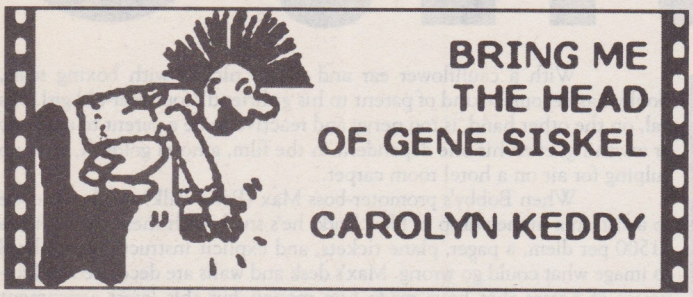
Hansel/Hedwig's story is told through stage performances at coffee shops and restaurants, a tour set up by her manager/lawyer (Andrea Martin). The resulting story is like an allegorical rock opera tinged with Rocky Horror drag and the madcap antics of **Help!** Her basic concept—illustrated by ingenious animations that might have come from **The Wall**, is a revisionist creation myth showing how men became men, women became women, and Hedwig a misfit with an ugly scar. Nearly all the tunes have an unmixed barroom quality, like stepping on a live stage with the New York Dolls. They're surprisingly decent (albeit maybe too studied), with up-front guitars and amusing stage banter. The best jokes in the movie are when Hedwig inflicts her glitter-trash on an audiences who just want to eat their dinner; but a show by overactive Hedwig isn't exactly food fare.

Touring through Chicago, Kansas, Miami (where the audience is a bunch of drop-jawed pensioners), and New York, Hedwig has an ulterior motive. It turns out that chart-topping phenom Tommy Gnosis (Michael Pitt), Hedwig's former partner, has stolen her songs. Hedwig and her band shadow Gnosis every mile of the tour in their guest for press.

Hedwig's only weapons are glitter, plucked and painted eyebrows, a signature mane-like blond wig, and gobs of attitude to match her gobs of makeup. Her real objective? Well, Hedwig would gladly hand over

rights to her songs for a taste of the love she and Gnosis might have had—but she's sure as hell going to come away with something.

In the final scenes, the film loses most of its spontaneous rawness as it moves in to a *Ziggy Stardust* mode,and loses its sense of humor. But writer/director/star John Cameron Mitchell carries everything else off with so much energy so that you can ignore the one scar in the movie.
Comments? E-mail me at spinali@postmark.net
—-Steve Spinali



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

EGOMANIACS ON THE LOOSE

The question everyone seems to ask me is "How punk rock was it?" That is, when I tell them I saw **Hedwig And The Angry Inch**. It makes me pause for a moment and think about it, especially considering how often I get asked. Why do people have the impression that this is a punk rock movie? The only thing I can come up with is the scene where Hedwig is wearing a cut-up t-shirt that is factory printed with the words "punk rock" in bright letters with some geometric new wave design as a background. I think I saw Britney Spears wearing the same shirt. Also, maybe that Hedwig refers to herself as a punk rocker in one of the songs.

You can definitely make a case for this being a punk rock movie. Hedwig and her band The Angry Inch perform solely in different locations of a restaurant chain for the not-always-amused patrons. Hedwig is an alienated soul, a transsexual from East Berlin with a botched sex chain, and she is pissed off and very full of angst, but the movie takes place in the present, not in 1976. In the context of all that has happened in the course of punk rock, not to mention hair metal, there is no way this is a punk rock movie. T Rex and The New York Dolls, though not always considered punk bands, had many of the elements associated with punk rock—but you have to face that they went on to influence bands like Motley Crue and Poison.

Hedwig And The Angry Inch is a musical in every horrible way associated with the term. I hate musicals. I can pinpoint my hatred to the length of the songs. They seem to go on forever. I prefer my songs short and to the point. This story is told through very long songs. This one is better than most musicals since the songs are rock-oriented, but there is still that annoying aspect of wanting the song to stop and the speaking to start. I have a hard time focusing my attention on these numbers. My mind starts to wander and then I lose track of what the hell is going on.

Hedwig was an East German who dreams of freedom of the west. He meets an American soldier. The two fall in love and decide to get married so they can move back to the US. The American insists they need to get married in East Germany and in order to do that, Hedwig must have a sex change operation. Fortunately, Hedwig's mother knows a doctor. The operation is botched. Hedwig is left with no genitalia, but he's gets married and moves to Kansas.

Things aren't as great in Kansas as he had hoped, but Hedwig meets Tommy, an impressionable adolescent boy who falls for her, but can't get over the fact that she used to be a man. The two begin collaborating on songs that Tommy eventually steals and uses to become a superstar. Tommy denies knowing Hedwig, so Hedwig tries to sue Tommy. Hedwig and the Angry Inch's tour is arranged to coincide with all the stadiums Tommy is playing. The relationship between Hedwig and Tommy is the essence of the movie. It is a fascinating tale of unrequited love and betrayal.

It is very obvious the film was adapted from a play, but there is probably little more you can do with a movie that is mainly a band performance. It is an extremely interesting, heartbreaking story. I try to absorb myself in it, but all the singing really throws me off.

I was reading an article in the New York Times about what makes a film really bad. One of the points they made was that a film that considers itself really important is automatically going to turn out bad. I was thinking about this after seeing **Lumumba**. I don't consider **Lumumba** a bad movie per se. It is a very interesting story so it seems that an interesting film should have been made. Instead, in a noble attempt to remain objective, there are too many holes and open questions to make it a cohesive and moving film.

Lumumba is a factual account of the political career, election and murder of Patrice Lumumba; the Congo's only elected black political leader. His political platform is for the unification of the Congo tribes and independence from Belgium. He presents himself as a man of the people, but in this film actor Eriq Ebouaney comes across as a very condescending and self-righteous person making it hard for people unfamiliar with Lumumba to believe this man was considered charismatic. I don't really count intense staring as exemplifying depth, but that's how he is portrayed.

The film begins with two men taking the bodies of Lumumba and his two associates away from the site of the execution and burning the bodies in oil drums. The men are gulping whiskey while complaining about the intense odor of the burning flesh. We see Lumumba's dead body with a voice over addressing the audience from beyond the grave before one of the men takes a hacksaw to it. I like this level of intensity. It is very subtle, but has a strong impact.

In 1959 the Congo is a Belgian colony on the verge of independence. The Belgian government, along with other countries, including the US, has monetary interests in the Congo due to mining. To protect its interests, Belgium wants to make a slow transition to Congo independence. Lumumba and his political party, MNC, know what the Belgians are up to and do not approve. The MNC wants independence on its terms. Lumumba is elected Prime Minister and at the ceremony where the Belgian government declares the Congo a free nation, Lumumba makes a moving, inflammatory, and in retrospect, not well-thought-out speech which incites the Congolese to rebel against the Belgians and each other.

This initiates many political blunders in Lumumba's short career. He doesn't include representatives from Katanga, the Congo's richest province, in the government he is setting up. This causes the Katangese leaders to get pissed off and start their attempt to secede from the Congo. Since most of the mines are in Katanga, they get the backing of foreign governments and the UN. After the soldiers in the Force Publique (Congolese army) mutiny, Lumumba appoints friend and former soldier Joseph Mobutu to take charge of the troops. The soldiers are fed up and go on sprees harassing and killing Belgians still living in the Congo. Lumumba holds Mobutu responsible for what's going on. As the situation continues to grow out of control, Lumumba seeks help from the USSR and gets himself labeled a communist.

I assume, though admittedly I know I should not assume anything, that Lumumba is supposed to be the good guy and we are supposed to see his execution as a tragedy. I walked away from the film feeling that I could understand the actions of the Katanga and Mobutu more than those of Lumumba. Both have legitimate reason to be angry. Why would the Katanga want to support a government that intends to unify the Congo and then excludes them? Why does Lumumba immediately write off his friend Mobutu just because he couldn't contain the army rebellion immediately? You can see why Mobutu forms an alliance with the US and declares himself dictator. I don't want to insinuate that these were wise decisions, I don't believe they are, but it is easy to see why they went that way. Lumumba's motives on the other hand are not so obvious. He comes across as just another politician, constantly looking out for his own interests. The positive aspect of Lumumba is that I am inspired to find out more about him. He had such an impact on the way the Congo ended up. I know there has to be more to him that what is presented in this film.

A final film for the month is the return of my favorite **Red Rocker in Slammy Windshield 2: Crimson and Cuervo** (grady@cwo.com). One of the great aspects of the Slammy series is the forum for the screening. The second screening takes place during Sunday brunch where the audience is partaking in an appropriate meal of pancakes and cheap canned beer. This slightly sophisticated move up from the bar scene is accented by the higher production values. The color is crisp and graphics have been added. The down side is the enthusiastic crowd views it on a very small screen.

The film picks up where the first one left off. Slammy is saved from his burning car by his trusty dog. Slammy then wanders the countryside in a trance like state taking in the atmosphere and reveling in still having his life. He comes across a pond. He goes underwater and parties with the hard drinking mermaids. Slammy's dreams of returning to rock stardom are still there. Then he gets a call.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send me a copy c/o MRR, PO Box 406760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. —

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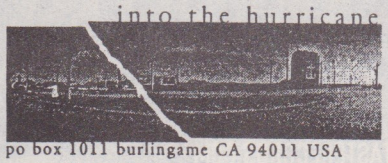

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10/24 Richmond, VA (with Death is Your Language) TBC
10/25 Greenville, NC
10/26 Atlanta, GA
10/27 Brandon, FL
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10/29 Charleston, SC
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10/31 Washington, DC (with Crispus Attucks)
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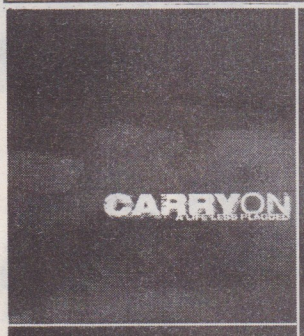

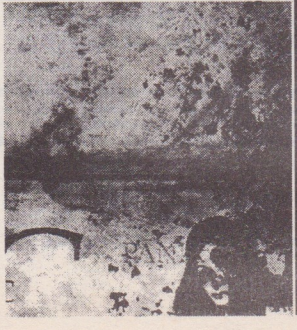

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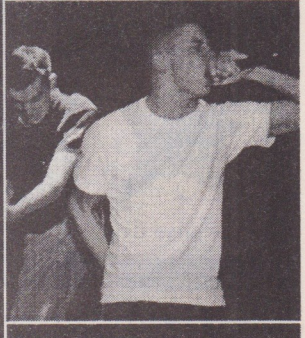

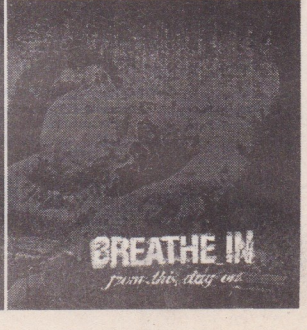

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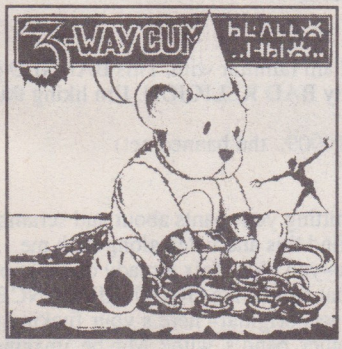
Send MRR your release for review. Don't send wimpy, arty, emo, metal or MTV corporate rock shit here. Don't have your label give us follow-up calls as to whether we received and are reviewing a record. We want punk, garage, hardcore, and will review all those that fall within our area of coverage. Include post-paid price and contact information when mailing. If possible, send two copies of vinyl records (one for MRR, one for the reviewer). *We will review CDs, but just CD-only releases.* If on vinyl and CD format, send us the vinyl. We are reviewing cassettes again, so send HIGH quality cassette-only releases directly to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.* Staff: (PA) Peter Avery, (EC) Enrico Cadena, (RC) Rob Coons, (AC) Arwen Curry, (AD) Andy Darling, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (DD) Dr. Dante, (JF) Jonathan Floyd, (NF) Neale Fishback, (BG) Brian Gathy, (LH) Lance Hahn, (JH) Jeff Heermann, (TH) Tom Hopkins, (TJ) Tobia Jean, (KK) Kenny Kaos, (CK) Carolyn Keddy, (DL) Dulcinea Loudmouth, (RL) Ray Lujan, (BM) Bobby Manic, (TM) Timojhen Mark, (HM) Hal MacLean, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (RM) Raimundo Murguia, (WN) Willie Nelson, (DP) Donna Poole, (SR) Sandra Ramos, (SP) Spencer Rangitsch, (BR) Bruce Roehrs, (AS) Andrew Scott, (SS) Steve Spinali, (JT) Jessie Trashed, (WT) Will Thundercat, (MW) Max Ward, (RW) Ryan Wells, (SW) Shane White, (JY) Jeff Yih, (RY) Rema Young, (HY) Henry Yu.

101ERS - "Elgin Avenue Breakdown" LP

Around the same time as the RAMONES were recording their first record, Joe Strummer was across the ocean rocking with this pre-CLASH band the 101ers. While the music has a raw rockabilly sound, and the lyrical content couldn't be less political, Joe's distinctive vocal and guitar stylings make this a must for any CLASH fan. (DP)
(Andalucia, No Address)

ABRASIVE RELATIONS - "Massacre At Meniola" EP

Partly or all-gal band (hard to tell from the artwork, but it shouldn't matter anyway except to drooling girl band geeks, should it?) hailing from Pasig City in the Phillipines with a few bagfuls of attitude and hooks wrapped up with a great dose of that nutsy straight into the board by way of a distortion pedal sound. As the crowning touch, the singer is able to sound pissed (without resorting to annoying squawks) at some times while conveying some quasi-STEPHEN FOSTER metaphysical longing at others. Better than THE STALIN's first album, honest! (DD)
(Astral Anarchy, no address, http://welcome.to/astralanarchy)



A.O.S./3-WAY CUM - Split EP

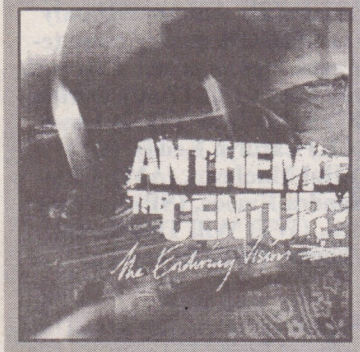
Hmm, as far as I knew 3-WAY CUM have been broken up for quite sometime. Yet here they are with three more tracks off pounding D-Beat tunes. They share the split with A.O.S. who crank through three songs of charging crust. Fans of bands like ATROCIOUS MADNESS take note. A solid release from... (RC)
(Skit, A.O.S., 142 Whiting Ln., West Hartford, CT 06119, skitrecords@hotmail.com)

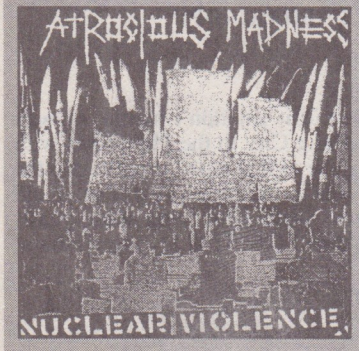
ACE & THE RAGERS - "..Steal Your Girlfriend" CD

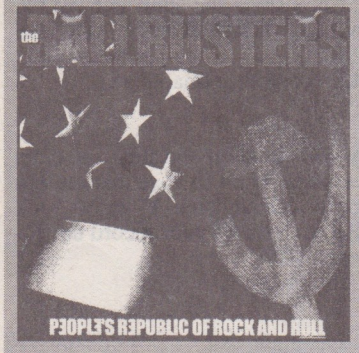
Pretty decent rockabilly going on here. Fun and peppy wtihout being too slick and cute. I'm not too schooled on the rockabilly so I can't really give you a band to base this on, but there is a little Brian Setzer in the vocals. This is really fun for the casual listen. Y' know- back ground party music or every once in a while when you're sick to death of your record collection and want something kinda different. It's definitely a keeper. (BM)
(Pin-Up, 11030 Aqua Vista St. Suite #24, No. Hollywood, Ca 91602)

THE ACTION - "16 Slices Of....." LP

.....what luck for me, I get to review an ACTION compilation....and come to think of it today is the scooter ralley here in Frisco.....no kidding....! I wonder how many kids were listening to the ACTION this morning while slipping on their penny-loafers...or sticking their young cocks into the tail-pipes of silver coated Vespas....!!! And if they were doing these things this very morning while listening to the ACTION, well then.....these fucking Mods whould have to have some pretty good taste.....the ACTION fall right smack in between the SMALL FACES and the CREATION as far as sound and style go, but the ACTION got Mr. George Martin to produce their tunage.....mmmmmm...yum yum.....this record here is a total boot but the sound is pretty okay....fifteen songs total....nice jacket.....it's the sorta Mod kinda record that gives you pep and confidence to go out and demand some of that filthy pussy you've been missing out on.....DO IT!!!!!! (SW)
(Carnaby, no address)







AGATHOCLES - "Mince Core History 1989-1993" CD

Yet another AGATHOCLES release... this is a band who has released more "collection" discographies than what most bands put out in regular releases. Although it does contain some unreleased stuff from 1990 and live songs from 1989, this collection is mainly from songs recorded in 1993. This is when I personally think AGATHOCLES came into their own and started making some really strong grindcore. (MW)
(Self Made God, POB 46, 21500 Biala Podl., POLAND)

AMPUTEE SET/SUTEK CONSPIRACY - "split" EP

For some odd reason I was expecting something good from AMPUTEE SET but all I really got was a band trying to sound like the MONORCHID, vocals and all, at least in the verse. The chorus is a heavier screamy part that is rather normal. On the other side SUTEK CONSPIRACY play three screamo songs that boarder on grind at times due to the chuga chuga guitar. Although it is nothing new their song do have some energy. (PA)
($4 ppd, Interference, 1810 Riback Rd, Columbia, MO 65201, americansqualor@hotmail.com)

ANTHEM OF THE CENTURY - "The Enduring Vision" CD

Predictable metallic straight edge hardcore done well. I hear a little SHELTER mixed with something similar to KILL YOUR IDOLS. Like I said, its done well, so if you dig this stuff, you'll dig this. Originality never meant too much in this scene, did it? (SP)
(JTTP, anthemofthecentury@hotmail.com)

ATROCIOUS MADNESS - "Nuclear Violence" EP

Though it has been said thousands of times before, those who know me know how much I adore this band I mean with a name like that, you know this fucking rules–totally blown out CONFUSE/DISCLOSE d-beat attack from the City Of Roses (that's Portland for the unhip). Some would say that songs about nuclear are totally outdated and unnecessary in this post-cold war world we live in–personally I think those folx are full of shit. I mean hell, Donald Rumsfeld (our lovely Sec. of Defense) was the architect of most of Ronald Ray-gun's defense policies–including the notorious Star Wars defense shield. Orwell's 1984 has been in effect for so long now most of you have just become socialized to it, so I ask you who killed the dove? Oh yeah this was tour only for their recent trip to Japan, so happy hunting–word around town is they are all gone. (MT)
(no address)w

BALLBUSTERS - "People's Republic Of Rock And Roll" CD

Equal parts punk rock, hard-rock overtones, overdriven Marshall stacks and the riffs you've known and loved with lots of "boogie". I can't quite get the bar band flavor from these guys outta my mouth- maybe its all the blues-rock guitar solos. They even attempt an anthem in "People's Republic Of Rock And Roll" which is sort of a ridiculous song title. There's also the female bass player who really belts it out on the slow vamp-ish number which is pretty bizarre . I guess these guys are from Boston and y 'know there's too much genre-blurring for me here. Reminds me of a lot of old school bands from Boston or Australia who do the hard rock-punk rock thing.(JY)
(Vicious Kitten, GPO Box 20, Canberra ACT 2601, Australia)

BANNED - "Songs of Innocence and Experience" CD

This is not the BANNED from Missoula, MT that I am familiar with. This BANNED is from New York. Their music is melodic and kinda like very early BAD RELIGION. I'm liking this more with each listen. (DP)
(PO Box 2517, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009, the banned.net)

BASTARD - "Controled In The Frame" EP

FUCK YES!!!! Here's a boot you kids should be shitting your pants about and scrambling to acquire–matter of fact put down the zine now, go out and find this and listen along with me...got it? Doesn't just fucking totally rip? Classic Japanese hardcore–you older folx already down know how amazing this is, but for you younger folx who still think that bands like GOOD RIDDANCE churn out "hardcore," or that DEVOID OF FAITH (Hi Nate!) was original– here's your fucking lesson. I mean, how can I describe a band I use to describe other band's with? Maybe imagine DISCHARGE or ENT but like waaaaaaaaay more burly. Totally essential, brutal, skull crushing, old lady scaring hardcore. But I ask you bootlegger, where is the reviewer copy?! (MT)
(no address)

BLACK FLAG - "1983 Demo's" LP

Yep. BLACK FLAG boot. It's a weird thing, because I've certainly heard these songs a thousand times, and even saw them around this time period. I say 'weird' because I'm surprised that listening to this, a boot of questionable origin, containing 'demo's' of songs I've heard plenty... is still better than many of the new records I hear. Perhaps I'm overly nostalgic, but shit... BLACK FLAG were better than a lot of bands even in their later years when they kinda sucked. Decent 'later' material here - "My War", "Slip It In", "Black Coffee" - if you're a fan, this is certainly worth tracking down. Sounds quality is passable, delivery is good - they do work some of the fringe longer songs that came towards the end. Artwork is nothing special–the flyer reproductions on the back are pretty awful, but y'know. If you're not a fan... work some of the proper (early) releases before you dip into this. (TM)
(Hardcore Archives, Bootleg, no address)

BLANKET SYNDROME - "Friend"

This sort of reminds me of HALF JAPANESE, maybe because of the absurd lyrics that seem like they were written by a five year old, I don't know. However, they also have a weird British influence. The vocals are really annoying and keep repeating "I'm not going outside, I'm not going anywhere" in like every song. (JT)
(no address)

BLATZ - "Cheaper Than The Beer" EP

Classic Gilman/Lookout!/East Bay glory days reissued rot. I'm sure everyone's familiar with seminal classics like "Lullaby" and "Fuk Shit Up". A great little EP, but without Jesse's penis flappin around, Anna shakin her stuff or Eggplant and Marshall staring at the necks of their guitars, you can never quite recapture that old magic. (HM)
(Life is Abuse, PO Box 20524, Oakland , CA 94620, lifeisabuse.com)

BLITZKRIEG/ PARADOX U.K. – split CD

BLITZKRIEG were one of those old UK '82 bands, definite B list though. They released a couple of EPs back in the day and were on the "A Country Fit For Heroes" comp. Kind of a poor mans DISCHARGE. Here you get a live set and one studio track. PARADOX U.K. was basically the same band a decade later. I remember John Peel playing "Distraction", they were a little faster than BLITZKRIEG though more or less the same thing. They released a album in the early nineties which you get here, plus a live track. (AD)
(Retch, no address)

BLOOD OF OTHERS - "Unthinkable Thought" EP

Those with good mail order hook-ups may have heard the split that BLOOD OF OTHERS shared with DS-13. Those with more pressing things to do on a Friday night than the hunting down of records are, as I type this, being clued in that BLOOD OF THE YOUNG slugged out thick early New York hardcore on that record. The bass and guitar are still country gravy thick, but lead up to more modern breakdowns. Fairly average, nothing too dynamic or demanding of one's attention. (TH)
(Thought Crime, Boxhagener Str. 22, 10245 Berlin, GERMANY)

BLOW-UP - "True Noise" CD

My kind of noise, anyway. The BLOW-UP are a tough-minded and tough-sounding outfit that incorporate synthesizer, piano, distortion, and plenty of bad vibes, punchy rhythms, and ill will. "Robots, Yes; Androids, No," "Suicide Door," and "Fake Soul" are the perfect backing tracks for desperate times, times like right about now. "Eighty-Sixed" alternates between menacing and delicately creepy. Not familiar with the BLOW-UP (which, if I'm not mistaken, is a well-placed reference to filmmaker Michelangelo Antonioni, but I've been known to be wrong). In that light I can forgive the occasional pretentious lyric ("her kiss leaves black marks on my skin") and enjoy the record for all the choice noise if offers. Nice. (JH)
(Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102, theblowup.net)

THE BOARDLORDS - CD

Immature singalong skatepunk from the East Coast. I'm not really into the lyrics—"eat some nachos and please don't choke/whoa she was hot let's get laid/that's why these are called the glory days." (JT)
(Volatile, no address, theboardlords.com)

BOBBY JOE EBOLA & THE CHILDREN MACNUGGITS - "Carmelita Sings!" CD

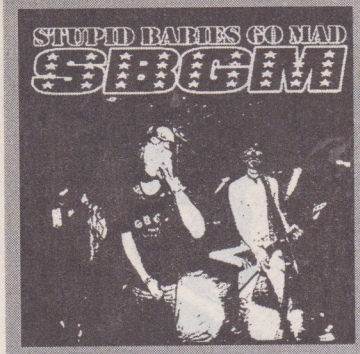
This great old stuff released last year is the third full length from this whacked troupe. Too bad these kids got too fucked up and had to break up. I hear their parents won't let them see each other anymore. Who cares about them. These freaks are on top of the latest trends, current events and political topics with creative perspectives and solutions. Some funny shit. Musically the EBOLA MACNUGGITS are like some bastard child of BURL IVES and THREE FINGER SPREAD. Lots of acoustic ditties, but some full on rockin' tunes as well. Genius. (HM)
(S.P.A.M., PO Box 21588, El Sobrante, CA 94820-1588, spamrecords.org)

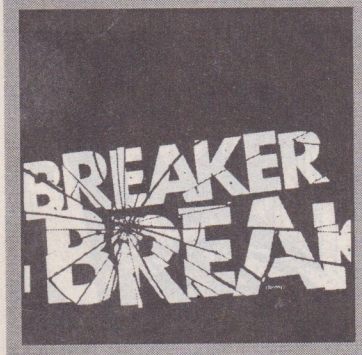
BOBBYTEENS - "Young and Dumb" CD

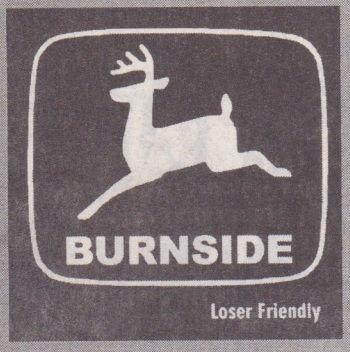
Suddenly I need a hot-dog and strawberry shake somethin' fierce! S.F.'s gum smackin', boy-crazy, rock n' rollers have let the good times roll way beyond the typical expiration date of their members former groups. All the hits: "Firecracker", "Hey Roxy", "Hot City Boy" are here, plus many an unreleased teen classic. Lock up your kid brothers! (RY)
(Just Add Water, PO Box 420661 San Francisco, CA 94142

BOOM BOOM KID - "Abrazame/ I Do" CDEP

This is apparently the other band of the guy from FUN PEOPLE. This is actually really good. It's dark and well thought out and pulled off really well. Lyrics in Spanish as well as English giving it a Spainglish feel. This is an emotional roller caster and for having only two song here that's saying a lot. Do your self a favor and pick this up. This is incredible. (BM)
($2; Ugly, CC 2975 (1000) Bs As, ARGENTINA, w uglyrecords.com.ar)







BRAIN EATERS / STUPID BABIES GO MAD - split EP

Wow, what a disparate split. The BRAIN EATERS side is fairly pedestrian thrash–both songs are pretty generic and disappointing. On the flip, though, SBGM rip it up, with blistering rock'n'roll infused hardcore. Imagine if the STOOGES ran into POISON IDEA in a dark alley on a bad night. Totally rocks. (AM)
(Human Stench, 14 McKinley St, Pittsfield, MA 01202)

BREAKER BREAKER - "Y2X1 Demo" EP

While San Francisco has never really been know for it's straightedge bands it is good to see local boys BREAKER BREAKER get some vinyl out. No bullshit fast hardcore with crisp guitars, thumping drums and gruff screams. No new ground is broken here, but sometimes that really isn't necessary to still put out a good record. So check this EP out and go support them the next time they play. (RC)
(Bridge Nine, PO Box 0063, Boston, MA 02199-0052, bridge9.com)

BURNSIDE- "Loser Friendly" CD

This album would fit nicely in the midst of a Fat Wreck Chords Catalog. Its got an almost TEN FOOT POLE, NOFX, LAGWAGON feel to it. Seven songs about friends, drinking, and stupidity made especially for Pop Punkers and the rest of the alterna-world who buy just about everything Fat Mike throws a dime at. At least these guys can play it really well. (EM)
(Out of Step, P.O. Box 509, Vineberg, CA 95487)

BURST - "Conquest : Writhe" LP

Another blast from Putrid Filth Conspiracy. If this label has put out anything that hasn't ripped, I certainly haven't heard it (or heard of it!). A bit less frantic than many other PFC releases, this works a wall of guitar noise which leans more towards sweeping waves than searing cuts. The songs show a mature structure which makes them all that much more interesting - there's no way you could predict this on the first listen. Not that it's mellow - there's plenty of angst and energy here to keep things moving. The lyrics are political in nature, but vague in execution - think high school poetry classes - where you almost knew what they were saying, but weren't 100% sure. This relies so little on convention it will be a solid listen for some time - a just reward for being original songwriters. Apparently includes a remix by MERZBOW. That particular track certainly sounded like something they'd be involved with! Excellent. (TM)
(Putrid Filth Conspiracy, c/o Rodrigo Alfaro, Box 7092, 200 42 Malmo, Sweden, putridfilth@bigfoot.com)

CHANNEL THREE - "Live!" LP

From the title you know this a live LP. This is actually the vinyl reissue of the CD that came out on Lost & Found in 1994. Being from a 1994 European show, this is by no means the band's best moment, although this is still pretty good as far as reunions go. I never understood why these guys weren't more popular in the '80s. Especially when they were my labelmates on Poshboy (dudes, what's up!) when punk labels were on the scarce side. I'd recommend the comp with their two LPs and EP for a dose of great SoCal punk circa 1983. This is for completists only. (RL)
(Re-Force, T.Drescher:Woehlerhof 4, 30900 Wedemark, GERMANY, re-force@gigantor.de)

THE CHARISMATICS- "Bio" CD

Turn WEEZER up a notch and inject them with a liquid version of what it means to be emo, whatever that means. Build it up to break it down. These guys change their speeds like Greg Maddux, but unlike the Braves' pitcher, these guys are are stuck in the minors caught up in the depression of not getting to go to the show. Punk's sensitive side on display. (EM)
(Stompbox, 2887 A West Pioneer Pkwy., Arlington, TX 76013)

CHOSEN FEW - "Really Gonna Punch You Out" LP

Well, this should do it if anyone wasn't paying attention to the two previous collections of these guys, to wit: they were pretty much the best steak 'n potatoes punk rock band to come out of '70s Australia. RADIO BIRDMAN, THOUGHT CRIMINALS, BABEEZ...there are plenty of people who matched their highs (lows, sorry) but over these two LPs of demos, live tracks, and the songs off their lone 1978 EP, they make the case for me. There are full reissues of the BABEEZ and the LEFTOVERS in the works but until those come out for consideration these guys are #1. (RW)
(Hate, Circe Gianicolense 112, 00152, Rome, ITALY, haters@tiscalinet.it)

CHROMATICS - "Beach Of Infants" EP

From Seattle, with members of THE VOGUE (now called SOILED DOVES) and one former BLOOD BROTHER, but on this recording it is just one guy playing all the instruments. It's really good! New wave electronic, KILLING JOKE, THE EX, Factory Records... They have a really spacious sound with cool lyrics. Side A's "Beach of Infants" is really introspective, like you're on the beach with the infants rolling into the shore with the waves and the seagulls are squawking and you're like "what am I doing here?" Side B is more edgy and mysterious, very abstract poetic lyrics. (JT)
(Chromatics, 1435 22nd Ave. A, Seattle, WA 98122, rattricks@hotmail.com)

CHRONIC CHAOS - "Despite the Consequences" CD

Melodic hardcore trio from Indiana dishes up twelve tunes equally suitable for the mosh

pit and the listening station. Echoes of *Suffer*-era BAD RELIGION and the crunchy production are pluses; the occasional '90s alt. metal influence doesnít work for me. Still, a powerful debut album for fans of the genre. (JG)
(Unbiased, PO Box 179, Upland, IN 46989, chronicchaos.com)

CLASH - "Take It Or Leave It" LP

Yep, you read right. This is a CLASH boot from 1977 about the time of the first LP. Mostly tunes you've heard way too often from the first album. It's an audience tape, and just like most audience tapes, the sound quality is bad. Pretty much like the first record. The band sounds tight. What more should I say? (JY)
(no address)

COCKNEY REJECTS- "Favorite Tunes" EP

Cockney Collectors, Germany's got something you want. Four classics from the Rejects: "Oi!OiOi!," "Bad Man," the West Ham FC induced "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," and of course "War on the Terraces." Great recordings, shitty artwork. Whoever's peddling this might have considered taking a third minute on the artwork to come up with something more than a plain red cover with a standard Rejects logo and the title in some scribble. Maybe less IS more... Nah. (EM)
(Chelseagirl Music, P.O. Box 101515, 86005 Ausburg, GERMANY)

COMPLICITE CANDIDE - "Zapalte Ohne/Mrtí Havlové" LP

Totally amazing mid-tempo melodic punk from the Czech Republic. Reminds me of what would happen if the DEAD KENNEDYS (maybe it's just the way he sings–you know the vocal inflection and shit), DIRT, LOST WORLD and say X (the L.A. one, circa *Los Angeles*) went out to breakfast every week and then got together to jam afterwards. Awesome stuff, so starting looking kids. (MT)
(Malarie, PO Box 153, 75661 Roznov P/R, CZECH REPUBLIC)

CONFLICT - "Now You've Put Your Foot In It" EP

CONFLICT is back with a bang! Ever since CONFLICT's debut single, *The House that Man Built* on Crass Records in 1982, and the debut album, *It's Time to See Who 's Who"* on Corpus Christi in 1983, these punks have railed about religion, capitalism, and meat. Indeed, the subject matter of cruelty to animals was and is the project closest to CONFLICT's heart. The Animal Liberation Front anthem "Whichever Way You Want It" from the *To a Nation of Animal Lovers* EP began a legacy of speaking out against animal abuse. The new EP is packed with statements and lyrics indicting the farmers and the politicians in bed with them. The song "From St. Paul's to Seattle" is about anarchy and resistance. CONFLICT have always been one of the best of the anarcho punk bands musically. The song "Now You've Put Your Foot In It" is excellent punk rock! (BR)
(Mortarhate, PO Box 448, Eltham, London, SE9 2Q5)

COUNTER ATTACK - "Master and Jester" LP

Wow! This is insanely good. First of all, I'm impressed by the quality and energy in their music which is hard put still catchy punk rock. They have rad sounding switch-offs between the two vocalists and really fresh sounding guitar parts. I'm also impressed by the beautiful booklet that the band has put together with all their lyrics and some writing about their beliefs along with some illustrations which complement everything. The lyrics, which are political, fierce but also poetic. Oh shit! This is a winner! Anybody with half a brain should be able to rock out to this and feel fucking great about it. Please seek this out.
(Nabate, BP 92, 4000, Liege 1, BELGIUM)

THE CRASHED - "Atemstillstand" EP

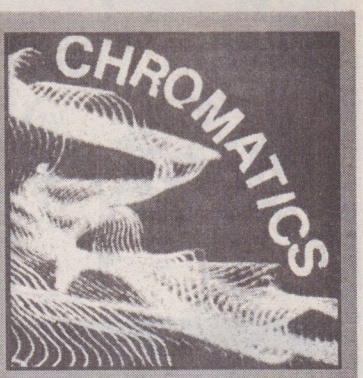
These four angry skinheads play hardcore-influenced metal with double bass drums, gruff vocals, that thin Peavey guitar sound, and mostly German lyrics. They don't really put out a lot of energy despite the speedy tempos. And the singer doesn't sound nearly as scary as the guy from VENOM. I guess this is more for fans of the burgeoning European Oi! metal underground.... (JG)
(Oi! Hammer, Postfach 2303, 59013 Hamm, GERMANY)

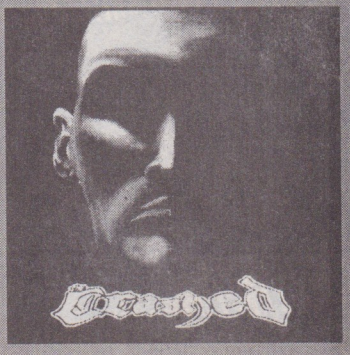
CREATION IS THE CRUCIFIXION - CD

Well in their endless quest to thwart technology, CREATION now utilizes the 3" MCD set within 2" of plastic, encased in what software companies normally hand out their promotional CD-ROMs in- this weird, see through plastic envelope. Kinda technology friendly if you ask me. Now think if SUFFOCATION were underground hackers and activists (what CREATION calls "hactivism") and you got CREATION. These songs are rerecorded songs from earlier split releases. Punishing to say the least. The Bay Area is stoked they decided to call this place their new home. (MW)
(Willowtip, 103 David Dr, Butler, PA 16001)

CRESTFALLEN - "S/T" LP

At first I really didn't get the point of this record seeing the light of day, since it had been over half a decade since this band had called it quits. Then I listened to it a couple of times and I found myself with the same feeling that I had when the RADON LP was re-released a couple years back. The feeling of "how the hell had I never heard of this band". Musically CRESTFALLEN remind me a lot of the first GAMEFACE LP combined with a little bit of JAWBREAKER and a





dash of the aforementioned RADON. This is definitely worth picking up. (JF)
(Seven Lucky, PO Box 9546, Denver, CO 80209)

CRUCIAL UNIT/KILLED IN ACTION - split EP

Thank god for reviewer copies! CRUCIAL UNIT, whose "Iced Tea" EP I never got a chance to listen to, tears shit up like nobody's business. This sounds like it could have come out of early '80s Boston and laid waste to everyone at the time. The singer has a razorblade shriek that probably sets kids off at shows, and the lyrics... well, they often border on ridiculous, but they're so clever I'm going to have to chalk it up to a really funny sense of humor. They even cover AGNOSTIC FRONT! Ok, KILLED IN ACTION. They thank Mike Thorn, so I better give them a good review. Just kidding, these guys could fit in perfectly on the label LIFE IS ABUSE - totally perfect, heavy hard-to-the-fucking-core that sounds like FIELDS OF SHIT. I can't recommend this EP enough. On colored vinyl, naturally. (RD)
(FastForLife, 3918 24th Ave. South, Seattle, WA 98108)

CUNTS - "Oh No It's the Cunts" CD

Brand new stuff from these 'legendary' '80s shocking intelligentsia. The vocals still have the right "tone" and these guys aren't trying to break any new ground (in which case, you change the band name, right?) but the production is too stiff to swing it with me. There's a patch in the middle where they combine the elements and nail it for an EP's worth, then it's dryyyy after that.
(Disturbing, 3238 S. Racine, Chicago, IL, 60608)

DARKEST HOUR – "The Mark Of The Judas" CD

This release originally came out on MIA Records from New York, right before the label went out of business. So it looks like Join The Team Player Records has re-released it, and boy am I glad. This band from Washington DC grinds out some fucking fierce metal core. They take a nod from modern Swedish metal and couple it with some pulverizing breakdowns and power. Imagine the bastard child of a coupling between MORNING AGAIN and IN FLAMES. This volatile mix combined with the hammering drums and snarling vocals make for a truly brutal combination. Dark angry lyrics seal this one up as one of the best metal/hardcore bands that I have hear in some time. (RC)
(Join The Team Player; jointheteamplayer.com)

DAWNCORE - "Entertainment for the Rest" CD

Modern day metal core in the vein of DISEMBODIED or CONVERGE from Eastern Europe. My tastes for this style waned long time ago, but I do see what draws people to this music even after ten years of the same formula. DAWNCORE come from Hungary (I believe, no address nor info in CD) and managed to get a really crisp and powerful recording. Lyrics that follow the formula to the "T," like "the fire that you wanted to extinguish burns stronger than before" kinda stuff. (MW)
(Team Player, no address)

DEAD KENNEDYS – "Mutiny On The Bay" CD

Wow, a live DEAD KENNEDYS release fifteen years after the fact. Why didn't the band just call this *Sticking It To Jello*? Damn, Jello's name even gets bottom billing. A live set from various Bay Area shows that sounds just fine but who cares. This is as essential as the recent live CLASH CD, umm, not very. If you kids want to experience the DK's live, grab the *Live On Broadway* video/DVD. I'm guessing the much-delayed Levi's commercial can't be far away. (RL)
(Decay, PO Box 11399, Oakland, CA 94611)

DEADLY PALE - "Make It Happen" CD

Well, I don't know what they were shooting for, but I have seen a lot of newer bands that are of the DEADLY PALE mold. Standard political punk rock lyrics (which is good), with horrible full color computer layouts and playing a style that is confused. It sounds like some bands can't decide if they are punk, grind, death metal, crust or whatnot. Not that a blending of styles is bad at all, but it needs to be done right... which this is not. I give em credit for the DIY release. (MW)
(Deadly Pale, no address)

DEADLY SNAKES - "I'm Not Your Soldier Anymore" LP

When: August 2000, date undisclosed. Late afternoon. Where: the Double Down Saloon, a real classy establishment a few blocks off Las Vegas Boulevard. Spilled beer on the floor, midget-porn loops on television, unconscious alcoholics frozen upright in darkened corners. The DEADLY SNAKES on what passed as a stage, more like a couple sheets of raw plywood raised scant inches from the baseboards. The band was an unlikely meeting of horns, keyboard, raw punk & blues guitar, and subterranean star power courtesy of erstwhile OBLIVIAN Greg (who handled most of the vocal fronting). I'd never heard nor heard of the SNAKES by them, but their brutal art won me over as a convert during that show, and I've kept at least one ear open since. *I'm Not Your Soldier Anymore* is a feature-length blend of honest blues for urban joes, real honest and immediate stuff that pounds against the walls with the best of 'em. Fourteen tracks, ranging from "Graveyard Shake" at the outset, up through "I Don't Mind" and "Talkin' Down" and back down toward "Say Hello" at its conclusion. Catch the violin, the slide guitar, the wild abandon, the building walls of sound and volume. Fine moves all 'round. (JH)
(In the Red, 118 W. Magnolia Blvd, PO Box 208, Burbank, CA 91506, intheredrecords.com)

DEAD MOON - "Trash & Burn" LP

I haven't heard a DEAD MOON album in a while, so this new one surprised me with the, uh, sonic clarity. Sounds like Fred, Toody, and Andrew recorded in an actual studio this time around, rather than cutting straight to the lathe as usual. It's still in glorious mono, tho'! Most people either love 'em or hate 'em, with both sides citing Fred's strange tenor vocals, long anthemic garage songs and gritty guitar slash. I'm firmly in the first camp and this album sounds great to me, if a bit tamed by the comparative studio sheen. Still the songs are as great as ever and the slightly higher fidelity sound may win the trio over a few more fans among the unconverted. (JG)
(Empty US, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102)

DEATHCHARGE - "Plastic Smiles" EP

One guess what this sounds like–give you a clue, take away the DEATH and insert a DIS and you'd be on the right track. Totally headbopping mid-tempo DIS-core from PDX (once again, Portland fool). This is so dead on that it sounds like it's a demo out take from *Hear Nothing, See Nothing, Say Nothing*. C'mon folx you try to deny it and hide behind your hip garage records, but you know ya love this shit. I can just see the legions of full metal jacket punx prancing around the room, fists high in the air, burrtitos flying everywhere. One sided for those keeping score. (MT)
(After The Bomb, PO Box 66676, Portland, OR 97290-6676)

DEMOLITION GIRL & THE STRAWBERRY BOYS - "16 S-M Hits for Multi-Socialized Kids" LP

German scene veterans DEMOLITION GIRL is now just one girl and a new all-male back-up, but the style is familiar: melodic classic-style punk with old-style female vocal inflections—the kind of thing that works best when it's provocative. "Jesus Was a Masochist" is a fast and fun, and "Don't Piss on Your Dog" may be the catchiest tune on the LP, with a chorus that sticks to the ribs and lyrics that are sort of fun. too. While "Do the Tumfa" has no chance of being a dance craze, it's another brisk winner. (SS)
(Rockin' Bones c/0 Pagani Gualtiaro, Pile della Macina, 3, 43100 Parma, ITALY)

DESTRO - "The Accuracy of Broken Whispers" CD

Whoa! Wasn't expecting this, what with the pink-ish cover and the overly emotional title I figured I was in for a 10 song "watch me as I sniffle mysteriously about how horrible my life is"-a-thon. Instead I was treated to 10 songs of hard hitting east coast hardcore with catchy melodies reminiscent of bands like KID DYNAMITE combined with burly vocals that make me think of what Rick Ta Life would sound like if his vocals were really good (I know, I know, but work with me here, it's a compliment). The thing that makes the whole thing work so well is that it's fucking fast; they don't rely on the breakdown as so many newer hardcore bands do (in fact, it's the breakdowns where DESTRO are at their weakest). A solid fucking release, and one that fans of modern hardcore should look for instead of concerning themselves with how much the colored vinyl version of the new NEXT OVERHYPED BUT PAINFULLY MEDIOCRE BAND single is going for on eBay. (WN)
(Ides of March, 5 Gerry Rd., Poughkeepsie, NY 12603)

DISARM/OBBROBRIO - split EP

Both bands hail from Italy, and play fast noise/grind blast beat mayhem. DISARM is a one man band and I can't really get down with it–no hooks, just sheer velocity and random keyboard weirdness. OBBROBRIO's got more of those mid tempo parts that enable bob your head, thus making the blasts faster and more powerful. Good lyrics all around, with detailed explanations in Italian and English.(MT)
(Via Prati Grassi 16, 23017 Morbegno (So), ITALY; barbersaglio@excite.com)

DON AUSTIN - "Rust Belt Blues" EP

Rough hardcore with a trashed out recording. DON AUSTIN is from Ohio but have the grim sound of bands a few states over and a few years back: The STATE, BORN WITHOUT A FACE, and ANIMAL FARM. I was really impressed by the lyrics. None of the bullshit "oh boo hoo look what *you* did to me and the scene" that fucks up the BREAKER BREAKER EP. Instead, Bleachmouth describes day-to-day self hate without searching for the cause, only a solution, whether that be "a length of salvation and a shower stall" or "an empty fifth and a slight of hand." (TH)
($3 ppd: Gloom, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212)

DOSE BRUTAL- "Vadia" EP

Although the band is on a German label, DOSE BRUTAL is from Brazil. This is a reissue of material originally released in 1987 on the Brazilian label Radykaos. The music is medium paced Punk ala slower RAMONES or the DEAD BOYS but with more guitar solos. It is well sung in Portuguese. Thanks to the translated lyrics on the insert, I was able to follow along to the rather intelligent lyrics. (EM)
(Oi! Hammer, Postfach 2303, 59013 Hamm, GERMANY)

DOWN AND AWAY - "Who's got the Deliverance?" CD

Twelve melodic punk rock tunes ANN BERETTA style. Good and super catchy. (SR)
(Rockstar, verbindungsstrasse 9, 52080 aachen, GERMANY, rockstarrecords.com)

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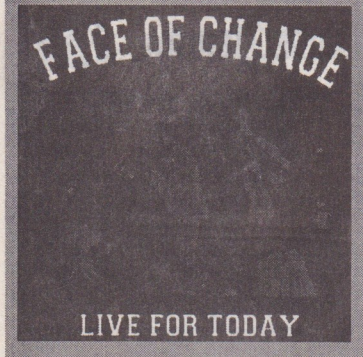


DS 13 - "Killed by the Kids" LP

Second album by these Swedish hardcore heroes. First thing you notice about this record is the lovely Pushead cover art. Second thing you notice about this record is that it fucking shreds (as we used to say back in'87.) There's more variety, changes in tempo and style than before. Maybe a tad less manic and more structured, they're one of the few thrash bands that can hold attention for a whole LP not just a 7" due to the ample hooks, riffs, and intelligence. One of the best things about DEMON SYSTEM 13 is their (at times self-deprecating) sense of humor, evident even in their song titles ("DIY Killed the Kids", "We're Hardcore, You're Not", "I Am the Bastard", "NATO Sucks", "I Don't Wanna Be a Skinhead") yet they also write some great serious political songs. Out of the current crop of good hardcore bands they probably arouse the most excitement - for the simple fact that they play such unrelenting, uncompromising fast angry punk rock, like a modern day MINOR THREAT or SSD. Top it all off with a turbo-charged cover of "Media Blitz" and you have an awesome album by an awesome band. This is really one of the best records I've heard in a while, I'm actually excited just listening to it, like back when there was no shortage of great hardcore, punks were routinely beaten, and Pushead did *all* the cover art. Make sure you get this on vinyl, this stuff dies on CD. (AD)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

EAST ARCADIA - "New Face of Expression" EP

Fast sing along pop punk, that's more aggressive than most you come across. Given that small point, this fairly stinks of sameness. The track "Music Industry" has good drive and more originality going for it. The other three could be on a soundtrack to a low budget snowboarding video. I'll pass. (BG)
(East Arcadia, PO Box 592, Burlington, KY 41005)

ETAE - "Rotten to the Core" CD

Whoa. Pretty cryptic release here - most of the liner notes are in Japanese, and the bio sheet isn't terribly descriptive, despite having a brief discography in English. Regardless, this is more of the scorching Japanese hardcore that people like me have fallen so heavily for. This works a searing metal guitar at times - consider it a bit of wanking in the background. Good for me, but not something everyone would like. Dual shouted vocals (all three members are credited with vocals) keep the delivery forceful and antagonistic, and the crazy guitar work keeps everything screaming forward. I'd like more than the four songs here, but y'know... when it's top quality, four is better going without. (TM)
(Straight Up, no address, JAPAN)

EVERYTHING MUST GO - "Apocalipstick" CD

The raw-throated singer for this Oakland band evokes STIV BATORS quite a bit and the guitarist whips out rocking metallic KO (but thankfully non-metal) leads all over the place. The DWARVES and the DEAD BOYS are obvious touchstones, but EVERYTHING MUST GO doesn't sound derivative. The band's tough cover of "What Love Is" fits right in with original tunes like "Don't Touch My Glue Bag" and "Play With Knives." The decadent live rock energy and sick guitar playing clinch it for me. (JG)
(Dead Teenager, PO Box 470153, San Francisco, CA 94147)

EXCELSIOR - "Can We Get Some Satisfaction Up in This Piece?" CD Whoa, Jesus. Those opening power chords took me by surprise, along with the lurching metal-god guitar, the sort of churning sense of doom that the music inspires. This is Big Ugly Rock of the MONSTER MAGNET-slash-RAGING SLAB-slash-*Lord of the Rings* mold, with lots of flexing muscles and hair (probably) flying in the gentle breeze. I can't work up my enthusiasm for such things, sadly. (JH)
(Buddy System, 302 Bedford Ave. #284, Brooklyn, NY 11211, thebuddysystem.com)

FACE OF CHANGE - "Live For Today" CD

A few months back, I reviewed the "1990 Demo" double EP on 625 and enjoyed it for its rawness and genuine old-school (ala 7 SECONDS) influence. I had previously heard other, more recent recordings, and was a bit disappointed with all the "new-school" they were adding to the mix. With this release, FACE OF CHANGE takes a step back to stuff a little more similar to the double EP. They still have the breakdowns that the more recent stuff had, but on the whole they revert to a faster brand of hardcore even reminding me at times of earlier DAG NASTY. FACE OF CHANGE has been around for a while (over ten years), and that's pretty respectable (especially in this genre, which seems to go in and out of vogue every couple years here in the US). I would say you owe it to them to check this out, but fuck, you should check this out just for the sake of it being a good release. (SP)
(Real Life, reallife@netfarm.ne.jp, straightup-rec.com)

FALLAS DEL SISTEMA - "Mercenarios de la Muerte" EP

DIY Anarcho-punk project from Mexico. Songs in Spanish about anarchy and fascism done in a mid tempo fashion. Good for those who like to see what anarcho-punks from around the world are up to. (SR)
(Desobediencia, PO Box 126, Seguin, TX 78156, fallas_punk@yahoo.com)

FILTH - "Live the Chaos" EP

Everybody should know FILTH. I could maybe get away with comparing them to NEGATIVE APPROACH. I would kind of feel like an idiot trying to give you an idea of what FILTH was "all about," seeing that i was six years old when this record originally came out. I like FILTH because, while their philosophy seemed to be "get drunk and fuck shit up", the lyrics and the music of FILTH far exceed those of hundreds of other bands who draw from the same influences. If they were around today, I'm sure I would go see them all the time. This is a great introduction to a great and legendary band. (WT)
(Life is Abuse, PO Box 20524, Oakland, CA 94620 lifeisabuse.com)

FLAMING SIDEBURNS - "Street Survivor/Let Me Go"

Finnish retro band doing that garage thing and doing right by me! These Finns do know what they're doing with this genre and this 45 ain't no exception. A side is a pretty jumping garage skank with a big beat and the groovy guitar solo. Its all maracas and farfisas and shit, yep it rocks. B side is more heavier in an MC5 way, way happening too. From the evidence here, these guys can do know wrong. (JY)
(Bad Afro, badafro.dk)

FROM ASHES RISE - "Silence" LP

The fucking kings are back with another 11 songs of fury. Guitars that will rip your throat out and then serenade you at your funeral, drums that are nothing short of thunder, and vocals that strain and crack with intensity. There's anger and passion in every groove on this record and you can fucking feel it when you listen. Other bands are heavy, perhaps even heavier (though I doubt it), but listening to a downtuned E string chugging endlessly along does not a good record make, while FROM ASHES RISE have the ability to write absolutely crushing music that still manges to be beautiful. *Silence* is way more than just another hardcore record. (WN)
(Witch Hunt c/o Ebullition, PO Box 680, Goleta, CA, 93116)

FUN PEOPLE - "Angustia, No, No"

What a perplexing, interesting CD. Back when I was reading *Rational Inquirer* this band was constantly hyped for their unique sound and diversity. I figured it was some sort of cheesy variety act, but it's been a long time since I've heard a band with such original sounds like this that were able to evoke what I'm feeling now. It sounds corny, but I wish I knew how to write about this music as well as they can play it. Lots of intense and unexpected tempo changes and superb, expressive vocals. They change styles so frequently on this disc that it's impossible to get bored. (RD)
(Ugly, CC 2975, 1000, Buenos Aires, ARGENTINA)

FUTURO INCIERTO - "Confetti" CD

This is my first taste of Puruvian punk rock... hmmm it's not bad but it's not my style either. It's got too much double bass drumming and a little too much of a hard core skate feel. It's very emotional and they play like they are very passionate about their music, it's just not my things. (BM)
(Zambakanuta, PO Box 11-028 Lima 11, PERU)

GENERATION X - "Live In Osaka / Japan 1979" LP

Fourteen songs that sound like they were recorded in someone's bathroom. You can only hear vocals and guitar. This is really poor quality and definitely not worth it for the songs. It might be okay on your wall or something but other than that.... (DL)
(Hit & Run, no address)

GHOULIES - "Hangin' On/Step Forward"

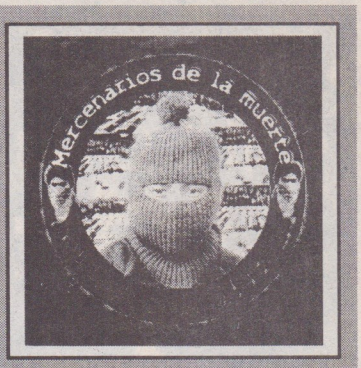
Punk rock in the vein of ZEKE and many other similar bands. Bands that "just rock" like this kinda bore me with their generic sound. Maybe I need a little more than just fast furious rock-'n'roll by the numbers. (RL)
(Beluga, Box 8158, 10420 Stockholm, SWEDEN, beluga@wineasy.se)

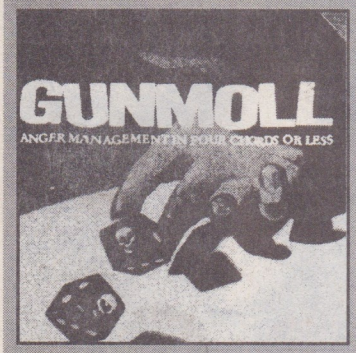
GIFT & GALLE - "Schall & Rauch" EP

This German Skinhead Oi! band has some great brute power delivered with a Hammer! These songs from February 1999 are faster tempo Oi! tunes, with super guttural tough vocals and really good metal-guitar ammunition. The dual bomb blasts from the bass player and the drummer are skull crushing! All the lyrics are sung in German. You do not get an English translation inside. The German language certainly does lend itself to this kind of deep, threatening Oi! street vocals. A very good record—five consistently hard Oi! tunes for you skins and punks! (BR)
(Oi! Hammer, Postfach 2303, 59013 Hamm, GERMANY)

THE GIZMOS - "1976: The Rockabilly Yobs Sessions" LP

Do you have any tapes of a band that you were one of the few people who thought they were fantastic? They never released a record so you have some shitty sounding tape you recorded of them at a party and every once in a while to relive their live shows you play it. Then your roommate comes in the room and wonders what the fuck you are listening and complains about the bad quality for so long you turn it off 'cos you are sick of listening to him. I have a bunch of them. This album reminds me of that. Poorly recorded songs by two of THE GIZMOS (technically the band is called THE ROCKABILLY YOBS) going for a trashy, early '70s Detroit garage style. It's sloppy





and kind of hard to listen to, but I can tell there was probably something there. If only I had seen them live. (CK)
(Hate, Circ.ne Gianicolesnse 112, 00152 Roma Italy, haters@tiscalinet.it)

GLASSEATER - "7YearsBadLuck" CD

Meh...first I heard CONVERGE vocals, but now it sounds like BAD RELIGION combined with THIRD EYE BLIND or BLINK 182 or THE GET UP KIDS. There's a little too much pop emo present here for my taste. They've got some breakdowns which would make up for the slightly whiny vocals, but they didn't do them quite right. I can see that lots of kids would like this band, but i can't do it. There's almost no edge to it. Shit like "here's my heart just take it. i don't need it anymore." These guys will strike a chord with the Warped Tour crew, but they don't do it for me. (WT)
(Fearless, 13772 Goldenwest #545, Westminster, CA 92683)

GOOD CLEAN FUN - "Straight Outta Hardcore" CD

You know when I heard GOOD CLEAN FUN the very first time I thought they were an amazing band. Their witty lyrics and cover art combined with really good straightedge hardcore music just blew me away. Unfortunately, in many ways they have become what they mocked in the beginning. (You should read WN's other review of them in this issue for further explanation). In addition, as I read through the cover I noticed they listed the company that does their "Legal Representation." I can only hope that it is a joke. You know to quote the GORILLA BISCUITS, all I can say is "So I say, hats off to bands that change. Good luck, go your own way. Why play for us, if your heart's not in it? Cause what seems dumb to you is pounding in my heart." (RC)
(Phyte, PO Box 90363, Washington, DC 20090)

GOOD CLEAN FUN - "Live In Springfield" LP

Nine months of near constant touring, 185 shows in 25 countries...and this is the live record to document the whole thing. The statistics are impressive, but then again, how much respect can you give to a band who tours Europe with a guarantee (to give dollar figures would be improper, as I was not there, but it was in the several hundred range, and was doubled on the weekends), or a band that would rather play shows at rock club with the same Victory Records schlock they criticize instead of a show in a smelly DIY venue full of kids who care more about having fun than they do about how their hair looks? When Issa announces to the crowd that they are recording a live record, and he wants everyone to go extra crazy, it was all I could do to not take the record off before the first side was half over. The recording quality is OK, and the 3-D cover is a nice touch, but this record is about as essential as the Christmas split they did a few months back, which is to say not at all. When GOOD CLEAN FUN was a joke, they were funny, but it seems they have started to turn into exactly what they made fun of, generic boring straight edge boys who want to fly the DIY flag, but can't be bothered to give a damn about anyone but themselves. Crap. (WN)
(Phyte, PO Box 90363, Washington, DC 20090)

GUNMOLL - "Anger Management in Four Chords or Less" CD

I guess you can always expect a good *quality* release from the folks over at No Idea. Lately though, it seems that as the releases become more frequent and new bands composed of an abundance of ex-members are popping up everywhere, the new records are losing something. I don't quite know what it is, but they just don't seem as *classic* and *essential*. All that rambling aside, I was relatively pleased with this release. Although it is obvious to me that GUNMOLL owe a huge debt of gratitude to LEATHERFACE (sometimes a little too much gratitude) and JAWBREAKER, they do those bands an incredible amount of justice and, on the whole, showcase some really good songwriting. Needless to say, there are more than a few bands who pick up on those influences these days, so I guess that's something for consideration, but if I had to pick the best ones around today, GUNMOLL would probably be in that list. (SP)
($8 ppd: No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, Florida 32604, noidearecords.com)

HAISHA - "True Love Never Dies" EP

Two piece grindcore band - funny that you could guess that it was a two piece before looking at the liner notes. Decent stuff - sounds more like a practice than a proper recording - it's somewhat raw and the pace tends to sound somewhat monotone. For all of their posturing about how crazy they are, this doesn't really come off as being anything extraordinary. Decent, but nothing that hasn't been eclipsed plenty of times. (TM)
(Rescued From Life, c/o Clay Newell, 6208 McCullar, Haltom City, TX, 76117)

HARDSHIP – "Comprehension Crash Course" CD

Supposedly this Portland band is ex- STARVED & DELIRIOUS. They punch out 13 songs of hard-nosed mid-tempo punk rock. Growling vocals round take charge on this straight-up no-bullshit release. While I found it to be a bit generic, it isn't bad by any stretch of the imagination. (RC)
(Hardship, 3817 S.E. Liebe Street, Portland, OR 97202; hardship@soon.com)

HIGH SCHOOL DROPOUTS - "Rock'N'Roll Final Exam" EP

Hey this band sounds like SCREECHING WEASEL! ...And so do half a million other bands. I know I'm usually a little nicer to foreign bands but I've decided to cancel my affirmative action stance on record reviewing. I'm not drunk enough to get into this. Sorry kids. (BM)
(Daytime Dilemma. via Bardontoli 327/a-53010 S. Rocco a p. (SI) ITALY)

HISSYFITS – "Letters From Frank" CD

Finally the long awaited debut full length from this New York all-gal trio! Along the ways of their previous singles with its charming blend of punky pop and indie pop. Sounding at times like SLANT 6 or even MOCKET, and on the more pop stuff sounding like TIGER TRAP. A strong full-length that will rock the world of many a pop fan for sure. (RL)
(Top Quality Rock And Roll, PO Box 1110, Southgate, MI 48195, hissyfits@hotmail.com.)

HOLDING ON - "Just Another Day" LP

Stick around punk rock long enough and the most unbelievable things can happen. Behold, I agree with something that Felix Havoc put to paper! HOLDING ON have sped up and gotten more aggressive with each new release. Calling them "youth crew" doesn't really seem that fair, however. The crunching breakdowns and dogpile sing-a-longs are only a part of HOLDING ON's solid punk sound. The bass sound is nasty, but has the fun vibe that had me wanting to pull out a CRIMPSHRINE EP. Really. The vocals rule because they avoid flat, atonal, barks while being delivered from the gut. When record collections across the land are getting the spring cleaning treatment two to three years from now, this LP won't be paying for any burritos. Look, a Mike Thorn style review, I've mentioned that popular bean, rice and tortilla treat! (TH)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, havocrex.com)

HOT HOT HEAT - "Keep My Name Out of Your Mouth" EP

This is really edgy punk rock with keyboards, which are so in style these days. I like some of the keyboard interludes but sometimes the notes that the bass and guitar were playing were too emo for my tastes. It sort of reminds me of MURDER CITY DEVILS a little bit but not really the vocal style. (JT)
(Monoton, 44139 Dortmund, GERMANY)

HOT ROD HONEYS - "Kill Me Now!" LP

These bad boys of Belgium (it's actually been a while since they could be legitimately called "boys," but I'm a sucker for alliterative description) took time out from their hobbies of defacing the Atomium and making prank calls on Jean Claude Van Damme to blast out another album's worth of lean elan (I'm also partial to anagrams) . I'm not sure that covering THE MISFITS' "Attitude" was such a great idea, but it turns out to be not too bad an idea either. The originals are all fine, though—especially interesting is "Suck," which reinvents the DAVID SEVILLE B-side intro with interjective commentary as punk rock A-side closer. (DD)
($11 ppd. from Demolition Derby, PB 4005, 2800 Mechelen 4, BELGIUM, demderby@pi.be)

THE ICARUS LINE - "Mono" CD

If this had come out when old man Yohannon was still captain of the ship I doubt it would've made it as far as the reviewers bins. Hey, that's not necessarily a bad thing, I'm just saying...This explores the same dark, twisted territory that DRIVE LIKE JEHU pioneered. In fact, on first listen I swear I had to check the liner notes to make sure this wasn't some JEHU people doing a new thing. More info? Think tight and angular strung out prog-punk. It does tend to go on a bit, but don't let that turn you off just yet. If you give this the attention it demands, it'll pay off as intensely compelling listening, that gets better with repeated plays. I always applaud bands who push against the tight constraints of punk orthodoxy. Just be warned: this is music that'll really polarize people. It's not gonna leave many people on the fence. With it's creative production, twin guitar gymnastic attack, and vocals pulled up from the gut THE ICARUS LINE won me over in the end. Check them out if you're not afraid to stretch your head. Tell 'em I sent you. (BG)
(Crank, 1223 Wilshire Blvd. #823, Santa Monica 90403)

I GOBBI - "Solo Shake Ricordami" EP

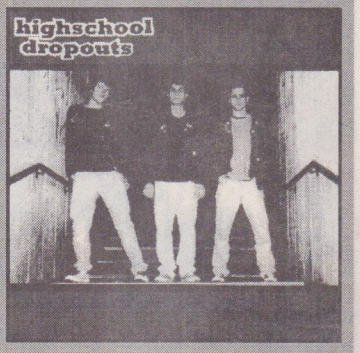
Swell Sixties type go-go, including Italian readings of the KINKS and the REMAINS, as well as a good rendition of "Riccordami," which the MUMMIES put to such good use by ripping it off for "Die!" (they've got me stumped offhand with the source of "Solo Shake"—mayhaps it's an original? At any rate, it's a good 'un, too). (DD)
(Psychout, Piazza 1 Maggio, 44, 72017 Ostuni, ITALY, igobbi@yahoo.it)

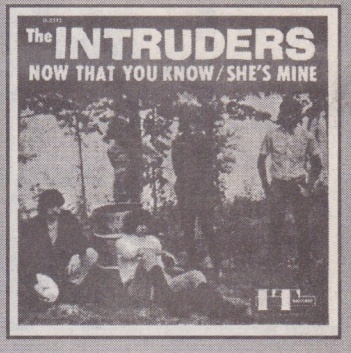
INQUISITION - "Revolution, I Think It's Called Inspiration" LP

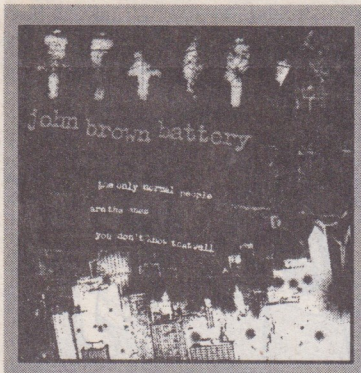
These guys broke up about 5 years ago, and the insert that chronicles their career is pretty funny. I hate to pigeonhole such clearly talented/bright-eyed/bushy-tailed etc. musicians, but this whole package is pretty derivative. It's got the *Linoleum*-era NOFX guitar leads and wandering, nimble bass lines of RANCID and OPERATION IVY. Mix that with the lyrical approach of a band like ANN BERETTA and you've got energy and spunk, but hardly required listening. On clear vinyl limited to 500. (RD)
(Seven Lucky Records, PO Box 9546, Denver, CO 80209)

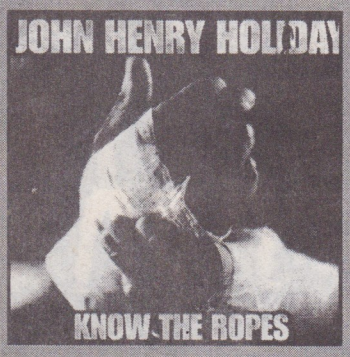
INTENSITY – "The Ruins of our Future" LP

Slow and heavy grindcore - wait a minute...wrong speed, let's start again. Fast and angry hardcore from Sweden and Denmark. Sixteen tracks in English and Swedish *and* Spanish (the singer being from Uruguay...just to confuse matters more) including a CITIZENS ARREST cover. INTENSITY are (funnily enough) pretty intense, there's plenty of intensity out there already, what puts INTENSITY ahead of the pack is that they mix in enough hooks and catches with the power to keep me interested. Lyrics deal with racism (actually, being on the receiving end of racism with-









in the supposedly ideologically pure punk scene) and anti-work/conformity/authority, pro-ecology themes. Is it just me or has hardcore got good again? Not too fast, not too heavy, not at all metal - just right! (AD)
(P.F.C. c/o Rodrigo Alfaro, Box 7092, S - 200 42 Mälmo, SWEDEN, putridfilth@bigfoot.com)

INTIMATE FAGS - LP

The band is Japanese, the lyrics an interesting variant of English, and the sound a little cleaner than your average "Rip Off Record." The album itself is a consistent group of tunes in the genre of pissed-off punk—not a thick distortion-fest like the REGISTRATORS, but the song structures are similar even if the production is more basic. As to the band's name—well, a song like "Favorite Girl" seems to indicate that there's a bit more to this band than it's name. (SS)
(Rip Off, 581 Maple Ave, San Bruno, CA 94066)

THE INTRUDERS - "Now That You Know/She's Mine" 7"

I'm not really sure what other '60s garage purveyors look for in a lost underground release like this one. As for me, I like lots of raw fuzz tones, a good snarl, maybe some rusty razor hooks and a locomotive beat. Well, this one doesn't quite cut it on most of those terms. It does boast a nice fat distorted lead on the A side. Unfortunately, the B side is a simple-minded BYRDS style ballad that is far too under baked. Overall, the music rocks in a ramshackle way, but the vocals are instantly forgettable, and just this side of bland. Ah, the kids are just alright. (BG)
(MCCM, 711 W Main, Peoria, ILL 61606)

JERKS – "We Hate You" CD

A collection of three live shows from these UK boys best known for "Get Your Woofing Dog Off Me" from 1978. The set from 1997 is a throwaway because who wants a live reunion set? The other two sets from 1978 and 1979 are of interest since they include unreleased songs. Get the reissue of studio recordings first and then consider this if you go nuts. (RL)
(Overground, PO Box 1NW, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE99 1NW, UK)

JERSEY – "Definition" CD

Anthemic punk from...Jersey I guess. I was expecting melodic hardcore from the graphics and the DAG NASTY cover but this is more like ANN BERETTA/ SIXER, and the EXPLOSION, kind of a glammy '77, street *(albeit a street in a nice neighborhood)* punk. I got it! BOMBSHELL ROCKS, that's who this sounds like! What do I win? What do I win? (AD)
(Fueled By Ramen, PO Box 12563, Gainesville, FL 32604)

JOHN BROWN BATTERY - "The Only Normal People are the Ones You Don't Know That Well" CD

JBB play a mix of JAWBREAKER and that wimpy, yet often catchy, shit that people like to pass for emo these days. Or wait, JBB plays a poppier version of HOT WATER MUSIC. See, there's so many ways to describe this stuff now a days. Raspy vocals, lots of octaves and double time strumming, catchy yet full bass lines and steady drumming make for five catchy songs. The kids probably eat this shit up. (PA)
(Kill you for a Dollar, P.O. Box 68015, Grand Rapids, MI 49516-8015, killyouforadollar.com)

JOHNNY COCK AND THE NUTS - "Moldy Bread" CD

This is absolutely the most vile piece of shit I've ever reviewed. And not in a way that makes you want to listen to it because it's so over the top. It's just stupid. Starting off, the music is just terrible. I mean, imagine the worst high school punk rock band you've ever seen, led by a bunch of thirty year old men. The lyrics, on the other hand, are amazing. In "Himee" a wild butt rock anthem, singer Goetz rhymes "...makes life a drag, You're all a bunch of fags!". In "No Mans Land," he sings about a woman that no man should ever have to have sex with because she smells bad and has AIDS. "Draft Dodger" is an inspiring pro-military song. I could go on and tear apart every song on here, but there are so many! I hope nobody ever has to see this band live, but if you do, please slash their tires for me. I'm totally serious. (WT)
(Bitch Slap, PO Box 952, Grover Beach, CA 93483)

JOHN HENRY HOLIDAY - "Know the Ropes" CD

Four song CD from this SoCal band who (as the sticker on the CD states) features Dan O'Mahoney from NO FOR AN ANSWER and CARRY NATION on vocals. Cool to see Dan doing something again - I may not have always agreed with Dan when he lived up here, but he always seemed totally genuine about the things he was doing. All four songs clock it at less than seven minutes, so hopefully this will be priced accordingly. It's decent enough - quick pace, Dan's forceful vocal delivery, pictures of Muhammad Ali (good by me!). I appreciate that they use the word 'fuck' in every song, but I'm not sure that's something I could explain. A band worth watching. (TM)
(Livewire Records, PO Box 239, Seal Beach, CA 90740-0239, livewire-records.com)

KILL YOUR IDOLS - "Funeral for a Feeling" LP

Here's a new record by KILL YOUR IDOLS that sounds pretty much the same as their last two. The songs are a bit tighter and the recording is cleaner but the music is still your basic mix of different styles of 80's hardcore ranging from New York though guy to early D.C. straightedge to the Los Angeles of Black Flag, The Circle Jerks and so on. The straight ahead drums, guitar and bass

with low pitched yelling and predictable back up vocals all start to sound the same by the time track 17 comes around. Who really cares what kind of clothes and shoes you wear? (PA)
(Side One Dummy, 6201 Sunset Blvd, Suite 211, Hollywood, CA 90028, sideonedummy.com)

THE KILLING FLAME - "The Dream Dies" CD

Well produced hardcore with melody, not the so called melodic hardcore. The vocals are a mix of screaming and slightly whinny singing. The guitars are all very high end which works well for the lead parts but leaves the parts that are supposed to be heavy sounding rather weak. The drums are fast and pretty strait forward. The songs in general are played well but the music is pretty normal. Marx was pretty far off because there was no successful socialist revolution in the most highly industrialized nations and the socialist revolutions that did occur came nothing near his view of the ultimate goal of communism. (PA)
(Livewire, P.O. Box 239, Seal Beach, CA 90740-0239, livewire-records.com)

KONTONTION - "Breed Into Nothing" EP

This is just bru-*tal* ! I almost feel like an army of bulldozers are mowing my lawn outside or something. Super-tight blast-beat craziness with totally crushing guitars and this distorted bass that just sounds insanely good. As with any good band of the crushing caliber, the drummer has to rule. As is the case here, with the precise blasts almost reminding me of BRUTAL TRUTH (save the triggers). I'm usually not a fan of the low-end vocals, but these I really like - being balanced nicely and not too redundant. This is very good, I'll just leave it at that. (SP)
($3 ppd: Room 101, 24 Three Rod Rd., Windsor, CT 06095, room101recs@hotmail.com)

KUNG FU RICK - "Statues To Stones, Soldiers To Bones" EP

You know, with a name like KUNG FU RICK you better come to rock me. Unfortunately, KUNG FU RICK comes off more like Gymkata than Enter The Dragon. Lyrically, this record is alright, but it's just the music doesn't move me. It's just more of the same old generic heavy guitar fast hardcore that seems to be played without any real emotion. Also it sucks when you have good lyrics, but you can't understand a single one of them. (JF)
(Gloom, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212)

KWIK WAY - "Box Set" CD

Pre-Gilman East Bay stuff from a sarcastic, schizophrenic, spazzed out, versatile band. The singer reminds me of Jello, Keith Morris and Cliff Hanger all in the same tune! The Music's just as versatile sometimes sounding like VICTIM'S FAMILY or the DAYGLO ABORTIONS. This 17 song CD apparently includes nine tracks off their LP I haven't had the pleasure of seeing or hearing. A fine disc. (HM)
(Foodstamp, PO Box 21422, Oakland, CA 94620, foodstamprecords.com)

LES PHOTONICS - "Introducing the Phonoboic Sound of..." EP

Despite appearances to the contrary, LES PHOTONICS don't hail from France, the industrial wastes of South San Francisco, or some long-abandoned lunar colony...no, they're Italian by birth and Alien by the grace of God. Three punch-drunk tracks here ("La Danse Mauvaise," "Six-Inch Girl," and "Victim of My Age") that show a marked influence of grade-Z science fiction films, North American '60s-styled garage rock, and far too many hours spent in the sun without adequate headgear. I like 'em, but then again, I like a lot of naff records. (JH)
(Psych-Out, Piazza l'Maggio, 44, 72017, Ostuni, ITALY, photonics@superva.it)

LIMECELL - "If We Can't Rock It's War" CD

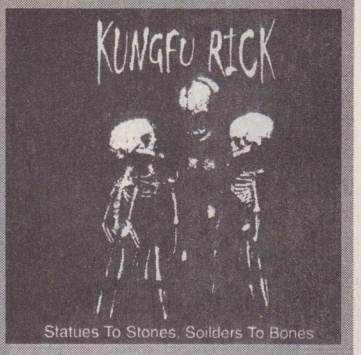
First, I must apologize to LIMECELL that I didn't make the trip to see them when they recently abused and assaulted the Bay Area on their first West Coast tour. Not that anyone noticed if I was there but Bruce. Sorry. Just don't enjoy going to work with a hangover like I used to. New record rocks as always (has a hidden track on it too) and LIMECELL continues to tear shit up! (RY)
(Steel Cage Records, PO Box 29247 Philadelphia, PA 19125)

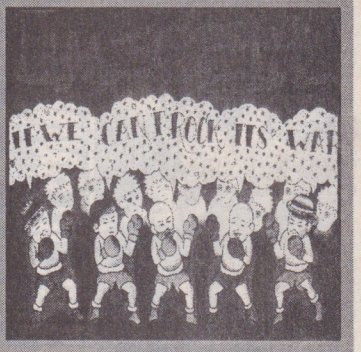
LIMECELL - "To Evil" CD

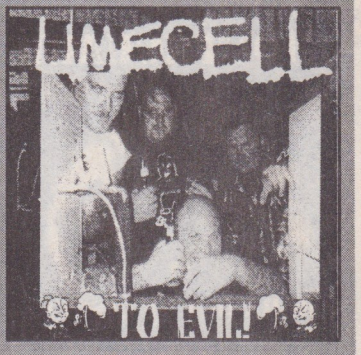
Never been to a LIMECELL show? Well here's your chance to hear one with 25 raucous songs filled with mayhem. LIMECELL are big, loud, rowdy and drunk. What can I say? This is about as in your face blood n' guts rock n' roll as you can get. Buy or die. (DL)
(Steel Cage Records, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19152)

LO-LITE - "Comics" LP

Good to see Sticker Guy Pete's 702 label expanding into the Euro garage scene, since it seems that's where a fair shake of the action is these days (not to forget Montreal and Toronto!) Holland's LO-LITE dishes out some wild and raw blues-influenced trash with wicked HOUND DOG TAYLOR-styled electric slide all over the place. There's a touch or three of OBLIVIANS gospel trash, some GIBSON BROS. chugging, and even a dash of '72 STONES junkie roll. Combined with virtually no BLUES EXPLOSION influence, this sounds pretty damn righteous. And the band's sound is so full I listened to the whole album before I realized LO-LITE is a duo! Recommended. (JG)
(702, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504)







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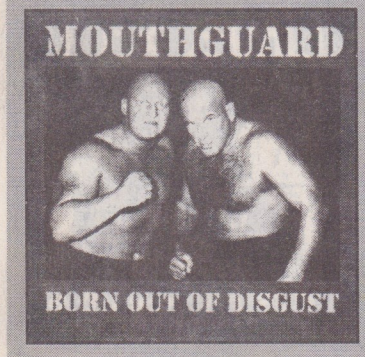

LOS HUEVOS - "Stick "Em Up" EP

Oh yes. As I am writing this, I am alone at *MRR* headquarters. It's completely deserted. I think it's the first time I've ever been the only one here. The nice part of that is I can play this record over and over at the perfect volume- REALLY LOUD. This sounds absolutely fantastic. LOS HUEVOS have tragically broken up and here are the last four songs ever. Fast, short and trashy punk rock. Everything you need in a record. If you're like me, you already have all the other records so you know you need this. If this is the first you've heard of them, get off your ass and buy a good record for a change. Fuck my other reviews, I am going to play this all night long. (CK)
(Dragnet, 3519 SW Elmgrove St, Seattle, WA 98156, $3 ppd.)

THE MANIFOLDS - LP

The promo sheet that came with this touted their rock/blues brand of music, but I'm not hearing it. It's coming through as plodding, aimless rock with solos and a vocalist that sounds like LE SHOK's singer, and it doesn't work well. It says they played with ICARUS LINE and the BLOOD BROTHERS, which makes more sense. Steve Albini would be proud, though - the vinyl is ridiculously thick. He would, unfortunately, be disappointed by the muddy production. Check this band out live, and if you dig it, then pick this up. Otherwise, you can afford to miss this. (RD)
(Needles and Pins, 338 Roosevelt, Pomona, CA 91767)

THE MATICS – "Ignition" CD

I can't believe Ray didn't keep this for himself, this is super sounding melodic punk with tons of harmony, energy, and emotion. The guys got a great voice and the band just pull all the right strings and play all the right chords. It has what Sammy Hagar calls the "chill factor", that is to say it has the power to raise the hair on your arms and send tingles up your spine. I could be wrong (I usually am) but I smell a NAKED RAYGUN connection here due to the label name, the fact that they're from Illinois, Steve Albini's involvement, and the obvious PEGBOY influence. In fact this has Illinois written all over it as you could also compare these guys to the mighty SCREECHING WEASEL. I know I'm just going to like this more and more the more I listen to it too. (I wasn't wrong about NAKED RAYGUN, there's a certain Mr. Pezzati on the thanks list.) Fucking brilliant, this is like the follow up to "Strong Reaction" that never really came. Album of the year. Buy, buy, buy! (AD)
(Jettison Music, 6008 S.Harlem Avenue, Summit, IL 69501 [Small print! check website!] jettison-music.com)

MAURICE'S LITTLE BASTARDS/THE PANTOPHOBICS - "Rock and Roll Will Never Diet Soda" split CD

I just reviewed THE LITTLE BASTARDS' split EP with THE SHUTUPS last month, and now I get their split CD! Yeah, the songs are a bit slower, but they have catchy hooks and tasty licks. What's troubling is that the BASTARDS lost their mohawks and spazzy energy that were so good on their "Rampage" EP. The PANTOPHOBICS' create a beautifully eerie image with a minute long organ riddled number called "Dead Man". "Social Squirrel" follows it up and sounds like a mellower "Great White Buffalo" by TED NUGENT. That's the best the PHOBICS have to offer me. Unfortunately for my ears, half of their songs are moody, acoustic indulgences. (HM)
(Animal Head, MLB: 7709 Fletcher Bay Rd, Bainbridge Island, WA 98110, mp3.com/maurices-bastards, Pantophobics: 6614 Wing Point Rd, Bainbridge Island, WA 98110, wallyfurl@hotmail.com)

MEANING OF LIFE - "We Trust Our Insight" CD

Why do I have a feeling this Japanese band would have felt right at home in the early to mid '90s hardcore scene? Not the scene of BORN AGAINST or RORSCHACH, but the one produced by such labels as New Age, Onion, and Network Sound. You know, chunky guitars, passionate vocals, and a style that mixed late '80s New York with emo parts that were none to complicated. Overall MEANING OF LIFE do their thing solidly, it just isn't really my thing. (JF)
(Straight Up)

MELT BANANA/THREE STUDIES FOR A CRUCIFIXION - Split 8"

Well if you haven't heard MELT BANANA by now then you really should check them out. Super technical music with wild squeaky vocals that zip and zag all over the map. As always they rage through totally complex songs that seem like they are going to split at the seams at any second. Yet they pull it all together and bend your mind. THREE STUDIES weigh down the other side of this split with lurching grind. Hyper active drumming and pounding riffs take charge as the the vocalist belts out totally twisted lyrics about aliens and spaceships. (RC)
(Passacaglia, PO Box 57, Athens, OH 45701)

THE MIGHTY GORDINIS - "Kiss My Wheels" LP

Wrapped in gearhead racing checkers and stripes plus cliched naked buxom girl in the headlights it's no wonder this band proclaim's to be "nitro injected rock n'roll" or have a "top fuel sound". Alright I can dig. I give points for enthusiasm this over the top, especially since the Belgian accented lyrics to "Let's Party All Night" and "Next Stop: Pussyville" are killing me...fucking hilarious and garage-a-rific. What a joyride. (DL)
(Demolition Derby, PB 4005- 2800 Mechelen 4 Belgium)

LOS MOSTRUOS - "Jerk, Jerk, Jerk, Jerk, Jerk" 10"

Really good mid 60's Spanish garage. Lots of twang, some growling, some crooning and whole lot of rocking. An awsome cover of the BEATLES "Baby It's You" reworked to "Nena Eres Tu", plus PAUL REVIER & the RAIDERS' "Please Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood" aka "No Me Dejes Ser Malo". That's right kids gobble this shit up. Get off your pinche culos and dance. Bilar! Bilar! This is an awsome band doing classics en epsanol. It's like your favorite hits con salsa! This is what I imagine my folks listening to when they were my age. F-n awsome. (BM)
(Electro-Harmonix, SPAIN)

MOUTHGUARD - "Born Out Of Disgust" CD

MOUTHGUARD play that combo sound of hardcore and oi similar to WARZONE and AGNOSTIC FRONT. Except while those bands had a macho undercurrent, MOUTHGUARD has a more fun feel to it. Good stuff. (JF)
(Stout, PO Box 8232, Woolloongabba, QLD 4102, AUSTRALIA)

MUD CITY MANGLERS - "Tired Of Losing/How Do You Know" 45

Hope you've all been lucky enough to find a record by these Pennsylvania drunk punks. Their "Heart Full Of Hate" LP is in my top ten for the year. Fast yet not too aggro or unruly, just enough attitude, and plain old fun to listen to. If bands like the REGISTRATORS and CHEAP DATES (R.I.P. respectively), put a wicked grin on your face, because the music grips yer bone, and not some clever lyric, this'll do it for ya all over again. (RY)
(007 Records, 534 East 14th Street #15, NY, NY 10009)

MUSTANG - "Full Moon Crazy" EP

I didn't have high expectations for this; the pic sleeve is one of the weakest I've seen in years. A fire breathing mustang with a pentagram in his ear - throw in the Japanese writing and this had bad metal written all over it. Honestly, if it hadn't been assigned to me, I wouldn't have looked at it twice. And don't get me wrong, I firmly believe that most of the time you *can* judge a book by the cover. This is one of those cases where it doesn't work so well. This rocks in a late '70s, rock-'n'roll/glam/punk sort of way. Guitars, lots of guitars, drums, bass, more guitars, vocals, back-up vocals. Mostly, though, I like the sense of urgency.(KK)
(007 Records, 534 East 14th Street #15, NY, NY 10009)

MUTINY - "Lucifer's Mob" EP

Straight forward sXe youth crew style that reminds me of BROTHERHOOD when they start going fast. It's a nice mix between late '80s youth crew and early 90s heavier acts. This could have been on Conversion in 1990 for sure. When they stick with the faster paced songs, MUTINY really shines. Damn strong debut. (MW)
(Seven Lucky, PO Box 9546, Denver, CO 80209)

NAKED VIOLENCE - "13 Ways" CD

Professional debaucherists from Portland. An attempt to prove an amazing new concept never before heard of in the world of punk rock: that beer, amphetamines, porn, and tattoos make you cool as hell. This is the whole package? Get a fucking soul. Beyond ZEKE and SPEEDDEALER's capacity for the unholy and mindless. Perhaps if they had the skills of those bands, spelling their name out in white powder on a mirror wouldn't seem quite such a retarded photo idea, nah...it would anyway. This smacks of overprivileged suburban kids using somebody's trust fund to put out a record. (RY)
(3128 SE 51st Street, Portland, Oregon 97206)

NAUSEA - "The Punk Terrorist Anthology Vol. 1" CD

How can you describe a band like NAUSEA? I mean they are *the* American crust band. Punk as fuck, slightly metal...Amy's ranting, Al's snarl...man, listening to this brings back so many memories of me sitting in my room in high school, dreaming of the mythical wonderland of the Lower East Side. A place filled with punx, squatters, and artists—all engaged in daily street battles with the fucking pigs in a constant effort to reclaim their lives and their space. A time when tales of squats like ABC NO RIO, C Squat, and the like filled my imagination. Probably one of the most important punk bands ever spawned in the US—and while their stuff has been available for years, this amounts to a greatest hits collection of sorts, which provides a good intro for those of you who were still in diapers when they existed. My *only* complaint (and it's huuuuuge one) is where the fuck are the fucking lyrics!?!?!? The thing that made them inspirational to me was not Vic's sweet guitar licks—but the words ripping at the fabric of the infamous "system." (MT)
(Blacknoise, PO Box 1784, Costa Mesa, CA 92626)

NEW CHRISTS - "Waiting World/Face A New God"

Boot, one upping the original with a glossy sleeve, points taken away for pixelized back photo, pretty good sound, non-blank inner labels - nice. Originally came out in '78 or so on the Green label in a mebbe 500 press, once reissued in the '90s in another edition of 500. Great record, tho' not frothed after by the scum given it's garage bent. A-side is a driving psychedelically drenched garage rocker, Yates vocals are quintessential pebbles. The B is slower mood piece that moves into higher gear midway, with majestic licks and psychedelic overtones. A notch above, tho' not revolutionary, but certainly a must for any fan of the Aussie BIRDMAN sound. (HY)
(Green Records, no address given)

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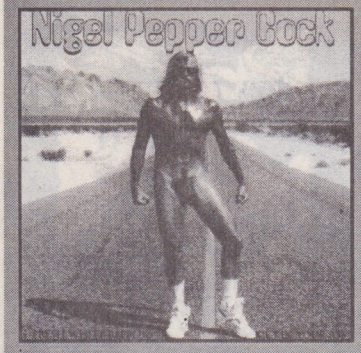
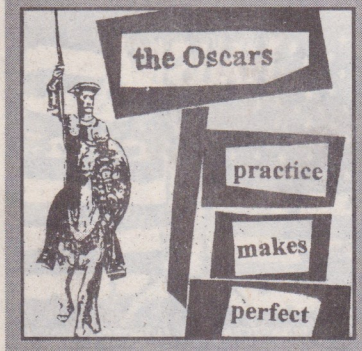




THE NEW CHRISTS - "On Top of Me / Groovy Times"

I love Australian punk rock - RADIO BIRDMAN, NEWS, CELIBATE RIFLES, HARD ONS, VICTIMS. I love it all. As far as I can tell the NEW CHRISTS haven't put out anything new since the late '80s. It's as though they never missed a beat. This really is good shit and not unlike their older stuff. It is not fast, in your face, two minute song punk rock. It is mid-tempo, mellow, deliberate, almost mesmerizing. The only band that they remind me of is MISSION OF BURMA and that's not really fair to either band. I know this will sound silly, but I'm going to say it anyway... This is heavy. (KK)
(Munster, PO Box 18, 107 Madrid, SPAIN)

NIGEL PEPPER COCK - "Fresh White Reebocks Kickin' Your Ass" EP

I can't begin to describe my reaction as the cover of this EP first graced my eyes. I suppose this would be where I would say something funny in reference to that ("stiffy", says Mike Thorn), but I'm not that witty. I only hope that the cover is printed with this review. As for the music, NIGEL PEPPER COCK features members of MEDICATION TIME, but are a bit less dark and utilize a bunch more "mosh-it-up" parts than what I hear on the MEDICATION TIME LP. I guess the best thing about this band, and pretty much the only thing that makes them stand out, is the stark contradiction between aesthetic and music. I have to admit it is pretty hilarious. (SP)
(Life Is Abuse, PO Box 20524, Oakland, CA 94624, lifeisabuse.com)

NULA/E.M.S. - Split LP

NULA who are from Croatia, hold their side of the split down with six tracks of slow to mid-tempo peace/crust punk. Their lyrics are politically charged and sung in their native language. E.M.S. from Austria go pretty much the same route musically, flying their big anarchy sign. Check it out if this is up your alley. (RC)
(Paranoia!, PO Box 70 1013 Vienna, AUSTRIA, paranoiafanzine@yahoo.com)

ORANGE ISLAND - "The Shape of Calling" CD

I could tell by the extremely cheesy, SAVES THE DAY-ish looking photo on the back that I likely would not enjoy this, and well, unlikely as it may be, I was right. There is really nothing about this band worth noting, except for the fact that they sound like a million other forgettable mid-tempo melodic rock/punk bands. Plenty of "emotional" breakdowns with painfully generic vocals singing "goodbye" again and again. What do bands like this aspire to be? I really wonder sometimes. (SP)
(Iodine, 1085 Commonwealth Ave., PMB 318, Boston, MA 02215, iodinerecordings.com)

LES ORDURES IONIQUES - "Sesoulagent" CD

Fairly typical speedy street-punk from Canada—what isn't typical is that they're from Quebec and sing in French. Male and female dual vocals (I like the girl's voice better) and a lot of group chanted choruses which verge almost on yodeling at times. Sounds more European than American (for obvious reasons) and it sounds more happy than it does angry... This is okay, kinda like the TOY DOLLS meet the EXPLOITED. Fourteen songs and not one of them about hockey—what's up with that? (AD)
(Ordures, 552,7e Ave, Vaudrill-Dorlan, J7V 3A6, Quebec, CANADA info@farmer.qc.ca)

OSCARS - "Practice Makes Perfect" CD

...and no practice makes the OSCARS. They're from Memphis, they're wild and brimming with useful exuberance, and they like to make little Xerox collages outta porn magazines. They're also a certifiable walking, talking shambles, at odds with human society and probably themselves. Song titles like "The Big Rollover," "Problem Child Blues," and "A Whore Can Get a Job Anywhere" are useful indicators of their intentions, but it's easiest to call 'em sloppy punk garage and leave it at that. I harbor an appreciation of such things. (JH)
(Bootleg, 629 Monroe Rear, Memphis, TN 38103)

PARTISANS – "So Neat" CD EP

These "No Future" legends are the latest '80s oi band to reform. This CD version contains an extra track compared to the 45. This sounds pretty good considering I haven't listened to this band in years. File this under "not as good as they used to be but still respectable." And no, the bass player who went on to be in TRANSVISION VAMP and BUSH didn't return to his punk roots. (RL)
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114, tkorecords.com)

THE PHOBES/ART SCHOOL - "Split" EP

.....hmmmmm....I'm doing the PHOBES side first and I already think it's pretty lame.....very wimpy pop....totally limp-wristed.....oh god, song number two is.....WEAK!!!!!!!!!!!! .....here, lemme just scratch this side with a nail!!!!!! .....ah, yes....much,better....I don't want the rest of the world to hear this poo poo.....! Now it's time for the ART SCHOOL side.....jeezus, it can't be....it sounds like the SAME FUCKING BAND!!!!!!!....same production, same guitar sound.....same limp-wristedness!!!....oh, I think I finally get it....the fellows in the PROBES are the boyfriends of the guys in ART SCHOOL....now it all makes sense.... (SW)
(Bip Bip, C/Santa Anna, 6 - 3r 1, 08002 Barcelona, SPAIN, bipbip@wanadoo.es)

PINK AND BROWN - "Final Foods" CD

Label's from Oakland, but these guys are total noisy-ass shit, noisy on a Japanese-noise level. Which means total chaos. Relentless guitar pummeling, weird rhythmic figures and guttural nonsensical yelling. Does seem to work in its own twisted way (but that's a record review cliche, no?). Lots of high end here which begins to hurt your ears after a while, but still cogent rock reference points for the easily lost. Looks like its just a guitar player and a drummer. Y'know: MELT BANANA, BOREDOMS, or even DAWSON or the DOG FACED HERMANS. And like a Japanese noise band, they know how to grind a riff down until it starts to have cosmic significance. Bad-assed and kooky.(JY).
(ToYo, PO Box17090 Oakland, CA 94601)

PINK SEXIES - CD

The PINK SEXIES have a sound similar to the STITCHES, but with a real tuned down bass and a singer who at some times sounds like BON SCOTT and other times like the novacaine hasn't quite worn off. A solid pink disc and a cool tri-fold cover make the fact that this is a CD not a disappointment. Check it out. (DP) (PO Box 686, Knoxville, TN 37901, pinksexies@hotmail.com)

PIRX THE PILOT - CD

I was just thinking about these cats whilst driving up to the Maxi-Pad. You see, they're playing with CITIZEN FISH at Gilman tonight, and I wondered whether they would be worth arriving on time to catch. Well, readers, the verdict is a resounding "fuck yeah!" This 5 song CD(EP?) opens with a gloomy, driving sound similar to TSOL and later 45 GRAVE, and quickly takes a turn for an almost NAKED RAYGUN-like anthemic hookiness. Erica's strong, solid vocals add a lot of power to the mix. Keep your eyes on this band. (RD)
(New Disorder, 115 Bartlett St., San Francisco, CA 94110)

PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS - "Fucking Fight" EP

While I confess that I long dismissed this band based solely on their name (superficial, I realize), I was converted when I saw them play this summer. Imagine if JAWBREAKER and SAMI-AM were walking down the street and got the shit kicked out of them by MC5 and the STOOGES, then decided to start a band that totally ruled. This record is certainly on the more melodic side of that spectrum (like they recorded it before Wayne Kramer had finished kicking out their jams...that was a good joke, you get it?), but it still has an abundance of character that sets it aside from your run of the mill emo bands. Recommended highly. (WN)
(Dim Mak, PO Box 14041, Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

POKERS - "Ignite" EP

"Ignite" has a hard rock sound like the HELLACOPTERS, while the B-side has a more garagey sound with farfisa and an OBLIVIANS cover. The whole record has a fuzzy quality that I find endearing. A good record. (DP)
(Weird, 61 London Road, Balderton, Newark, Notts, NG24 3AG, ENGLAND, thepokers.co.uk)

PUPPY VS DYSLEXIA - "Let's Foam" CD

Some songs are catchy, sloppy pop, and others sound like a grounded teenager trapped in his bedroom with nothing but his Casio and his twisted imagination. Don't let the stupid name and stupid cover fool you. Behind it lurks genius. (DP)
(Fuck Me Stupid Mountain Princess, 907 Glenn Court, Owensboro, KY 42301, angelfire.com/punk2/fmsmprc)

RADIO BIRDMAN - "Burn My Eye" EP

Reissue of Australia's 70's punk super group includes 4-songs plus sizzling hit "Burn My Eye" with advertising trailer for a $2 live show. Great quality, find it if you can. (DL)
(No Address)

REAGAN NATIONAL CRASH DIET - "Administration" CD

Silkscreened CD cover, minimal info and text. Noisy, Midwestern fare along the "now-classic" mores of early '90s SUB POP or AM REP stuff straddling trad punk rock. Y'know the stuff: mid tempo pace, loud guitars, monotone spoken-vocals. Pretty cool riffs, even an attempt or two at catchy hooks. Its definitely got the CHROME meets LYNYRD SKYNYRD aesthetic of the Chicago art-noise scene (actually listen to "Highway Thrill Girl", almost takes me back to "Half Machine Lip Moves"). Does the hick-art damage-brain damage balance pretty well. Sounds like these guys and gals have big fun. Does have a certain verve and spirit which I like. (JY)
(RoosterCow, PO Box 578174, Chicago IL 60557)

REAL MCKENZIES - "Loch'd & Loaded" CD

This Canadian band plays the punk with bagpipes and penny whistle. Now that the DROPKICK MURPHYS and SWINGIN' UTTERS do this Irish/Scottish thing in the punk vein, it's not so original. POGUES? But I gotta admit I really like those bagpipes in the mix. I think the next trend should be to mix in a new non-rock instrument in your sound. Bassoon maybe? For now I will enjoy the novelty. (RL)
(Honest Don's, PO Box 192027, San Francisco, CA 94119, honestdons.com)

RED MARTIAN - "Deny Authority" CD

This is very good. Most of the time, It sounds very similar to the poppier stuff 7 SECONDS has done combined with DESCENDANTS. I really like the lyrics which are very "find a way to make a change," but not it a tired way. There's some really cool guitar parts, and everything fits together really well. This sounds very fresh and i would really like to see these guys play live. This album makes me feel like it's summer and I'm young, which is better than anything i can think of. (WT)
(Red Martian, 102-2415 Western Ave., Seattle, WA 98121)

RED REACTION - "Welcome to the Warzone" EP

The intro starts with a very CRO-MAGS style part that perked up my ears...and while they do come back to the heavy breakdowns (a la the MAGS), RED REACTION mix it up with hardcore riffs and mid-paced punk riffs. The lyrics are pissed off to say the least. One chorus screams "bring back the '80s violence".... and while at times I'm a fan of such lyrics about how HC/punk may be a little too cush nowadays, damned if I want to go back to the days of violence I saw at places like the FARM or RUTHIES. That aside, this is the kind of heavy, pissed off HC that I like, although its a little too negative for me to stand behind it 100%. (MW)
(Red Reaction, 20 Vernon St., Holyoke, MA 01040)

REDSHIFT - "Shadowless Citizen" CD

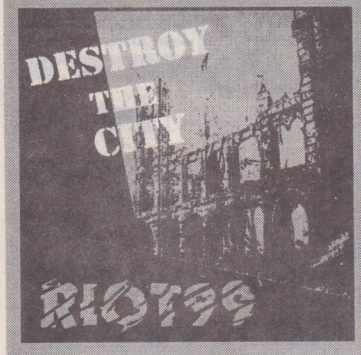
Pretty solid straight ahead hardcore imported from Spain. There are a lot of different things going on vocally, lots of screaming and some singing, then there's some low-end hoarse-sounding stuff. I find the constant variety a little strange and very confusing. At times REDSHIFT reminds me of a lesser LEFT FOR DEAD, but that's when they are at their best. The rest is just...well...(SP)
(Soulforce, MLP, Apartado de Correos 18199 - 28080, Madrid, SPAIN, soulforce-records@soulforce-records.com)

REDUCERS SF - "Crappy Clubs and Smelly Pubs" CD

Fans of old school British punk rock should immediately lay down their fish 'n' chips and grab this album! These guys have been listening closely to their STIFF LITTLE FINGERS and D.O.A. records in between frequent trips to the pub. Nearly every song is a street punk anthem full of shouted yob choruses and great melodic guitar hooks. And the REDUCERS SF retain the catchy pop smarts of their stylistic forefathers, which puts them miles ahead of the rest of the pack. Plus Steve Burgess of COCK SPARRER produced the album for maximum crunch. Get it! (JG)
(TKO, 4104 24th St #103, San Francisco, CA 94114, tkorecords.com)

RESENTMENT - "Light in the Darkness" CD

Extreme-metal core from Japan. Actually, I'm assuming that it's from Japan, since the promotional one sheet that accompanied this was all in Japanese and it's on Sapporo's Straight Up Records. Eight songs of death metal influenced HC that reminds me of early NEXT STEP UP or, for a modern Japanese reference, WITS END. The music is slow, the guitars are down-tuned, and the vocals are death metal style. The production on this is really thick and crisp, so if you're a fan of the style, check this out. (MW)
(Straight Up, no address)



RICKSHAW - "Tender Songs of Love" LP

All I have to say is it's music by bands like TURBONEGRO, HELLACOPTERS, and RICKSHAW that make me want to pack up all my shit and head to the Scandinavian countries and drink their water. (DP)
(Beluga, Box 8158, 10420 Stockholm, SWEDEN, rickshawrockers.com)

RIOT 99 - "Destroy the City" 45

Yes! This punk rock single kicks a whole truckload of ass! These RIOT 99 punks are all about riots, burning things down, making noise, and mass destruction! Read some of these lyrics from "Start a Riot": "I'm sick and tired of this life/ Nothing but trouble and strife/ Let's hear the sound of running feet, guns, drugs, fucking the streets." Howard, Nathalie, Drew, and Ter (ex-GLORYSTOMPERS), play some vicious Canada-meets-England style '80s street punk. You get great passionate lead vocals and harmonies, full fisted guitar blasts, and wild drumming and bass playing. This is a really strong pair of punk anthems and we hope to hear more from these malcontents soon! (BR)
(Riot Records, c/o Taras O., PO Box 462, 31 Adelaide St. E., Toronto, Ontario, M5C 2J5, CANADA, riot99.com)

ROTTEN SOUND/UNHOLY GRAVE - split CD

Excellent stuff. I was thinking recently about how I wish there was more grindcore in the old (i.e. early Earache) tradition - and here it is. ROTTEN SOUND are from Finland and work an original, a TERRORIZER cover and a UNHOLY GRAVE cover into their contribution. The massive production makes a ton of difference - without it, so much of this genre sounds flaccid and uninspiring. Not an issue here - the guitars are stadium huge. UNHOLY GRAVE are the perennial Japanese grindcore band - this documenting their 30th release. Crazy. They return the favor by covering two ROTTEN SOUND songs. Weird. Production isn't quite as massive, which only puts them slightly behind. Their delivery is entirely frantic, as with their previous releases. There's no question about tightness though - some of the breaks are over before you have a chance to notice

them. Crazy stuff from both. (TM)
(MCR, c/o Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington KY, 41017)

RUN FOR YOUR FUCKING LIFE - "Discography" CD

Fuck, sometimes convenience is a good thing. Combining their crushing 12" on Gloom and their raw-as-fuck EP on Hopscotch with two unreleased tracks, RUN FOR YOUR FUCKING LIFE continues on in their second coming of CHRIST ON PARADE intertwined with BORN AGAINST and seething-with-hatred punk fucking rock. I mean, how can you not like a band with song titles like "Trust Is A Good Concept In Theory" or "I Wanna Kick Your Teeth In?" Fucking great ripping hardcore. (MT)
(Gloom, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212)

THE RUTS - "It was cold in Hamburg-Live 1980" LP

A new live release from these old British punks. Although the sound quality isn't very good the energy is pretty high. Includes "Babylon Burning." (JT)
(Hit and Run, no address)

SCIENTISTS - LP

OK whoever's the "in" at the pressing plant please stand up and take a bow, 'cos this boot's the meow. Re-ish of the first LP from these Aussie power popsters later turned swamp rockers catches them squarely in their "Frantic Romantic" stage, the '79-81 period. Kim Salmon croons with a slightly harder SOFT BOYS style edge, James Baker later of the HOODOO GURUS offers up the power pop rock steady. The result is a range between JILTED JOHN/TVP style twee to revved up nuggets like early NERVOUS EATERS, to heaps of bordering-on-classic adolescent power pop-isms that dominate side one. T'ain't really punk but teen angst fodder for your post-adolescent adolescent yearning. Note to DJ-scum: "She Says She Loves Me" makes good segue into the BUZZCOCKS "Say You Don't Love Me". (HY)
(No address given)

SEEIN RED - "Live Ammunition" EP

I have yet to experience seein' SEEIN RED live in the flesh, but I did get a chance to witness a live video of them from a few years back, and let me just say that I was completely blown away. The level of technical chemistry, energy, and sincerity that they put into their performance is just unsurmountable. I was equally impressed by this live EP: The sound quality being quite good, and the selection of songs really capturing the rough greatness of this band (I actually remembered some of the songs from the aforementioned video, and was *super* stoked!). Get this if you can. (SP)
(Ataxie, c/o Arnauld Benoist, 6 Rue des Chapelains, Appt 55, 72000 le Mans, FRANCE)

SELF HATE - "At The Beginning God Created Fear" CD

Fucking insane political grind from Poland. Awesome lyrics in Polish (with English translations) set to light speed metal with awesome mid-tempo ("mid-tempo" is all relative, you understand, it's fast as shit) riffs thrown in to break the monotony. Fast and faster, sounds like a recipe for a ripping record to me. If you like grind, then this is for you, and if you don't, then you should still give it a shot, as it's way better than most or the garbage released in this genre. (WN)
(SelfMadeGod, PO Box 46, 21500 Biala Podl., POLAND)

SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - "Black Blood World" EP

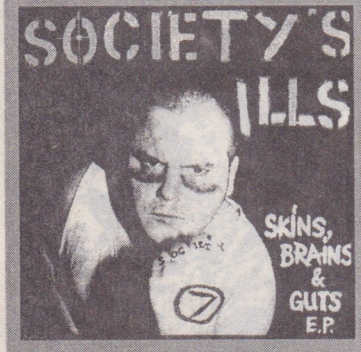
Menacing, disillusioned, and fast fucking record. They would have sat nicely on the bill with TALK IS POISON at a fine Gilman St. afternoon show the other day. This is really fucking good. It's pissed. Apply your "consumer shit logic" and pick this up. (AC)
(Malarie, PO Box 153, 75661 Roznov, CZECH REPUBLIC, malarie@applet.cz)

THE SHIVERING/FUNERAL DINER - split LP

THE SHIVERING take their emo influences strait from the roots with the music and the vocals sounding very much like RIGHTS OF SPRING. Mid tempo songs with very light distortion on the guitar and a bass that is very heavy in the mix. The vocals are raspy and sung for the most part. The sound may not be new but it's done well. The only problem is that the record was not mastered well and it makes it sound a little bass heavy and muddy (you should be able to fix this by adjusting your stereo though). FUNERAL DINER play songs on the heavier end of the emo spectrum and take their influences from the early '90s California scene. The former member of PORTRAITS OF PAST gives a pretty good hint to the style of music. The songs are screamy and heavy with quite, clean guitar picking breaks. Although the music is played well the songs tend to drag at times. (PA)
(Into the Hurricane, P.O. Box 1011, Burlingame, CA 94011, ditchlife@hotmail.com)

SIGNAL 3 - "Kingsley United" CD

Okay, I'm ashamed to say that I have no idea where Kingsley is. I went on the internet and narrowed it down to the Phillipines, Malaysia, or Michigan... Anyway, this is a skinhead band from Kingsley (wherever the hell it is) who play surprisingly good oi with vocals both in...their native tongue (good save) and English. This is better than a lot of the dreary crap that calls itself street punk on these shores. I'm intrigued—I tried everything on the web and still zilch, (I bet there was a lengthy info sheet with this that I never got) maybe they're Hawaiian —yeah that sounds likely, they do sing about the "red, white, and blue" (then again don't most skin bands?) but then they also



sing about being "Third World skins" which Hawaii doesn't qualify as (yet). I don't know, it's still good, a TEMPLARS or REDUCERS SF for the South Seas. You should see them too, (they're *so* cute) they must have spent a fortune on imported British clothing. (AD)
(Miscreant, 5341 Vincent Ave, Los Angeles, CA 90041)

SLACKJAW – "So Why Try Harder" CD

Really bad overproduced pumping rock n' roll with a edge of punk thrown in the mix. And the crooning vocals don't make this musical travesty any better. The cover art is bad, the lyrics are bad...damn this whole thing is just bad (RC)
(Peter Mueller, Gorlitzerstr. 38 10997 Berlin GERMANY; slackjaw.de)

SOCIAL DESCENT -

This is a most unusual project. The record starts with a country punk number, "Rollin," that sounds like Jello Biafra on "Rawhide." Then, SOCIAL DESCENT go into "Big Brother," a guitar-fueled hard punk tune with a message. Side two starts with "The Boys Are Out Tonight" which come perilously close to being a street punk/Oi! song. The last song, "Aus den Augen," is similar to "Big Brother" with a metal-punk edge. The band has good vocals, good harmonies, and an unforgettable picture of a large naked singer/guitarist with his underwear down around his ankles. This is a challenge- hard to pin down musically. (BR)
(Chelseagirl, PO Box 101515, 86005 Augsburg, GERMANY, 69records.de)

SOCIETY'S ILLS - "Skins Brains and Guts" EP

Whoa. Pretty unusual release–hadn't heard about this, but knowing the people involved, seems reasonable that they'd do something like this as a joke. It's a cover of the 7 SECONDS EP of the same name - except the music is performed by Thurston Moore, Mike Watt, Dave Markey and Dez Cadena. It's pretty accurate... and these songs are so raging, they're still a quality listen. Something like 'I Hate Sports' or 'No Authority' are totally invincible - provided you don't play them a Capella or something, they just rage on. Some of the 'trimmings' that they've added (check 'We're Gonna Fight') had me laughing out loud. Great, fun, silly record. (TM)
(Ecstatic Peace, no address)

SOMMERSET - "Fast Cars, Slow Guitars" CD

I dig these New Zealand emo punk guys. Falling in between HOT WATER MUSIC, SAMIAM, and KID DYNAMITE, these guys rock with power and emo guitar overtones. Definitely an up-and-comer in this crowded genre. Basically a great full length with chops, power, tunes, and some bad-ass riffs. (RL)
(Phyte, PO Box 90363, Washington, DC 20090, sommerset_@hotmail.com)

STANDFAST - "Sick and Tired of Trying to Explain" EP

I think I might have reviewed a CD of this band months back, but I really don't remember. I will say that if it was the same band I'm thinking of, this is a big improvement. Surprisingly, I kinda dig this. Usually I'm not one for the chugga-chugga-"emo"-hardcore stuff but STANDFAST pull it off pretty well and throw in a bunch of roughness to separate them from all the overproduced garbage around today. Incredibly decent. (SP)
(Alone, PO Box 3019, Oswego, NY 13126, alonerecords@hotmail.com)

STILL LEFT STANDING - "S/T" CD

It's interesting to hear bans like STILL LEFT STANDING. They seem to incorporate a lot of the Colorado scene in their sound. From CHRISTIE FRONT DRIVE to PINHEAD CIRCUS to even SMALL DOG FRENZY. I hear all of this, as well as some obviously non-CO influences, too. Still, this is a very regional sounding band. That is a compliment, by the way. I like how they successfully mix somewhat gruff vocals with fast, nearly out of control jangly guitar parts. They still sound like a relatively young band, but this is a great start. I definitely want to hear where they go with this stuff. Pretty cool. (BG)
(Seven Lucky, PO Box 9546, Denver, CO 80209)

STRIKE ANYWHERE- "Change Is A Sound" CD

I've read lots of writers lately who argue that revolutionary politics and music are not meant to share bed sheets. Ya know, the ol' preaching to the converted argument, and that when you put the two together either the music suffers or the message gets stupefied down to media-byte size slogans chanted over and over. I've wrestled with these thoughts myself over the years, and I know there are a lot of factors involved, but when it comes right down to it I just remember that my lifestyle and life would not be the same if not for THE CLASH, IAN MACKAYE'S bands, MDC, CRASS, and so on. I could point to folks in other genres just as easily. For instance, FELA KUTI, JAMES BROWN, GIL SCOTT HERON, ROBERT WYATT, STEVE EARLE, and WOODY GUTHRIE to name a few off the top of my head. I know these performers have touched a lot of other peoples lives as well. Their songs challenge and empower. This is an important function, and one well suited for passionate music. And in these early stages of Bush Jr's sick corporate empire, I can't believe there aren't bands playing protest songs on every corner of the USA.

But I'm sure that by this point you are saying to yourself "Brian, cut the bullshit preaching. I just want to know if STRIKE ANYWHERE rock or not. Will there be a place on my backpack for their name?" The short answer is an emphatic YES. Now, here's the slightly longer one. These guys are in fact, another small victory for the good guys. Revolutionary theory married successfully to

punk rock melodic aggression, with hopefully many offspring on the way. Their sound is current, yet heavily rooted in the '80s Hardcore scene, both European and American. Especially the English peace punk bands and American stuff like early 7 SECONDS and DAG NASTY. Throw in some AVAIL and you get an idea of the sound and energy level. They seem to have no time for the false peppiness of pop punk. Instead they stoke and focus their anger (and hope) into a live-wire contraption of fast paced aggro melodicism. A hope bomb set to detonate. They deal with tough issues on a human level, minus the tangle of dogma or heavy-handedness. There are many great raw throated, adrenaline soaked sing a longs that'll stick hard in your head, guaranteed. "Sunset On 32nd" and "Riot of Words" come to mind for this. I wanted to go further into some of the songs themselves, but am afraid poor Mike'll already have a Goddamn conniption over the length of this thing. Let me just say that I think this is one of the most important releases to come out this year. (BG)
(Jade Tree, 2310 Kennwynn Rd, Wilminton, DE 19810)

STRONG COME ONS - "Trailer Sessions" EP

This manic trio named after a great OBLIVIANS song exhibits a lot of the same raw power and garage energy as their Memphis forefathers. "Come With Me" and "Black Hole Baby" are the hits to my ears, but all four songs are pretty killer for fans of trashed-out punk rock'n'roll. (JG)
($4 ppd: Pleasure Unit, 1434 Thomas Ct, Algoma, WI 54201)

SUBHUMANS - "Unfinished Business" EP

Of course this is excellent. These are really old songs from '81 and '84 that were recorded in 1998. Included is a large "family tree" sort of thing connecting tons of punk bands together through various member changes. This is worth getting if you're a fan. (SR)
(Rugger Bugger, PO Box 357, London SE19 1AD, UK)

SUBMISSION HOLD - "Sackcloth and Ashes; The Ostrich Dies on Monday" LP

This politically minded DIY punk band has an indescribable style that deviates from the punk norm. An eclectic mix of musical sounds are used throughout the album including the flute, violin, and drum beats. Varying female/male vocal styles intermingle with the constantly fluctuating tempo and mood of each song throughout the whole album. All songs are translated in French and Spanish in the booklet. A good new album. (SR)
(Ebullition, PO Box 848, Goleta, CA 93116, ebullition.com)

SUBMISSION HOLD - "Sackcloth and Ashes; The Ostrich Dies on Monday" LP

Mark the inclusion of this record in the regular reviews as the moment when a much more cautious eye was cast at the post-punk tidal wave. Arty, tribal, hippy punk, it's all in the fucking crosshairs. I can't understand the popularity or appeal of this band. Feel free to let me know all about the "sincere" lyrics and "right on" politics. It still sounds like the soundtrack to a night around the campfire or an afternoon in the garden. Plus, the word "sugarplum" is in one of the songs. Please. (TH)
(Ebullition, PO Box 848, Goleta, CA 93116, ebullition.com)

TEAR IT UP - "Zero To Suicidal In Five Songs Flat" EP

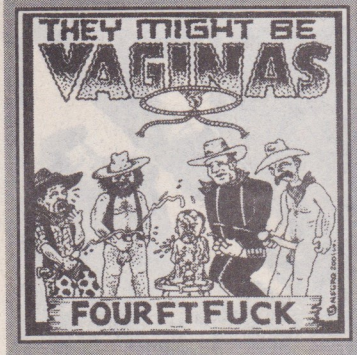
You want this. Powerful, alienated, Thrash Classic™ – the taste you've been missing. Unfortunately, there's only 300 of these one-sided picture discs around. Still, maybe you're better off without it - the broken glass glued to the sleeve will undoubtedly wreak havoc on the other high-dollar records in your collection. You can always pick up one of the myriad other TEAR IT UP releases this month. (AM)
(Uncle Slam!, PO Box 18A534, Los Angeles, CA 90018)

TEAR IT UP/FAST TIMES - split EP

TEAR IT UP is fucking great. They play really tight thrashy hardcore. They're lyrics are sincere and don't make me want to hurl or just give up on hardcore like those of a lot of bands of this genre. They put on a great live show. And they're commentary between songs is right on. It just all works so well, and i can't say enough good stuff about them. FAST TIMES is also really good. They were just a little less impressive live, but the record sounds great. It is also really tight, a little more youth crew style. I know it's not supposed to be an issue, but the fact that their singer is a girl is what puts them over the top for me. It is just so refreshing to see a girl singing in a hardcore band. The vocals are great, plenty of screaming, but she mixes it up a little. I think you get the point. (WT)
(Young Blood, 217 W. Main St., Ephrata, PA 17522)

TEAR IT UP/DOWN IN FLAMES - split EP

The split record of the year so far, in my humble opinion. These two bands are absolutely lighting up the East Coast, and I had the good fortune of getting to see both of them this summer. Amazing. TEAR IT UP deliver five more songs of hate-filled hardcore that absolutely does not let up. Lightning fast thrash, followed by breakdowns that are absolutely pummeling...fucking awesome. DOWN IN FLAMES are of the same mold, and it is so refreshing to hear this kind of fury coming out of kids so young, I know I was pissed when I was sixteen, if only I had had a hardcore band as an outlet (although it would not have been nearly as good as this, too much DEPECHE MODE in my high school life, I'm afraid). Four songs from each band, plus a cover (TIU do DIF, and vice versa). Fuck revivals and all that crap, this is just good fucking hardcore, and these two



bands do it as well, if not better than anyone. (WN)
(Die Hardcore, PO Box 7421, North Arlington, NJ 07031, diehardcore.net)

TEENAGE FRAMES - "Kingsize Frames" EP

Energetic punk-power pop is what this seven inch slab of vinyl kicks up. Actually this stuff reminds me a lot of some of the QUEERS stuff that came out right after "Love Songs for the Retarded", minus the snottiness. (JF)
(Star Time, 285 5th Ave P.M.B. #452, Brooklyn, NY 11215)

THEE ULTRA BIMBOOS - "Jukka Perkelei" EP

Packaged in groovy colored flowers, here you got four good lookin' gals from Hellsinki, Finland taking over where THE BANGLES left off. Lotso fun and addictive power pop girl harmonies, tambourine, and handclaps. Goes down like a chewy pot brownie...mmmm good. (DL)
(Bad Afro, . badafro.dk)

THEY MIGHT BE VAGINAS - "Fourftfuck" EP

I bet this EP sells out because the cover has a cartoon of John Wayne in a cowboy circle jerk onto a dwarf. These offensive Aussies crack me up with their misogynous humor and dwarf jokes. A couple of the VAGINAS' songs remind me of NINE POUND HAMMER or THE LOAD LEVELERS, and a country-ish 'Jewish folk song'(?) that reminds me of that AOD "Theme From An Imaginary Midget Western" tune. A healthy fascination with dwarves must keep this band at the top of their game. (HM)
(Turkeyneck, 1/73 Vulture St, West End Qld 4101 AUSTRALIA, trashvideo@one.net.au)

THE THIRD DEGREE – "Concrete Warriors" CD

Noisy rock'n'roll meets screamy hardcore. Lots of heavy riffs, low bass and screeching, this could have come out on Amrep. It speeds up here and there but for the most part it chugs along at a gnarly mid-tempo. This is pretty good, though I'm the wrong guy to review it - it's just *too* rock. (AD)
(Live Wire, PO Box 239, Seal Beach, CA 90740)

THREE YEARS DOWN - "Snakes Bite" LP

Is this Northern California no gimmick punk rock? I'm unfamiliar with this band, but I got no complaints—strange eh? They make it real hard to perpetuate my unending quest to incite hate mail. They look okay, sound better, straightforward rocking stuff, akin to HUMPERS or JACK SAINTS, or something on EmpTy. I wouldn't tattoo their name on my ass but I look forward to more listens of this and future endeavors. (RY)
(702, PO Box 204 Reno, Nevada)

TORTURA AUDITIVA - "Entre La Resistencia y El Cambio" CD

Liner notes are entirely in Spanish, I'm sorta disadvantaged here. Musically speaking, it's raw Mexican hardcore, delivered at about a minute a track, with distortion layered on everything. The songs themselves have a great stop/start structure that keeps it from sounding terribly monotonous, and there's a unpolished appeal that the basic, gritty sound quality uses to maximum effect. Seems to be political in nature, and is certainly energetic in delivery. Good stuff, even if I'm at a loss on most of it! (TM)
(Cryptas Records, Cruz V.Luis, Apto. Postal #16-052, C.P. 02011, Mexico D.F., MEXICO)

TOXIC REASONS - "Dedication 1979-1988" LP

A German reissue of this classic with updated graphics and no poster is still cool... this looks and plays like the real thing! By 1988, the REASONS had become more musically complex and morphed into a hard rock style, but maintained their lyrical edge and punk attitude. Classic TOXIC REASONS even if it isn't "Independence". (HM)
(Re-force, c/o T. Drescher: Wohlerhof 4, 30900 Wedemark GERMANY, re-forcegigantor.de)

TOYS THAT KILL - "The Citizen Abortion" LP

What the hell to expect? The LP starts out with a mishmash of samples. Is this art, I wondered, from FYP? Sorry... from TTK? What the hell. All the pop hooks are here, but the record is all over the fuckin' place, with many a perfectly decent melody lapsing suddenly into absolute strangeness. It's "experimental," original even, but often, I don't understand. 50% more politics, I would say, but even the politics make you go, what the hell? This record makes me feel like I haven't slept for days, because it's lopsided like that. This is not your FYP, so that would be the wrong reason to buy this record, just you kids know. Run along now. (AC)
(Recess, PO Box 1666, San Pedro, CA 90733-1666, recessrecords.com)

UNDISPUTED HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONS - "Stay Down" CD

Whoa. Quick hardcore, but with the unusual distinction that you can follow the singer, and understand what he's saying! Seems that's a talent that has either fallen out of fashion, or just isn't available to many current bands. I like it that way, mostly so I can try and sign along! Try being the correct word there. This benefits a lot from the rock solid production - courtesy of... Jack Endino. Yep. Makes sense. Quick, raging, intelligible punk rock. Tighter than a gnat's ass, and sure to get the toes tappin'. (TM)
(Starvation, 80724 Willow Lane, Indio, CA 92201)

UNHOLY GRAVE - "Kill em All For One?" EP

I'm a sucker for UNHOLY GRAVE as it is....fierce grindcore with crazy vocals, a strong DIY ethic, and a dedication to good, but raw 8-track recordings they do themselves. While the songs on this are awesome, I think the production might have been scrubbed in mastering... it just seems lower in volume and tinnier than their prior releases. These songs were recorded in 1998 for those taking notes. (MW)
(Crucial Blast, PO Box 364, Hagerstown, MD 21741-0364)

UNIT BREED/REINA AVEJA - "A Childhood Celebration" split EP

This is the part where I make a disclaimer: I am not a seasoned metal fan, and this, friends, is pretty much a metal record. That said, this was a fine fifteen minutes spent. I enjoyed the UNIT BREED side—viva, viva the San Jose kids, and for that matter, anyone with David Hayes on their thank you list. REINA AVEJA's singer's voice was a detriment, I believe, to the potency of the nicely structured songs—disclaiming again, I may hold this opinion because of my poor metal schooling, but I don't think so. REINA AVEJA has broken up since this release (it's a little old), but word on the street has it that UNIT BREED *might* still play. If they do, go rock. (AC)
(Nothing, 2538 La Mirada Dr, San Jose, CA 95125)

THE UNSEEN - "The Anger and the Truth" LP

Well-produced chaos punk with tons of guitar and angry vocals. What's with the song about how everyone should take pity on them for touring and driving cross country to play? If you don't like to fucking play because you're tired, homesick, and out of money, then get a job. Stop complaining. (SR)
(BYO, PO Box 67a64. Los Angeles, CA 90067, byorecords.com)

U.S. CHAOS/ STATCH & THE RAPES – split EP

U.S. CHAOS remind me of the FORGOTTEN REBELS right down to the questionable lyrical content. Speaking of questionable, the bewilderingly named STATCH & THE RAPES sound more British, like any of the shitty bands trying to get signed to shitty labels back in 1982. Two bands, two songs, *I* wouldn't buy this. (AD)
(Punkrock, 103 W.Oakland Ave Suite 2B, Oakland NJ 07436)

VARUKERS - "The Retch Files Vol. 1" CD

Excellent CD containing 34 tracks from this legendary punk band. Includes the albums "One Struggle, One Fight" and "Live in Leeds 1984." I'm not so into live recordings but I can deal with it. (SR)
(Retch, 49 Rose Crescent, Woodvale, Southport, Merseyside, PR8 3RZ, UK, nihindi.demon.co.uk/retch)

THE VIBRATORS - "Live at the Nashville '77 & The 100 Club Festival '76" CD

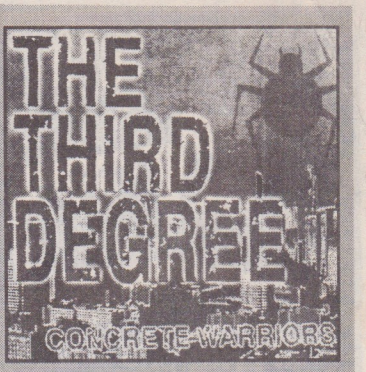
Wow! Here's another fine addition to the canon of one of the greatest of the first-generation British punk bands. Overground celebrates the still-active VIBRATORS' 25th anniversary with this double dose of live recordings featuring the band's original line-up with Pat Collier. Tracks include nearly all of the first album faves plus some surprising covers stemming from their pub rock origins: a punked-up "Jumping Jack Flash," "I Saw Her Standing There," and three STOOGES tunes. I don't remember hearing the great rave-up "Nazi Baby" before. The sound quality is pretty decent on the '77 tracks, with just a little tape phasing here and there. The '76 stuff was recorded by a friend in the audience and its archival merit rises above the fuzzy recording. The booklet includes some vintage live shots of the band and anecdotes from drummer Eddie. Listen for an audience member yelling "Fuckin' rubbish!" after "Sweet Sweet Heart".... Definitely check this out, but only after you've worn out the grooves on *Pure Mania* and *V2*. (JG)
(Overground, PO Box 1NW, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, NE99 1NW, UK)

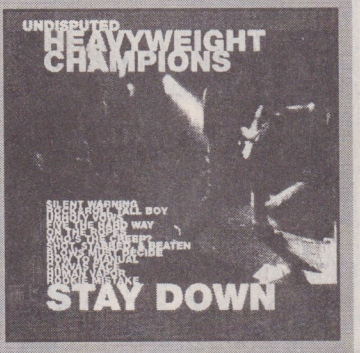
VOLUME ELEVEN - "Kotadelic Cytex and Stardust Escapes" LP

The first half of the A-side of this record is just unnecessary noise which is actually expected now a days but is tired none the less. Once you get past that the songs are similar to the first LP and I know that everyone is saying that it's not as good but I would have to disagree. The band seems to have made an even greater mess of their music which is the best part of this band. The bass is even heavier, the drummer hits harder, the guitars are even more all over the place, the vocals are louder and have an even higher pitched scream and the songs are shorter and faster. The B-side leaves much to be desired though. It begins with the noise that the A-side left off with but then goes through some disappointing spacy noises and ends with more random noise. So if you could just pick out the last half of the A-side then you would have a great record. The only problem is that the recording quality is not quite as good. (PA)
(Hand Held Hart, 24445 Lisa Kelton Pl., Newhall, CA 91321)

THE VON BONDIES - "Lack Of Communication" LP

Hailing from Detroit, THE VON BONDIES encompass its rich, dirty musical heritage. Being produced by Mr. Jack White (of the WHITE STRIPES), they get a great sound here, all fuzzed out and scrambled frequencies. They definitely fit nicely into the growing coalition of Detroit bands that make up a new post garage, punk blues renaissance. They share the dirty sea of mud sound of, say BANTAM ROOSTER, a vocal wail uncannily similar to famous 'ol Jack White, and the musical restlessness of the DIRT BOMBS. Detroit bands, all. Their chosen area of explo-





RECORDS

ration seems to be acid fried '60s garage. They soup the shit up for the new millennium, mind you. Still, you can tell that most of their record collections probably stop at 1973. Another strong release from Sympathy, mining the Detroit underground. Let's just hope this shit don't get over-hyped, like some other scenes we know of. Nothing fucks up momentum like overexposure. Get this. (BG)
(Sympathy For the Record Industry)

VOORHEES - "Crystal Lakes Legacy" LP

In my humble opinion, one of the most essential ingredients to a great band, let alone a prolific one, is the ability to progress. Obviously, there is something to be said when a band sticks to their guns (as so many great groups tend to get worse), but it seems to me that VOORHEES is releasing the same NEGATIVE APPROACH, NEGATIVE-FX influenced songs, though severely shuffled and re-arranged, numerous times. Don't get me wrong, the music is great, executed nicely, the production is good... VOORHEES is a good band and I hear they are even better live, I just think they have it in them to move on. (SP)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94931)

VOORHEES - "Crystal Lakes Legacy" LP

"Progression" isn't all it's cracked up to be–just utilize the whole old Boston hardcore scene as an example. You'd be hard pressed to find someone who would say that SSD's "How We Rock" is a classic or that the STRAW DOGS were even a quarter as good as THE F.U.'s. VOORHEES continues to do what they do best–play fast, mean and ugly. Quick to the point and primed to kill. Solid, burly hardcore. (MT)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94931)

WEDNESDAY NIGHT HEROES - "Hated 'n' Proud" CD

Here's a singalong album for you! Fast and furious street punk tunes from Canada. It's quick, it's fast, and you can sing along with choruses like "We'll never turn our backs on you" and "Don't tread on me." (SR)
(Longshot, 606-233 Abbott St, Vancouver, BC V6B 2K7, CANADA, longshotmusic.com)

WILBUR COBB/HE WHO CORRUPTS - split EP

Oh man.....I'm a sucker for 1000 mph hardcore and this split delivers the fucking goods. WILBUR COBB from Germany rips through six songs that remind me of CROSSED OUT meets HELLNATION... completely unrelenting. And now since all the scenesters are on the retro-'80s trend, bands like this get shuffled away as yesterday's news. Well, this is pure, 100% ferocious HC that transcends time. Great. HE WHO CORRUPTS is a side band of KUNGFU RICK and when I first heard this, I couldn't even believe it. This is grindcore at its best... the snare drum is just fucking blazing, the riffs fly by in a whirlwind. Haven't heard a grind band that ripped this hard on their first effort in a *long* time. Get this split or fuck off. (MW)
(Vendetta. Berliner Str. 29, 13189 Berlin, GERMANY)

WORKING STIFFS - "Dog Tired...And Then Some" CD

Nothing new to review here, just a collection of outta print releases from the STIFFS. Their first single, LP, and some comp/split tracks. They sounded good when they came out and they sound good now in digital format. A good release for you late bloomers. (RL)
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114, tkorecords.com)

YOUR HALO IS A RADAR - 10"

This is like punk-tinged indie rock. They remind me of HOT SNAKES in sound and delivery. The songs vary from tight, hyperactive rock workouts to wide open soundscapes. I dig this a lot, if anything my only complaint is that the songs are too long. Apart from that, this EP is a big winner. (AM)
(Insect, Box 1043, Sundyberg, SWEDEN)

YOUR MOTHER - "Golfland" EP

First thing you have to do to play this record is get all the astroturf from the insert out of the grooves. Then you have to read a really long (if entertaining) explanation of the making of this record, motivations, what the songs are about, blah, blah, blah... If you don't like goof in your hardcore, don't even bother. YOUR MOTHER are masters of rock and roll parody, and would rip off their grandma's riffs. I'm just jealous because they beat me at my idea of forming a microjammers band. (DP)
(208, PO Box 1104, Boise, ID 83701

ZEKE - "Evil Woman / Shock Waves"

The A-side is kind of a slowed down metal, anthem type deal with high pitched seventies metal vocals. They speed things up on the B side and add some (unnecessary) lead guitar work. Not really my cup o' tea, but hey, it might be yours. Some of the Swedish bands are taking rock and roll and putting a punk edge to it; these guys seem to be taking the punk'n'roll and adding a dash of heavy metal. The pic sleeve was done by Screaming Mario Coco, who has done some pretty cool things in the past, including some DIALTONES sleeves. (KK)
(Hard-On, Järntorgsgatan 10, 703 61 Örebro, SWEDEN)

V/A - "Again...This One's for J.O.H.N.N.Y." 10"

This red vinyl slab is, of course, a tribute album to JOHNNY THUNDERS, and it's actually above average for this kind of thing. Faves include NIKKI SUDDEN's great surf rendition of "Little Bid of Whore"; BACKYARD BABIES score with a buzzy version of "One Track Mind"; but it's the RAMONES who score the highest points with the aggressive ballad, "I Love You". You'll catch JOEY RAMONE's unattributed backup vocals in RONNIE SPECTOR's unaggressive ballad "You Can't Put Your Arm Around a Memory," a wimpier track certain to polarize opinion. (SS)
(Munster, PO Box 18107, Madrid 28080, SPAIN)

V/A - "Alle 24 Goed!" LP

Reissue of the 1985 Belgian hardcore compilation. In the style and spirit of "Flex Your Head" or "This Is Boston, Not L.A." featuring multiple tracks from CAPITAL SCUM, KOYAANISQUATSI, WAR RISK 3, ZYKLOME A, VORTEX and WULPSE VARKENS. This is the era hardcore I enjoy most. Short, fast songs, but there is still some melody. (CK)
(Demolition Derby, PB 4005, 2800 Mechelen, Belgium, $11 ppd., demderby@pi.be)

V/A - "A Collection of Great Dance Tunes, Vol. 1" EP

You could dance to it, you could die to it, you could tap your toes gently in time with the Big Beat or snap your fingers to indicate your approval. Any reaction would be welcome...fast 'n' choppy hardcore-punk-grunt from ADAM WEST, RICKSHAW, TRIGGER, the STRAP-ONS, SPEEDFREAKS, HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE, the GHOULIES, SPACEBITCH, RAWMANIA, and the oddly-named NULL$KATE$NYTERNE. All noise, all the time, free from from bum tracks, commercials, acoustic interludes, or other unnecessary distractions. Cut a rag, mate. (JH)
(HD, hdprecords.com)

V/A - "Deadly Sins" 4xEP

I honestly don't even know where to begin. This is one of the most beautifully, carefully packaged records I've ever seen in my life, punk rock or otherwise. I mean, it's got graphics that absolutely blow my mind.This is one of the most comprehensive compilations to document the hardcore scene in years - it rivals even "Tomorrow Will Be Worse." While I'm having trouble fully understanding the concept behind this comp, it appears to be showcasing metallic hardcore bands, some doing covers of their favorite punk songs, and essays on their views of Christianity. The only band on here I've never heard of is THE BLACK HAND, who are utterly incredible. This has CATHARSIS, RUINATION (covering the FREEZE!), KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS, MK-ULTRA, UNRUH and DAMAD, who do their best song in years, with a guitar that will make your blood boil. You already know if you want this, and I'm guessing you do. This is worth it alone simply for the box and artwork, but the music is just not to be missed. A staggering accomplishment. (RD)
(Hater of God, PO Box 666, Troy, NY 12181-666)

V/A - "Ghosts In The Gears" CD

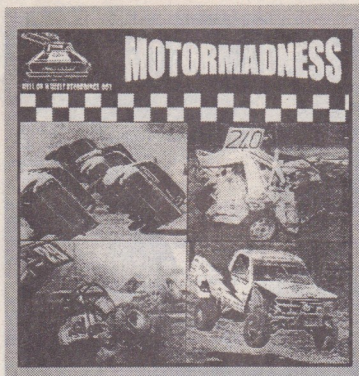
A compilation featuring east coast bands that are primarily in the "modern hardcore" vein. There's a load of solid bands on this disc, but what struck me was not the music, it was the information included with the release. Oh, wait, there wasn't any. After spending however much money on this CD, if you want the lyrics, or ANY information about any of the bands, the labels asks that you send in 2 fucking dollars for the companion booklet. Instead of lyrics, we get a computer generated illustration of a fucking muscle car. A sad state we are in if someone's digital masturbation is more important than what the bands have to say. $2 my ass, you fuck, that's why folks include booklets with CDs these days, and if there ain't enough space for the art and the words, then give me the lyrics and make me pay the extra cash for the art school eye candy. Shame too, because there are awesome bands included here (ZEGOTA, DEVOLA, CATHARSIS, and more), and they are bands that have something to say. A muscle car? Give me a fucking break. (WN)
(Iodine, 1085 Commonwealth Ave. PMB 318, Boston, MA 02215)

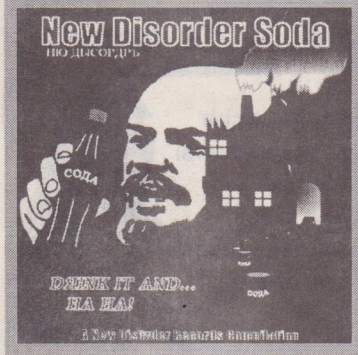
V/A – "Grinding Is Not A Crime" CD

This European compilation covers six bands in all. You get CUMSHOT, OBLITERATION, BILE, GRIZZLY ADAMS, PTAO and WILBUR COBB. As you can imagine from the title of the compilation all the tracks are of the grind variety. From the totally bloody stenchcore of OBLITERATION to the raging thrash of WILBUR COBB, it all pretty much rules. Though of all the bands on this compilation I thought WILBUR COBB ripped it up the hardest. They even do a DEEP WOUND cover. So check out this compilation and while your at it, pick up the WILBUR COBB – "The Night Of" EP ! (RC)
(Emergence, C/o Vincent Troplain, 29 Rue Le Nostre, 76000 Rouen, FRANCE)

V/A - "The Minimal Sound of Teenage Monsters Circus" EP

Seven Bordeaux-jian grape stompers that,. betwixt them, "make up four of the most representative bands of the present French garage punk surf sixties scene" (and modest, too: how many bands are content to deem themselves merely "representative" rather than "leaders of their scene" or such in their press releases?). Yep, THE HERO-X, LOS MUTANTES, STEF ET ARNO, and THE MAGNETIX give you your MDR of surf intro, fuzz intro, and garage punk with CHILDISH-style vocals, all served up piping hot, although they probably should have given the opening slot to something other than a surf intro to maximize potential listenership. Thumbs up (so when can I





expect my case of payola, rouge s'il vous plait?). (DD)
(42 Francs ppd. from Neurotic Productions, 31 Rue Ausone 33 000, Bordeaux, FRANCE, magnetix@club-internet.fr)

V/A - "Motormadness" EP

This comp is all about "Oil drenched punkers about car culture wild style" (as it reads on the front cover). The first song is by SLOGGY, a couple of freaks from Luxembourg who play garage-electo whitetrash KRAFTWERK. The second band, DANGEROUS CHICKENS from Italy, start out with a weird country western loop which leads into some surf song, "Police Carcrash." CATACOMBO, from Belgium, play the more rockabilly garage "Drink and Drive." Side B starts out with SURF ME UP, SCOTTY! some more surf, THE RAT HOLE SHEIKH from Sweden, which is one guy singing and playing guitar on "Rock n Rolls Royce." SUPERHELICOPTER LTD from Germany are trashy punk rock. All in all a good comp for drinking and crashing. (JT)
(Hell On Wheels, c/o Carlo Dries, 31, rue Abbe Lemire, L-4208 Esch-sur-Alzette,LUXEMBOURG, hellonwheels66@hotmail.com)

V/A – "New Disorder Soda" CD

I don't think this qualifies as a sampler as there's a load of bands on here that aren't on New Disorder. It's a very mixed bag of mostly Bay Area bands, from TALK IS POISON to J CHURCH. Other big hitters on here are WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?, THE BANANAS, THE COST, SONGS FOR EMMA, and THE FLESHIES. There's also a ton of other stuff that makes for quite a document of young local talent. I won't say who's cool and who sucks - I assume this will be very cheap so just pick one up, it has TALK IS POISON on it, did I mention that? (AD)
(New Disorder, 115 Bartlett St, San Francisco, CA 94110)

V/A - "Pretty Ugly Vol 2 : 16 Wild Aussie Beat & Punk Rarities" LP

Hey, Alright! More '60s Australian garage. I'm always up for more of this stuff. So maybe I could do without the pitiful BEATLES/MONKEES knock-offs. They just end sounding even more twee and vacuous than HERMANS HERMITS or that ilk, if that's even possible. Well, luckily they only make up about a third of this here comp. The rest is pure young energy music, full of spunk and snot. For example, check out the epic storytelling and THEM-like ferocious R&B of THE MOVEMENT's "I Wanna Be Free". If there were a Harry Smith comp of garage this'd really have to be on it. Another damn good reason to pick this up is (what a great name) THE RUNNING JUMPING STANDING STILL's take on "Diddy Wah Diddy". It rivals the good captain BEEFHEART's version. THE MARKSMEN have probably never really manufactured nor ingested moonshine, but that doesn't stop them from writing a great, fun song that celebrates said substance. It moves like a rabid dog. Also included here is great tracks by THE PURPLE HEARTS, THE CLEFS and many more. (BG)
(Get Lost!, No Address)

V/A - "Reno" LP

Right fucking on! All these bands from the "The Biggest Little City In The World" are pretty damn good. It looks like REDRUM, HEADGRENADE, VAE VICTUS, THIS COMPUTER KILLS, THE LIVID, THE SHOOKUPS, BLOODY VICTIMS, IRON LUNG, ALL OPPOSED THE FREEDOM YOU HAVE TO BUY and THE SCURVEY BASTARDS are here to tell you that the punk scene is alive and well in Reno, NV. The music is all different styles of punk. From the wild thrashing hardcore of REDRUM to the pummeling grind of BLOOD VICTIM you are in for a treat. One side note is that the track listing on the back of the cover is a bit screwed up, but once you get past that then it is time to rock on. (RC)
(Tom O'Shaughnessy, PO Box 13618, Reno, NV 89507, seditionrecords;cjb.net)

V/A - "Rock'n'Roll vs. Rhythm and Blues" LP

Wow this is really boring. Now I know I'm a young'n, but I know what rock and roll and r&b should sound like and none of this is as frantic and soulfilled as it should be. Aside from some early Ike Turner guitar work this really leaves me bored. (BM)
(Valmor)

V/A - "Show Your True Colors" CD

A three band Japanese compilation that starts with URGE, a 3 piece who play hyper fast Japanese styled hard core with starts stops and time changes all over the place...over the top 3 second guitar solos and blown out vocals, I bet this band is amazing live. ACME are next with 2 songs that fucking blow me away. More traditional driving hardcore, but with melody and emotion that you just cant get from a blast beat. It's heavyweight stuff, but it has dimension beyond the galloping, fist in the air Japanese hardcore. I love the demo, I love this, I can't wait to hear more from this band. TERRIBLE HEADACHE finish the disc off with 4 songs of the galloping, fist in the air Japanese hardcore I mentioned a couple of sentences back. Fuzzed out and furious, this is some of the best stuff I have heard from this band. If you can't find this release at your local punk show, pick up a pen and paper and do yourself a favor, the address is ... (WN)
(F.A.R. c/o Yusuke Adachi, 1-9-39 Shimizugaoka, Fuchu Tokyo, 183-0015, JAPAN)

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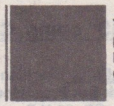

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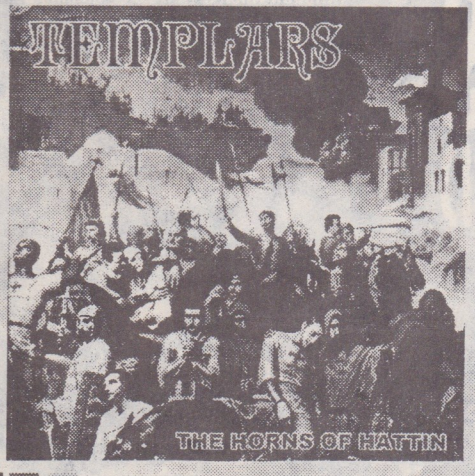

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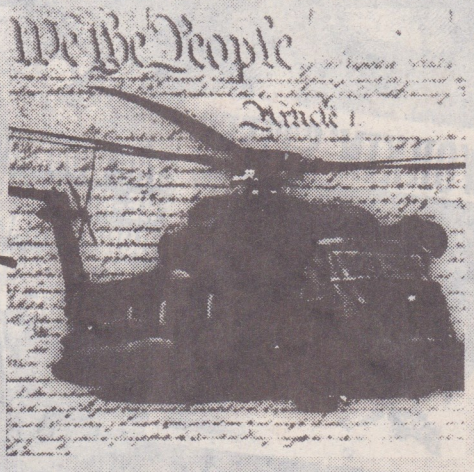

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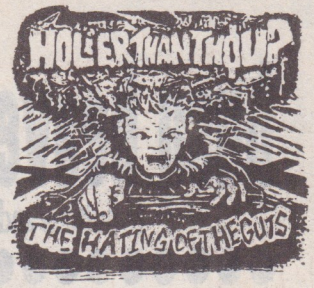

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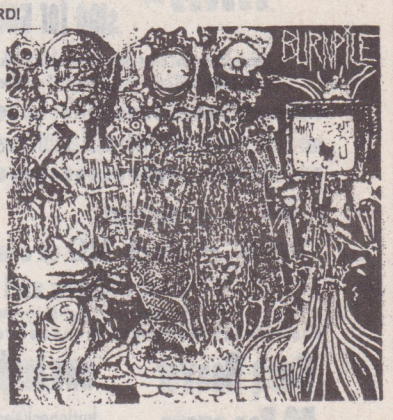

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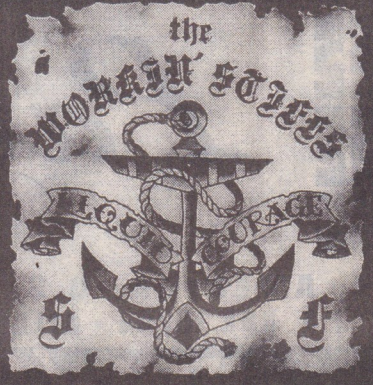

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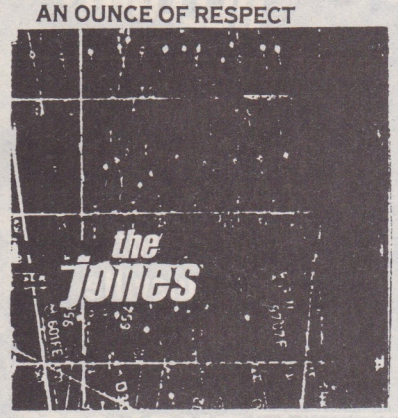

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As some of you may already know, I'm in the process of collecting interviews and information for a series of articles and subsequent book focused on the so-called anarcho punk scene of the late '70s and early '80s.

Were you there?

Were you in one of the bands?

Any help and/or information would be greatly appreciated. Here are a few of the bands I'm still trying to track down: Six Minute War / The Fallout, D&V, Null & Void (Andy Stratton), The Apostles (Andy Martin), Polemic Attack, The Sears, The Naked, Part 1, Assassins Of Hope, No Defences, Tears Of Destruction, Dominant Patri, Earth's Epitaph, A Touch Of Hysteria, Apf Brigade, Anarka And Poppy, Kultur Kampf, Look Mummy Clowns, Hagar The Womb/We Are Going To Eat You, Liberty, Exit Stance, The Waste, Fiend, Hysteria Ward, The Review...

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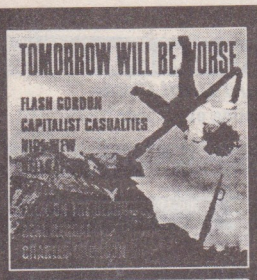

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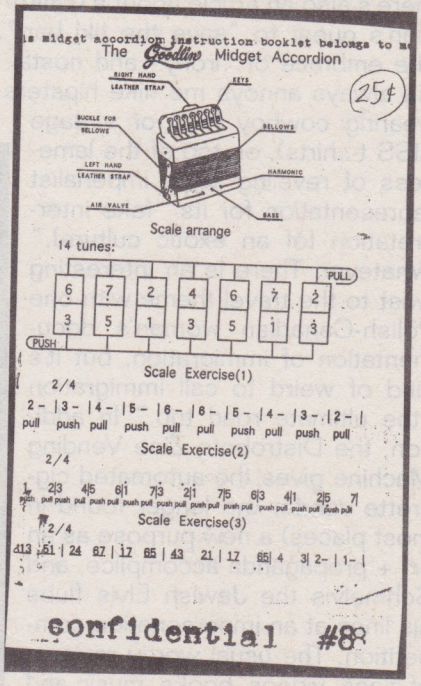
Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

ABORT #4 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
This is an amazing little zine that almost deceived me. At first it comes off as just another cut-and-paste wasteland of other people's content, but really it is nowhere close to that. Opening with a quality non-linear rant, then has an ode to the Angry Samoans, a brilliant comic on familial relationships, etc, etc. Suffice it to say that this is a jewel in the rough. (AR)
127 Santa Fe Ave / Hamden, CT 06517

ADMISSIBLE DECAY #11 / Send IRC
11 x 8 - copied - 4 pgs
There is an interview with Ancient Rites and three pages of record reviews. Not much else except the zine is probably from Finland, and everyone knows they rock. Though from Hungary, this is in English (HH)
Muikku J-P / FO U. 20-24, 1/1 / H6640 Csongrad / Hungary
jpmuikku@cc.joensuu.fi

ALARM #9 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 76 pgs
I have reviewed this zine in the past and it is definitely one of the best of its genre in terms of scope and approach. This music-oriented zine includes several interviews, regular columnists, reviews of music and zines, letters, a short story, an article examining media and hegemony, and several ads. One of the main strengths of this zine is the fact that it covers a pretty diverse range of subject matter and genres of music that individuals who work on the magazine are interested in. I appreciate this aspect because it does not seem to require that contributors toe any ideological line or conform to a unified focus on narrowly defined categories of music. For me the highlight of this issue is the interview with hip-hop artist Mr. Lif. Also featured are interviews with Sunny Day Real Estate, Allison Wolfe of Bratmobile, and International Noise Conspiracy. (JL)
PO Box 200069 / Boston, MA 02120

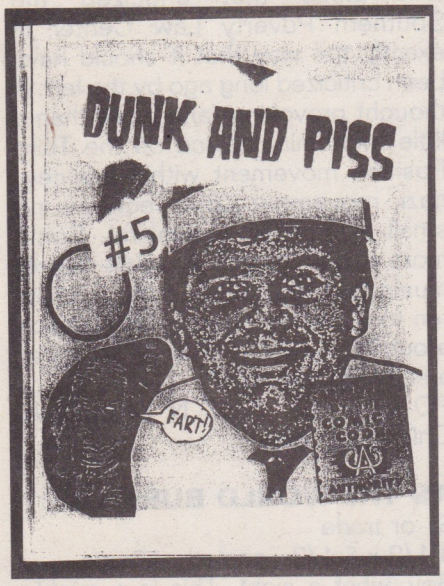


ARA RESEARCH BULLETIN #1/ $4
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 20 pgs
This is a fascinating project. While ARA was at one time a political contrivance used to justify fighting boneheads, it appears that it has grown up. This magazine is sophisticated and very well informed, making connections between racism, abortion, locality, anti-statism (in the name of the police) and non-sectarianism. And that is just in their points of unity! Within this issue is an excellent piece that criticized the Southern Poverty Law Center in exactly the way that it should have been criticized long ago by the left. A thought provoking (and more than a little frightening) piece on the Third Position movement within the neo-nazi movement (that echoes no small amount of anarchism). Some more topical pieces on white power music and the groupuscles that listen to it and news from ARA groups around the country. This is worthy of a subscription. (AR)
PO Box 403, 1658 N Milwaukee, Chicago, IL 60647

AS THE WORLD BURNS #18 / $1 or trade
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
Boy, what a sight. This is a mighty sloppy read, and the text, as Dan (the self-declared King of Rock'n'Roll) knows, the text is in special Squint-o-Vision. What he probably doesn't know, however, is that the font and background he uses makes this even more impossible to read. So much, in fact, that I wasn't able to finish one article entirely. Which is a shame, because he's got great taste in music and a funny view of the world that shines through in the writing. Just work to improve the layout, man! Includes rants, short stories and interviews with Dillinger 4 and the Figgs. (RD)
2617 B North Pierce St / Milwaukee, WI 53212

THE BAFFLER #14 / $24 for four issues
6 x 9 - offset - 124 pgs
I've bagged on the Baffler before for

being too intellectual for my tastes, and I don't think they've changed, but I liked this issue quite a bit. It's still attacking corporate culture, frequently with tales from disgruntled insiders, and contains a large amount of (well-)crafted writing and a bit erudite. In this issue you can read about Conrad Black, the NRA, Spiro Agnew vs. the media, insane SF rents, youth marketing, supermarket workers surveyed, poetry and a ton more. Steal it from Borders while you're stealing Maximum and you'll have reading for weeks. (JM)
PO Box 378293 / Chicago, IL 60637
thebaffler.com



BEANZ BAXTER # 9 / $3 ppd Aus
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 64 pgs
Interview with Good Riddance, Ballpoint, Muscle Car, and Propagandhi. Pretty straight forward music zine. I was confused by the porn images included in any of the zine info sections. (Like the intro) There's no porn in the zine. Watching porn is one thing, being into porn is yucky. (GF)
PO Box 2013 Hotham Hill / Victoria, Australia 3051
www.beanzbaxter.com

BREAK THE CHAINS #6 / free, small donation appreciated if you're not in jail
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 8 pgs
A northwest US prisoner support project. Free's court case, prison rape, and Portland police abuses are detailed. Worth a dollar or some stamps. (JM)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440

BROKEN PENCIL #16 / $4.95
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 88 pgs
It's the "summer vacation" issue of BP, which means travel writing by a number of writers and a feature article about "indie writers reinventing the vacation," but not so much. You would recognize similar meanings given to travel in most modernist travel literature: travel as exploration, travel as self-knowledge, travel as authentic experience (as opposed to tourism), travel as the journey rather than the destination, et cetera. These are all well-worn tropes in Western literature, and like most modernist travel writing, zine writers prefer to not acknowledge either this historical context or shared literary conceit. On this note, there's also an article about a (white) man's quest to "save the tiki bar." The embrace of "irony" and nostalgia always annoys me (like hipsters wearing cowboy hats or vintage KISS t-shirts), on top of the lameness of reveling in an imperialist representation for its "fake interpretation [of an exotic culture]." Whatever. There is an interesting twist to the travel theme with one Polish-Canadian woman's documentation of immigration, but it's kind of weird to call immigration "the ultimate road trip." In addition, the Distroboto Zine Vending Machine gives the automated cigarette vendor (no longer found in most places) a new purpose as an art + propaganda accomplice, and Schmelvis the Jewish Elvis flubs his lines at an impersonation competition. The usual wordy reviews of zines, videos, books, music and more are as good as ever. (MN)
PO Box 203 Stn P / Toronto, ON / M5S 2S7 Canada
brokenpencil.com

CALCULATING CHAOS #?
$1 + stamps
5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 42 pgs
One of those small zines with the one page graphics and short stories of teenage goth-style emo. I liked how it looked but the writing is just painful. Depression and ennui are not inherhently interesting. (GF)
112 Vista Del Mar / Redondo Beach, CA 90277

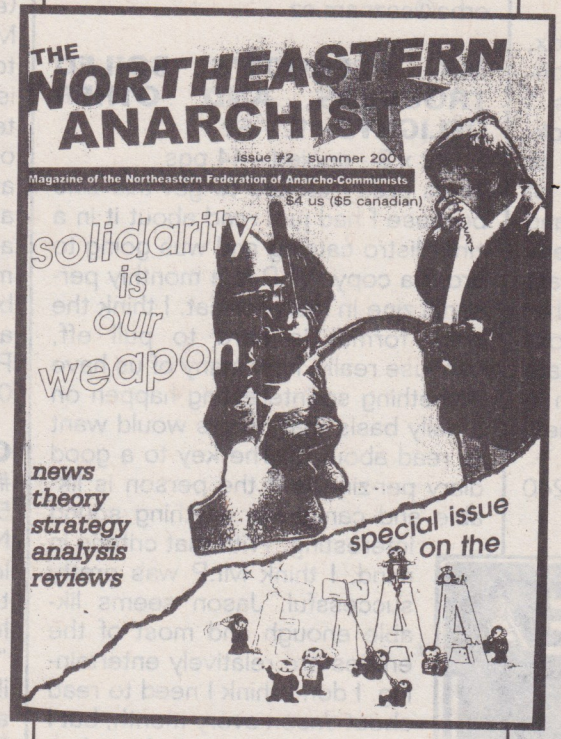
CHECHEL ANGEL #3 / $1 or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
If you are in high school and identify as a Christian punk, this zine is perfect for you. It's supposedly a "riot grrrl" feminist zine, but considering the pro-life, anti-porn stance, her worship of "Hello Kitty" stuff is about the most feminist thing in here. OK, that's a bit harsh, since there are some discussions on objectification, harassment, etc.—but their scope is pretty limited. The one decent section was a reprint from the book Girls Are Equal Too—though I'd rather just read that book. Maybe this zine will teach Christians to be a little less pushy about religion, and a little more considerate of women, but that's about it. (NN)
PO Box 1641 / Apex, NC 27502-3641
a.rachel@angelfire.com

CONFIDENTIAL #8 / 25¢
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 10 pgs
Buy this zine if someone you love is sick with cancer. This issue is a

deliberate, artless work of wit and tenderness about that very topic. (AC)
886 Longridge Rd / Oakland, CA 94610
favoritebug@hotmail.com

DUNK & PISS #5 / 2 stamps or trade, free to prisoners
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 59 pgs
When it comes to self-publishing, there's no doubt that approaches differ dramatically. Alex, the teenage kid who "edits" Dunk & Piss, for example, wouldn't know crippling self doubt if it came up and bit him on the ass. And while his zine contributes little of real value to the world, in his case I can get behind that sort of pointless bravado. D&P's tales of high school escapades aren't brilliant (see above), but they also aren't morose, pretentious, mean-tempered, or (too) boring. And that's saying a lot, really. Really. (AC)
11 Alger Dr / Rochester, NY 14624

FRACTURE #17 / free in the UK, $2 Europe, $3 US, World
8 x 11 - offset - 88 pgs
Three years and seventeen issues now for Fracture. For those of you who aren't intimate with it, this lightly spot-colored bimonthly rag is similar to MRR in the organization of its contents, among other things. I enjoy the columns, especially, for their all-too-familiar mishmash of sex (from Vique Simba), politics (from our own Icki, atypically, Tom Fowler, and others) and uh, personality... Columnist Adam's print version of an email discussion about median punk age (in answer to, why are US punks so young?) was interesting, even if reprinting web discussions is in general a very obnoxious idea. If you're a Dischord kid, and so many of you are, you're likely to appreciate the long interview with Dag Nasty's third singer, Peter Cortner—nice layout on that one too. Other than that, you get a short smartass interview with the Pattern, a Propagumbhis tour diary, and an interview with Dead Inside. Both record and zine reviews are thoughtful, on the generous side, and more prosy than you'd expect from the curmudgeons in these parts. A fine issue from these broad but thoroughly DIY zinesters. Email them for specifics about contributions, bulk prices, etc. (AC)
PO Box 623 / Cardiff / CF3 4ZA / Wales / UK
fracturezine@hotmail.com



LA FUERZA DE L@S DE ABAJO #11 / $1
7 x 8 1/2 - copied -18 pgs Spanish
Punk zine in Spanish from Argentina featuring interviews with The Kowalskis and Farces Wanna Mo. Plus an article on the problems that exist between the sXe and non sXe scene, in addition to reviews galore. (MT)
Luciano Leone / Terrada 2045 6° a (1416) / Bs. As. / Argentina
lucianopunx@hotmail.com

GOOD COMICS $4
7 x 8 - offset - 40 pgs
I wanted to like this but since my humor is not of a 13 year old boy obsessed with penises, it really wasn't that enjoyable. Good Comics takes existing strips like Garfield and Spiderman but they white out the text and write their own. With that format you have potential for some good stuff or crap. What is here leans more towards the crap side. The authors also would draw in some graphics every now and then like a penis here and a penis there. Also included is a color copy of Richard Scarry's Best Little Word Book Ever, where there would be a picture of something and the word below it. I did like Goldbug shouting 'anarchy'. If you ever wanted to see Garfield drawn with a huge penis then this is the comic for you. (DS)
69 Havemeyer St #4r / Brooklyn, NY 11211

GREEN ANARCHY # 6 / $2 USA, $3 Can, $4 EU, free to prisoners
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 20 pgs
Here's a terrific example of alternative media—information and forward-thinking you won't find through any mass media source. And the news stories offered by GA need to be heard. Find or order a copy and read it instead of watching or reading your local or national "news" or newspaper for a day because this really is a zine of intelligent substance. Articles in this issue include a reprint of "Women and the Spectacle" from Reinventing Anarchy, Again (an anthology available from AK Press), "Against Mass Society," "Thoughts on Subversion from Two Yippie Elders," "Costs of Affluence II," "Resisting Western Penetration," "Decolonization of Colonial Descent," and my surprising favorite, "Feminism: A Male Anarchist's Perspective," by Pendleton Vandiver. The latter was a surprise first of all, because it didn't make me angry, which is my usual response to male perspectives on feminism. Often these perspectives say little except an implicit plea for attention from feminist women because "Hey, look! I'm a sensitive man!" (groan.) But back to this article—it is insightful, well-researched and written, and makes several arguments essential to broadening the current discussion of feminist and gender politics in the anarchist scene and elsewhere. You'll also find action updates, an eyewitness account from the recent protests in Quebec City, and a statement of sol-

idarity from GA with Jeff "Free" Luers who was sentenced to 22 years for setting fire to Romania Chevrolet in Eugene, OR. (AW)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440
greenanarchy@tao.ca

GRUB #101 / 2 stamps or trade
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
As the proud owner of a recipe box, I was pleased to see this zine contains some exciting recipe cards. I have a weakness for food, cookbooks, and zines that are about or resemble either. The highlights of this were the tribute to potatoes and an article bringing EZ Bake ovens into the 21st century—I almost want to go buy one now. It also has other things I really like—a crossword puzzle and a recipe for chocolate cupcakes. Yum! More fun than a dozen of those vegan recipe zines. (MD)
PO Box 1471 / Iowa City, IA 52240

HLUBOKA ORBA #22 / $4
8 x 6 - offset - 108 pgs - Czech
There is lots of punk in this new issue of Hluboka Orba, including interviews with Orchid, Cockroach, Ken from Prank Records, and Fred from Darbouka Records. There is also a long article reprinted from Punk Planet , entitled "Voices From the New Left," that includes interviews with Noam Chomsky, Biafra, Global Exchange and the Ruckus Society. And of course there are the usual columns and record reviews. Good to see there is still a Czech scene. (HH)
Filip Fuchs / Girohova 39 / 60200 Brno / Czech Republic
orba@seznam.cz

MR. PEEBODY'S SOILED TROUSERS AND OTHER DELIGHTS #12 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 44 pgs
I was pretty stoked to get this zine because I had just read about it in a zine distro catalog and was going to order a copy. Mr.P is a monthly personal zine in diary format. I think the diary format is hard to pull off, because really, how many of us have something so interesting happen on a daily basis that others would want to read about it? The key to a good diary per-zine is if the person is likable and can make anything sound interesting. With that criteria in mind, I think Mr.P was pretty successful. Jason seems likable enough and most of the entries are relatively entertaining. I don't think I need to read about Jason every month, but I would want to read about him occasionally. (DS)
PO Box 931333 / Los Angeles, CA 90093

NATURAL MYSTIC #14 / postage
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 24 pgs - Spanish
The latest from this Buenos Aires regular features interviews with Moncho and Sin Dios. Also some columns, and many many reviews. Saucy and explicit as it usually is, so don't let this issue pass you by. (NN)
C.C. 3893 / 1000 Buenos Aires WBM / Argentina
nmzine@yahoo.com

NORTHEASTERN ANARCHIST # 2 / $4 US, $5 Canada
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 56 pgs
This anarcho journal comes from the Northeastern Federation of Anarcho-Communists (Northeastern meaning North America and specifically, collectives in Boxton, Baltimore, and Quebec.) Contents are grouped in sections: editorial, feature, regional news, international news, anarchist theory, strategy and analysis, interview, and book review. This offers a pretty wide range of coverage within anarcho intellectualism with a heavy (exclusionary?) emphasis on theory. My only complaint is one that applies too much of the anarcho intellectualism (and non-anarchist for that matter) I read, which is its frequent tone of condescension that accompanies any argument because it leads me to assume that the author's intentions are not necessarily based in movement building or community benefit, but rather notoriety, personal ego, and bravado. (AW)
PO Box 230685 / Boston, MA 02123

OUR ENEMY, CIVILIZATION #1 /$2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Not a zine, rather a pamphlet, collecting various articles on the negative consequences of civilization. Interesting articles contrasting "nature based" societies versus civilization. A little bit dry and a little bit academic for me. (CR)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440

PUNKROCKLOVE #4 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 28 pgs
Thirteen mohawks/spiky do's depicted within = punk. Interviews with the Assailants, Corporate Villains, Clit 45 and Dead Body Man. There are also some ads, reviews, and a personal message from the Casualties on why playing the Warped Tour is not selling out. (MD)
16161 Ventura Blvd / PMB 451 / Encino, CA 91436
toadflax1@hotmail.com

RAZORCAKE #3 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 100 pgs
Another big punk zine with columns, interviews, and reviews; I read maybe two-thirds of it and I liked it pretty well. There's a good history of mostly-forgotten East LA punk, a long interview with Duane Peters who of course has many trashy stories from "the day," a piece on the "Friends Forever" documentary/band, Rich Mackin

talking about activism in Buffalo, Nardwaur interviewing Thor (not my favorite work of his), and Retodd has a long piece about how bad Spin is, hardly breaking news, but he does include a lot of background about what the state of "punk" on major labels is... And you can learn about the Rhythm Chicken. Also interviewed are the Weird Lovemakers, Tadpole, and the Dagons. (JM)
PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA 90042

RESISTANCE / Vol. 2, #1 / $5
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 28 pgs
This is the journal of the press office for the Earth Liberation Front. It has several post-action communiques from the ELF, and commentary on each entry. Also articles on raids and trials they have undergone, and plenty of space devoted to explaining their motives and mission. Hefty cover price but well worth it to support their direct actions. I wish them many more successful torchings of SUV dealerships and luxury condos, and may they always get away with it. (NN)
PO Box 4783 / Portland, OR 97208
lesliejames@tao.ca

RIPPED & CLIPPED #2 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 40 pgs
The title of this zine pretty much says it all. The zine is made up of articles, ads and photos from other sources and put together to form Ripped & Clipped. The focus of this issue is on Blondie but there are interviews with the Soft Boys and Plimsouls. Everything in the zine seems to be from late 1970s to early 1980s. I found it pretty entertaining to look at old ads and read record reviews of now legendary records. The only downside is I couldn't find any order info. (DS)
no address

SHAZZBUTT # 6 / $1
8 1/2 x 5 - copied - 36 pgs
D'oh, shazzbot! I can only assume the name is a reference to the Simpsons. Which makes sense, because these guys crack me, so consistently... up. The thing that is so odd about this particular zine is that it wasn't terribly compelling until I got to the review section! Usually, it's the other way around. Anyway, in the reviews they got to display that classic John Ringhoff/Bill Florio wit that never ceases to amuse me. The bulk of it, though, were rants, anecdotes and a lengthy and well-read piece on the perpetuation of racism in America. The rest of the reading was intelligent and socially conscious, but a bit dry. Nonetheless, check it out. (RD)
541 S 6th Ave / Countryside, IL 60525

SHREDDING PAPER #10 / $5 ppd US, $6 Canada, $7 Europe
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 108 pgs
One of those fancy looking music mags, this is the "25 years of punk" issue. It focuses on Cleavland, having cool interviews with the guy from The Pagans and Cheetah Chrome. Also good ones with the guys who booked the Masque, CBGB's, and the Mabuhay. Plus the usual reviews etc. Sometimes I feel the 'scene' is being documented to death these days, although it is certainly scattered about, and hell, there's a lot of cool history... Just seems kind of weird. All that aside, I really liked this and I read the whole thing. (GF)
PO Box 2271 / San Rafael, CA 94912
spzine@excite.com

SIDESHOWS # 1 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied -36 pgs
It's rare to find a zine revolving around sexism and gender issues these days, it's even more rare to find one that isn't terrible and simplistic. Hopefully someday we'll move past the backlash to Riot Grrl and the challenge it provided to a male dominated subculture, and that we'll see punks looking into sexism and issues of (in)equality without the standard response of, "riot grrl's dead" (as though that changes anything). Sideshows gives me hope that that dialogue can be explored again. Though certainly not without its flaws, anyone willing to tackle this uncomfortable subject deserves a great deal of credit. A good deal of the focus is on the role that feminism plays in the world of punk. Provided are examples of sexism and the author's responses to them, which though a bit rudimentary and obvious, serve as clear illustrations of the writer's struggles. Also included are articles on Communist feminist

Jane Speed, Situationists and the presidential election, and a commentary on competition between women. I hope that these women will put out future issues, because in this culture, we need it. (CR)
39 Chester St Apt 1 / Allston, MA 02134

SLINGSHOT #72 / $2
12 x 18 - offset - 20 pgs
Slingshot is dependably outrageous and biased. This issue names the power crises (in CA) as a call to action for radicals, informs some more traditional action to be taken (Mattole, IMF meeting in D.C., Judy Bari trail), has some good analysis (National Missile Defense, post-traumatic stress disorder, nuclear power, and spirituality) and some excellent news (Cincinnati, Free's sentencing, IMC, etc.). (AR)
3124 Shattuck Ave Berkeley, CA 94705

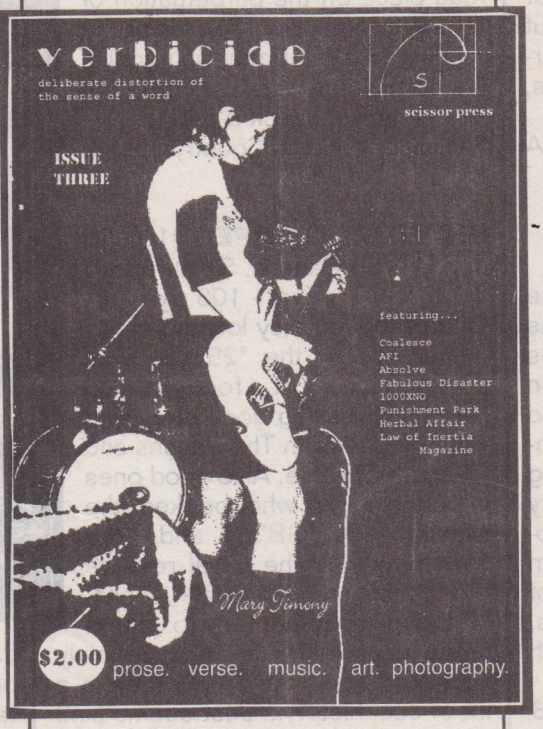
SOME HOPE AND SOME DESPAIR #3 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 32 pgs
I don't know about despair, but we are provided with an example of hope here. For all of you who waited patiently and with bated breath for

the new issue, who hoped that the several years of delay would result in a fantastical fanzine, you are rewarded. Mr. Lance Hahn has put out a new issue and this one's pretty great. There aren't many zines out there interviewing anarcho punk bands from the late 70s, but we've got one here. In this issue are interviews with Flowers in the Dustbin, Action Time, Coagula, and filmmaker Jon Moritsugu. It's nice to see bands that might otherwise go forgotten be chronicled in a zine like this. (CR)
1071 Clayton Lane #506 / Austin, TX 78723

SPARE CHANGE #10 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
This is a great fucking zine. It's all stories with a lot of drunkenness and poo and a bit of true love mixed in. It's only a dollar in person which gives you a good excuse to visit Chattanooga. (JM)
PO Box 6023 / Chattanooga, TN 37401

SUMMER'S OVER #6 / trade
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
I remember Mitch sending me a great back issue of his zine right before I left on a road trip to Sacto, and I didn't even remember sending away for it. He told me San Jose is a nice town, and that he once drank strawberry soda in Cupertino. The envelope he sent it in was absolutely rad. Well, he's still got it, and this is the travel issue, with plenty of charming little snippets of his journeys (must... not... say... Cometbus...). And the inside joke department is still a tragic waste of trees. Check this out, it's a nice little travel companion. (RD)
1603 / 7th Ave S / St Cloud, MN 56301

TOXIC FLYER FANZINE #31 / $3
11 x 8 - offset - 64 pgs
There are interviews with the bands Motorchrist, Adolf and the Piss Ants, The Yo-Yo's, The Black Halos, Wolfpac, Oxymoron, Electric Frankenstein, plus others. There are also loads of great record reviews and a review of the Las Vegas Shakedown 2000. Not a bad zine: the record reviews were the highlight for this reviewer. (HH)
PO Box 39158 / Baltimore, MD 21212



TRANZOPHOBIA #? / $?
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 106 pgs
Fucking great stuff here from France–tons of awesome interviews with bands like Öpstand, Submission Hold, The Ex, Intensity, Fun People, Unhinged, Boycot, La Fraction, Seen' Red and so many more. A lot of you probably will look at this and go–all band interviews? Yuck! but trust me this is an awesome read with well thought questions and responses covering a good cross section of the punk world. Two thumbs up! Send them tons of money a flowers! (MT)
14, Rue Claude Delaroa / 42000 Saint Etienne / France

TURNING THE TIDE # 2 / $15
US subscription (4 issues), $25 abroad
8 1/2 x 11 - offset -16 pgs
Another newsprint activist journal, this one from Anti-Racist Action. Includes articles on the Quebec City protests, globalization, the connection between western technology companies and the financing of wars in Africa, Palestinian occupation, an organization of high school students' fight for Mumia Abu Jamal, and "Race, Anarchy, and Punk Rock: The impact of cultural boundaries within the anarchist movement." (AW)
P.A.R.T. / PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232

UNAFFILIATED #2 / $1 or postage
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 28 pgs
This is "an issue for all the anarcha-feminists." Oh my, it's been a while for me. Still, this was a nice reminder. There's nothing too complicated here; the very basic primers on political anarchism and "class war" suffer for their simplicity, for instance, as does the poetry. However, the feminist essays on women's health, menstruation, and fashion (with a hilarious "thank you" to head lice) are mostly well written and if not groundbreaking, welcome reminders that there is still much dialogue and debate to be had. And I found myself pleasantly surprised, once or twice, especially by the "Objects of our Gaze" essay tackling tourism and museums, disguised as a truncated travel journal. It was both intellectually sharp and evocative in its prose. But here's my sincere plea to the publishing collective: please break out of the two-column format and learn to use Photoshop or Adobe. If you're already laying out the magazine on the computer, you might as well make it look interesting. And spell check, while you're at it; it just looks bad when anarchists are "absolving" private property. Otherwise a good sophomore effort and I look forward to seeing more. (MN)
PO Box 368 / Lyons, CO 80540
unaffiliated2@hotmail.com

UNDER THE VOLCANO #62 / $2.95
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 88 pgs
Wow, so many good interviews (even if some are on the brief side) with: The (International) Noise Conspiracy, Niblick Henbane, Two Man Advantage, and Unwound, to name a few. The columns are activist enough to be interesting, but a lot of the zine has an annoyingly boy-cen-

tric perspective. So many reviews in here, more than you can shake a dick at. (NN)
PO Box 236 / Nesconset, NY 11767
RBlackUTV@aol.com

UNDUMB #2 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
It's not uncommon for a person to think that their own unique sense of humor, inside jokes, and personal idiosyncrasies are reason enough to create a zine. What is unique is when they are reason enough. Too often the zine just becomes a boring self-referential journal filled with nonsense and boring stories. Undumb takes that standard formula and makes it work. The stories are written in a way that doesn't pretend to place any sort of real significance on them. Most of the stories in Undumb are about growing up being the picked-on ostracized kid, but rather then having them played out as a testament to being a victim, they serve as a sort of reassurance that being the weirdo is the better route to take. Well worth picking up if only for the Dungeons & Dragons stories. (CR)
3562 / W State Road 10 #7 / Lake Village, IN 46347

VERBICIDE #3 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 52 pgs
It describes itself as a cross between Punk Planet and Writer's Journal —take that however you wish. This issue has interviews with Coalesce, AFI, Fabulous Disaster, Absolve and others. I can't say the interviews were compelling, but they weren't terrible either. There is an unfortunate amount of poetry, some personal writing and reviews. (MD)
PO Box 206512 / New Haven, CT 06520
verbicide.scissorpress.com

VIOLENCE #? / $?
8 1/2 x 12 - copied - 26 pgs
Polish zine in English which focuses mostly on the more burly side of hardcore and while I'm not really into most of the band contained within it's a pretty good for those of you into this sort of thing. Interviews with Kung Fu Rick, Wadge, Cripple Bastards, Total Fucking Destruction, Enemy Soil and the like-plus reviews, columns and photos strewn throughout. (MT)
Karol Pienko / POB 46 / 21500 Biala Podl. / Poland

WE AIN'T GOT NO CAR! #6 / $2
5 1/2 x 4 1/2 - copied - 84 pgs
This is a zine of autobiographical narratives and stories retelling the experiences, dreams, and insights of the author, Jack. Some of the tales were funny and dynamic while others came off as really mundane, banal, and uninteresting. I guess it's really just a common phenomena within this genre of zine where the author finds some aspect of his or her life fascinating enough to share in writing and the reader is left wondering why. Overall, the positive aspects of this publication outweigh the negative, making it readable. (JL)
PO Box 3824 / Portland, OR 97208

WE ARE EVERYWHERE #? / $2, free to prisoners in the Northwest, $1 to prisoners elsewhere
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Mostly covering the lives, experiences, and struggles of people incarcerated in the Pacific Northwest, this publication deals primarily with the legal targeting of individuals for practicing anarchist and other "subversive" politics and the proliferation of the prison-industrial complex. This zine is almost journal-like and autobiographically personal, claiming to represent the individuals featured in the zine, not all prisoners. There was some use of slogans and lofty claims to represent an idea of the ennobled, romanticized prisoner, especially the "anarchist prisoner" but for the most part, it dealt with practical, material issues facing specific prisoners that I appreciated. Despite the strengths of this zine, I would be interested in the author's reflections on issues of class, race, and criminalization as it relates to their identities as people targeted by the legal system. I am unable to find a contact address for this zine. (JL)

more listings

CRIPPLEDNINJA #1 / stamp or trade
Mostly focus on the electronic/DJ/graffiti scene. Features on E*vax, Tracefury, and Johan Kotlinski. Very visually appealing.
1289 Browning Ct / Lansdale, PA 19446

SAUCER ATTACK #16 / stamp
Smart ass Italian one-pager crams in an interview, demo reviews, music news, and similar crap. A nice quick read.
Gabriele Greg Bellone / via Roma 88 / 15040 / Castelletto / Monferrato (AL) / Italy
gregthehead@libero.it

UNITY SUCKS #8 / free in Holland
This issue contains an interview with Shelter, one with Dutch band MM, and record reviews. In Dutch.
Postbus 4269 / 5604 EG Eindhoven / Netherlands
info@unitysucks.nl

"A high-octane speed-ball of exquisite, unedifying trash... entirely irresistible. 'KKKKK'"—*Kerrang!*

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9.14.01 Detroit — Shelter
9.15.01 Chicago — Double Door
9.16.01 Minneapolis — 7th St Entry
9.18.01 Denver — 15th St Tavern
9.20.01 Portland — Satyricon
9.21.01 Seattle — Breakroom
9.22.01 Victoria, BC — Lucky
9.23.01 Vancouver, BC — Starfish
9.26.01 San Francisco — Pound
9.27.01 Los Angeles — Key Club
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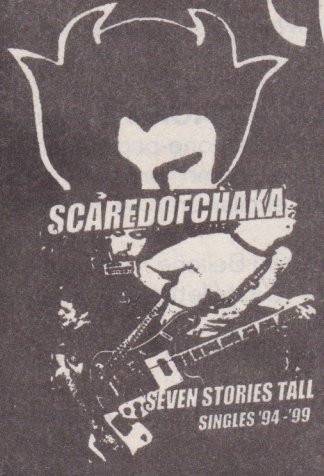

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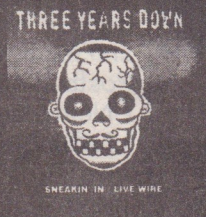

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